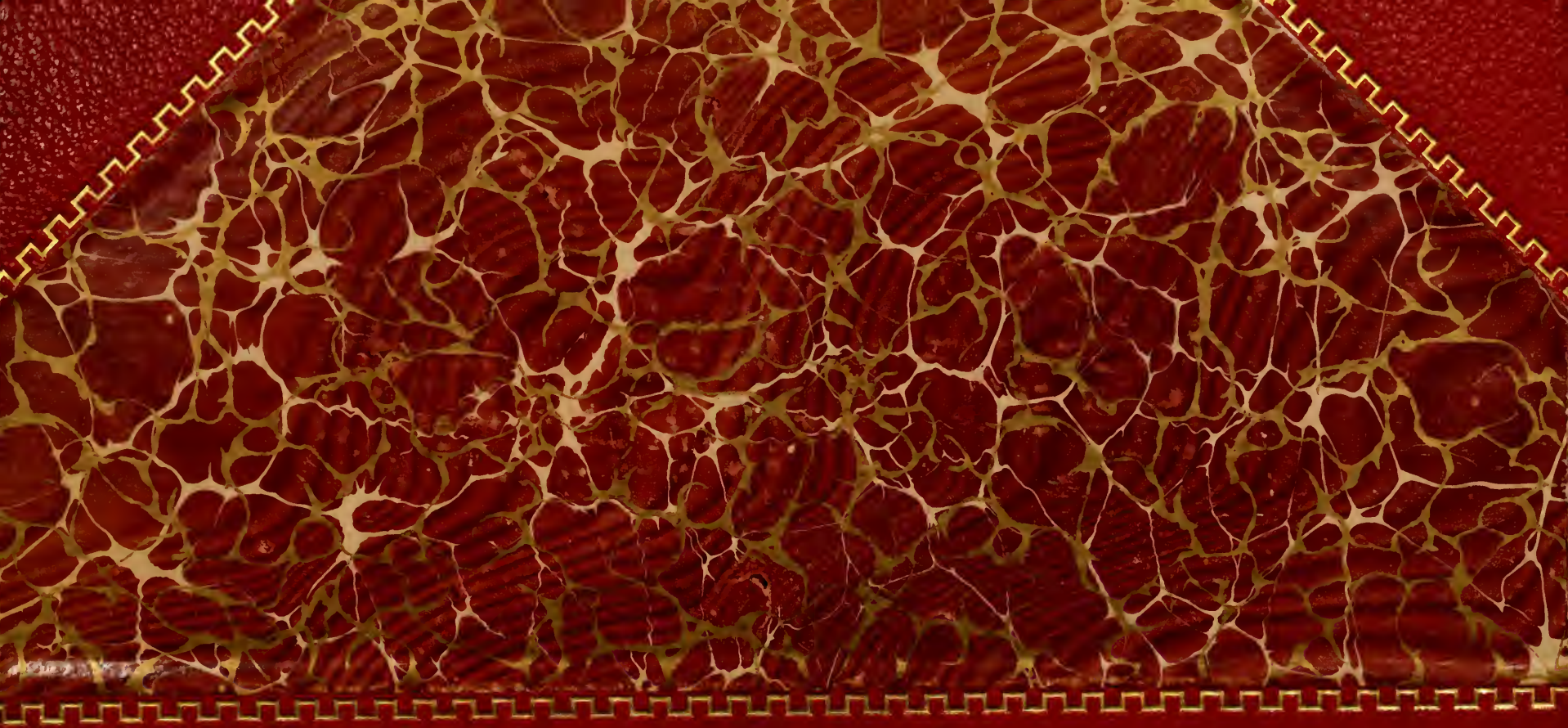

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In the Roman triumph of this illumination, the City of Rome, personified, is seated on the car, and the city itself, seen in the distance, is distinguished by the word "Roma" in gold letters above.

Roman History

(Sixteenth Century)

Illuminated Roman history MS. in the Library of the Arsenal of Paris. In the Roman triumph of the illumination, the city of Rome, personified, is seated on the car, and the city itself, seen in the distance, is distinguished by the word "Roma" in gold letters above. In the procession are seen captive kings guarded by Roman soldiers, and captured standards and other trophies, such as chests of treasure, rich vases, and various spoils being carried towards the city

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Alois Brandl

THE MAIN CURRENTS OF GERMAN LITERATURE

By Prof. Alois Brandl
Of the Imperial University of Berlin

In ushering in to Anglo-Saxon readers a selection of German literature, I may be expected to sketch briefly the main characteristics of German literature, its differences from English literature, what its merits and demerits.

At the bottom of the German heart there is a good deal of sentimentality. This feeling, which makes us so fond of singing and music, of snug family life, and cheerful conviviality, has given to our literature a peculiar flavour, a popular turn, an inclination to what moves the soul of the peasant and the labourer, not rarely, indeed, at the cost of realistic incident, or refined form. But out of this level of literary cottage life there rises from time to time a bold spire of thought, pointing to the mystic and the metaphysic. In the act of rearing such a structure the German mind used to exert all its original power, and then to abandon itself for a while to rest or distraction. In consequence we have had, in the course of centuries, several striking "Blütheperioden," but not that unbroken continuity of fine literature that England has enjoyed, chiefly from the time of Chaucer, to the present day.

A popular epic poetry, with which, in beauty and in grandeur, not even "Beowulf" stands comparison, marks our mediæval period of flourishing:—the lays of the Nibelungen Gudrun. A popular lyrical singer was Walter von der Vogelweide, the classical minstrel of his day; though he was a courtier, his love-lays bear the stamp of the village; his deeper poems express feelings and

ideas that touch every hearer or reader most directly, his verse has a spontaneity that must have proved a source of pleasure both to the educated and uneducated. Few and artificial, in comparison, are the English love-songs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; while of the more thoughtful English poets of that time, Walter Map wrote Latin, and William Langland a long, very long didactic poem. And by the side of these productions, enjoyable for every ear and every understanding, stood Wolfram's mystic romaunt of the Graal, with its intricate symbolism and reflection, without doubt the profoundest Teutonic poem of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, there was no Chaucer in Germany. Chaucer's lighter tales may, as far as flow and ease are concerned, be compared with Hartmann's and Gottfried's adaptations of Chrestien de Troyes; but the art of his rime royal, and the judicious realism of his merry pilgrims to Canterbury are unmatched. It was not the fault of the German courts that courtly poetry did not succeed better with us in the fourteenth century; there had been many more princes in Thuringia, by the Danube and the Rhine, that gave liberal reward to the singer in the vernacular tongue, than in England and Scotland; the daughter of a German emperor, Anna of Bohemia, extended her protection even to Chaucer and procured him leisure to write his greatest works; yet the German poetry developed in the popular direction. Nothing is more characteristic of this fact than the ebbing away of the "minnesang" into the "meistersang," the production of the guilds—at the same time that in England Chaucer and his school developed that finished style that was to become Shakespeare's best inheritance.

In the century of Sidney and Shakespeare, the translations that were exchanged between the two nations tell the same tale. From Germany to England, popular preaching was exported on a tremendous scale. Luther's masterly version of the Bible, probably more truly popular than any other translation of the Holy Scriptures, was to no mean extent the model of Tyndale; versions of our popular hymns were sung in London and Edinburgh churches, chap-books like *Eulenspiegel* and *Grobianus* found their way to the Thames and the Forth; and the mystic saga of Dr. Faustus,

perhaps the *chef-d'œuvre* of German imagination during the Renaissance, became the source of Marlowe's drama. But, as to refinement, Hans Sachs is a veritable cobbler compared to chivalrous Sidney; the good dramatists in Holland and Strasburg wrote in Latin, and our vernacular adaptations of Shakespearian dramas, brought over by the English comedians, were coarse and contemptible; we lacked refinement and could not even relish it if it was imported.

The seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries was the period when Germany, misguided by a host of princelings, aped France. The neat elegance and witty dexterity of Parisian authors have always had a strong fascination for the German mind, attracting our admiration, bewitching our senses, and stifling our originality of production, just because they are utterly un-German. Our literature became pedantic as it had never been before; until Haller in Switzerland, and Hagedorn in Hamburg, followed by Klopstock, Lessing, and the Göttingen School, held up English models, making the German true to his own kin again. Then Milton awakened a new epic poetry, which culminated in *Hermann und Dorothea*—the evolutionary song of paradise, inspiring the song of a village during the great revolution. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, presenting popular and artistic specimens promiscuously, worked only in the popular direction, inducing Bürger to write *Lenore*, and Herder to gather, with young Goethe, ballads from the mouths of Alsatian peasants. Shakespeare, Royalist though he was to the backbone, is visible in every scene of Goethe's *Gotz von Berlichingen* and Schiller's *Räuber*—plays full of opposition against the courts, and of sympathy with the ill-treated people. Young Goethe and Schiller would not have become the classics they are if they had not thus fallen in with our popular taste. No poem of their great English contemporaries, neither of Wordsworth and Coleridge, nor of Byron and Shelley, has ever been chanted by children in London streets, by peasants in English hamlets, remoulded in their mouths, as several of Goethe's and Schiller's are. This is the outcome of German feeling; and at the same time we find the mystic symbolism of *Faust*, the complicated reflection

of Schiller's *Ideale:* the same mixture as in the time of the Nibelungenlied of Walter and Wolfram.

That our poetry was fashioned to such an extent, not by the taste of the nobility or of the schools, but by the instinct of the common people, naturally had its advantages and its disadvantages. When our nation declined in culture, in unity, wealth, and self-respect, as during the Thirty Years' War and the following decades, poetry sank too, much more than the literature of Italy, under the yoke of native and foreign tyrants, ever did; because there the poet was quite willing to obey the courts, to feed on splendour, to flourish by princely favours. On the other side, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, our literature, recalled to life by the electric contact with her English sister, effected what no other literature has ever done for her nation: she resuscitated our whole people—which she was only capable of doing because she was not the child of luxury, of the court, or of traditionary learning, but the voice of our race, the embodied spirit of our ancestors. Schiller's *Räuber* excited a sensation which neither Byron's *Childe Harold*, nor Walter Scott's *Waverley* equalled; there was not only a rush to the booksellers, but a revolution in the minds of the people, who became aware that freedom and justice were banished from the towns into the woods, and who resolved to fight for them, like Karl Moor, the idealistic robber. When they read in *Cabale und Liebe* of the departure of the unhappy soldiers whom their wretched monarch had sold to England, to be sent against the Americans, they began to curse the patriarchal system of their little states. With Marquis Posa in *Don Carlos*, the cry was echoed in the breasts of thousands: Sire, give us freedom of speech! It was in those times that the new empire was founded in the German heart, by the German poets, though in politics two Napoleons had still to do their worst, and their best, to remove the débris of the old Holy Roman Empire, until the dreamy desire could be realised. English literature, with all its refined form and sound realism, had never been able to do the like; all the Elizabethans, with Shakespeare and Spenser in the van, were royalists, but the next generation erected the Commonwealth;

the Puritans commanded Milton's pen, but what ensued was the Restoration; even in our time the Greater-Britain movement was long spread by political speeches and periodicals, until it found its poetic exponent in Kipling. Similarly, France was saved in the time of her sorest need, not by dramas and ballads, but by an illiterate maid, and when the United States won their independence, American literature was but in its infancy. Only the German war of liberation, first from Napoleonic, afterwards from home tyranny, cannot be understood and explained, but by the influence of the poetic word on the masses. It presents the grandest example of what popular literature can do for a nation.

Since the appearance of Schiller's juvenile dramas, things have altered somewhat. As we approach the nineteenth century, we find a higher standard of refined form in German literature, never again, we hope, to be abandoned. The most perfect specimen of it is Goethe's *Iphigenie;* written in blank verse of easy flow and gentle music, with a rhetoric of Sophoclean nobility, with a heroine of love, not of passionate, but of pure, quieting, and healing love; with a plot of grandeur melting into tenderness. This drama, which could not have been written but for Weimar and Frau von Stein, was the best fruit of Goethe's removal from busy Frankfort and Leipzig to the quiet ducal residence by the Ilm. *Iphigenie* was soon followed by *Tasso*, a tragic picture of passion intruding on gentleness: a warning. And not only did Goethe exchange the "storm and stress" of his youth with Hellenic beauty and aristocratic dignity; Schiller, too, developed in the same direction, and became his neighbour and friend, his fellow-dramatist and brother-artist. A. W. von Schlegel settled in their shade to translate Shakespeare into a German classic of the same style; Grillparzer established the neo-classical drama in Vienna; everywhere the majority of the educated grew Weimarised. What Chaucer gave to England—a poetic form capable of expressing the highest thoughts—was now given to Germany as a permanent model, just as Spenser and Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson kept on Chaucer's road and did not fall back to alliteration or loose ballad riming.

It was not quite easy for foreigners to see what *Iphigenie* meant for Germany. The drama was soon translated into English, but made little impression. Far more attention had been roused by the juvenile works of Goethe and Schiller, being more racy and original than cosmopolitan. *Götz* and the *Räuber* were praised, translated and imitated in Scotland in the younger days of Walter Scott. *Werther* caused a sensation across the Channel; Lord Byron complained it had poisoned him. *Stella* came in to share the success of sentimental Kotzebue during the last years of the eighteenth century, when Sheridan adapted *Pizarro;* and *Faust*, essentially a work of young Goethe, impressed a few of the highest minds: Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Carlyle. Only the masterpieces of the ripe Goethe, on which he himself would base his fame, did not strike the Anglo-Saxon taste; as their refinement was not new to the countrymen of Chaucer. On such a point the æsthetic judgment of two nations may well differ, according to the law that people admire rather what they do not possess than what is best in itself.

Soon after the appearance of *Iphigenie*, our poetry was influenced in the same direction by that group of authors that, in opposition to classical Goethe and Schiller, called themselves "Romantiker." They drove out a good deal of our cruder popular leanings by overdoing them. They carried simplicity so far that it often became puerility; they exaggerated enthusiasm and bold imagination as though it were the chief task of literature to rove in fairy tales. People grew weary of "Phantasus" and "Der gestiefelte Kater," and "Gickel, Gockel und Gockelein," and demanded a manlier tone. Experiences such as these have, perhaps, made us too indifferent to the better productions of our "Romantiker," English critics say, we are unjust to Novalis and Fouqué; certainly Eichendorf has been allowed to drop too much in the rear. But who will return to the shoes of his boyhood? The Romantiker at times found their own style too high-flown, and tried to balance it by what they called self-irony—not aware of the fact that it might rather make the impression of insincerity on the reader. Nobody was fonder of thus ironising himself and his

readers than Heine. German opinion has been unusually severe on him, and foreigners have not always understood or explained it correctly. It is wrong to say that Germany doubts his genius; he is unanimously considered a master of song, a lyric of the first order; every educated person knows his *Buch der Lieder*, and many critics place it only second to Goethe's *Lieder*. We admire the artist, but object to the character. His poems charm you at first with heavenly music and excellent wit, but on a sudden he dismisses you with a mock. You bow to the poet, when, at once, he turns gamin. Even so it is with his life: you pity him because he lived in a miserable time, and in a weak body; yet for all your sympathy, he sneers at you, because you are not a Frenchman. How could American citizens honour an American poet that despised Washington, and cursed at the stars and stripes? Still, I think, our nation is too harsh upon him. He has mocked us, to a great extent, out of our old sentimentality. For this he deserves our thanks; but disillusion, though it may prove wholesome, hardly ever earns gratitude; people do not like a physician that rids them of a crippled child, however miserable it may have been.

To make German literature manlier, not a little, too, was done by a later group of authors, called "die Jungdeutschen." They preached realistic investigation; a muscular poetry; drama of stirring characters and drastic incidents. At a time when two-thirds of our periodicals were exclusively devoted to belles lettres and fine arts, it must have been a relief to hear Gutzkow's hero "Uriel Acosta" thunder and fight for freedom of creed. After legions of love-songs came the sound advice of Gervinus, to devote ourselves for a while to politics, like the recipe of a good doctor.

The result of all these various movements has been, that during the last half century every poet endeavoured to reflect the character of his part of the country with as much grace and truth as possible. The unwritten programme of modern German literature is a fusion of the popular with the artistic of the author's provincialism with the traditions of Weimar, together with a sharper and more realistic observation. The popular element is

purified; it bears quite different colours in the ballads of the Suabian Uhland and in those of the Rheinländer Scheffel, in the dramas of the Viennese Anzengruber and in those of his Silesian contemporary Freytag, in the sketches of the Pomeranian Fritz Reuter and in those of the Styrian Rosegger, in the tales of the Swiss Gottfried Keller and in those of the Tirolese Adolf Pichler. In England the realism of London is much more apt to absorb that of the province. The historical division into a number of smaller national units, that has generally proved so fatal to our politics, is a source of inexhaustible variety and individuality to our literature.

Astonishment has sometimes been expressed that the refoundation of the German Empire did not inaugurate a new epoch in poetry. Because the victories of Marathon and Thermopylae were followed by a great rise of the Grecian drama, and the destruction of the Armada by the appearance of Shakespeare, a number of new geniuses were expected with us after 1871. The expectation rested on a theory which does not bear closer inspection. Æschylus had struck out his path before the overthrow of Xerxes, and he was decidedly of more influence on Sophocles than any question of Athenian politics, excepting the question of independence alone. As to old England, Marlowe was out before 1588; and if no Armada had ever been sent against Elizabeth, there would be fewer Shakespearian histories, but hardly a different Hamlet or Lear. Slavery or despair can stifle the literary production of a people; many a bird will not sing in the cage; but sorrow and affliction, with a nation that is conscious of its strength, have frequently served to kindle poetic enthusiasm, while the feeling of triumph is only a poor motive. The protest of Germany against French invasion had been sung long ago, by Körner and Arndt; after 1871 we were glad to keep the peace, and did our best to reconcile our highly gifted western neighbours, instead of provoking them in Indian fashion.

Not the patriotic satisfaction, but the social difficulties arising from the rapid growth of our industry and population, have lately given a new impulse to our literature. The cry of the poor, the

insulted, the outcast, after the right not only of existence, but of respectability and joy, has proved a powerful impetus for our poets. In Berlin are the headquarters of our socialist party, and also of the group of young dramatists that deal with the war of the classes and the sufferings of the proletariat at the hands of a society that professes to be Christian. Sudermann in "Ehre" and "Heimat" has depicted such conflicts in striking scenes; Hauptmann has given a loud voice to the poor "Weavers," and has painted a sweet vision of paradise to dying "Hannele," the drunkard's daughter, who had never known what happiness was on this earth. Not a few less famous dramatists work in the same line. It is a poetry of pity and accusation; in theatrical workmanship evidently influenced by Paris and Ibsen, but in its aim and scope a characteristic outcome of the German heart; a drama for the people, or, at least, in favour of the people, indulging not in sentimentality, after the fashion of old Kotzebue, but in problems of reform. At the same time, the second old element of German poetry, the mystic vein, is not missing. Hauptmann has puzzled his admirers by the autobiographic symbolism of his "Versunkene Glocke," and Sudermann by the interwoven thread of thought in his "Drei Reiherfedern." At bottom, German literature has still the same character as in the period of the "Nibelungenlied" and Wolfram: more homely than courtly, and sometimes rather supernatural; only her clothes have become finer, her gait more dignified, her hands more dexterous, her mind riper, and her working power more persevering.

A. Brandl.

BERLIN.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AUGUSTUS.

(Translated for this work.)

[Augustus, born B.C. 63, was the son of Julius Cæsar's sister's daughter, and his name was originally Caius Octavius; adopted by Cæsar, his name was changed to Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. After Cæsar's murder, B.C. 44, he formed a triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus in 43, vanquished Brutus and Cassius at Philippi in 42, and Antony and Cleopatra at Actium in 31, which made him supreme. He was given the title of "The August" in 27. He was never elected sole ruler nor made himself nominally such, but merely had himself chosen to each of the great republican offices — chief of the Senate, consul, tribune, prætor, supreme pontiff, head of the various colleges of priests, etc. — by the forms of an election for a year or term of years, and subsequent reëlection. He died A.D. 14.

The year before his death he caused to be engraved on brass pillars, and placed in Rome and elsewhere, a record of such actions as he thought best entitled him to the gratitude of the Roman people, and the public honors conferred on him which showed the general acceptance and welcome of his rule; in fact, a vindication of his public career, ignoring the worse parts, and dwelling on what he had done for the good of the state and the happiness of the citizens. The only surviving copy of the inscription is in front of a temple at Ancyra (now Angora) in Asia Minor, in parallel bodies of Latin and Greek; both are badly mutilated, but each helps out some parts of the other. It has never before been rendered into English. The following translation is from the Latin, as far as conjecturally (but with substantial certainty) restored by Professor Mommsen.]

Of the Deeds of Holy Augustus, by which he subjected the Entire World to the Empire of the Roman People, and of the Outlays made on the Roman Republic and People, a Transcript is subjoined.

At nineteen years of age I equipped an army, on my private judgment and at my private expense, by which I restored to liberty the public oppressed by the domination of faction.

For this the Senate elected me one of their order by honorific decrees in the consulship of C. Pansa and A. Hirtius, assigning me consular rank. At the same time it gave me the imperium [chief military command]. The republic, lest something might befall, was intrusted to my guardianship as prætor conjointly with the consuls. But in the same year the people, as both consuls had perished in war, created me consul, and a five-year triumvirate as the constitution of the republic.

Those who had slain my father I drove into exile, avenging their crime by legal decisions; and afterwards I conquered them twice in battle when they were making war upon the republic.

I sustained a civil and foreign war by land and sea in every quarter of the world, and as victor I spared all the remaining citizens. Foreign tribes which I could safely spare, I chose to preserve rather than cut off. Five hundred thousand Roman citizens took the enlistment oath to me; from these I settled in colonies, or sent back to their boroughs with discharge pay, considerably over 200,000, and gave them all lands or money for farms purchased by me.

I have captured six hundred ships, besides those smaller than triremes. Twice I have triumphed with an ovation, thrice I have led triumphs as a curule magistrate, and I have been named Imperator twenty-one times. Afterwards, when the Senate decreed me further triumphs, I refrained, and merely deposited the laurel crowns in the Capitol, in fulfillment of the vows I had solemnly made in each war. For the prosperous achievements either of myself, or of my legates under my auspices, during fifty-five campaigns by land and sea, the Senate decreed a season of religious observances to the immortal gods; the days during which these observances were carried on were 890. Nine kings or the children of kings have been led in triumph before my car. I had been consul thirteen times when I wrote this, and held the tribunitian power for the thirty-seventh year.

The dictatorship, both absent and present, given to me by the Senate and people, in the consulship of M. Marcellus and L. Arruntius, I did not accept. I have not in the greatest scarcity of corn refused the care of the yearly doles; and by managing this without neglect at my own expense, I have freed the whole people in a few days from fear and imminent

peril. Then I would not accept the consulate given to me both for the year and in perpetuity.

[Gap in the record.]

I was for ten years one of the triumvirate to administer the republic; chief of the Senate, up to the day when I wrote this, forty years; pontiff, augur, one of the fifteen for the making of sacrifices, one of the seven epulones [priests for sacred festivals], Arval Brother [for field-fruits], of the Titian Brotherhood [Sabine memorial worship], Treaty Priest.

In my fifth consulate I increased the number of the patricians by order of the people and the Senate. I picked a Senate three times. And in my sixth consulate I made a census of the people with M. Agrippa as colleague; I made a lustrum [purifying sacrifice after the census] after forty-two years [from the census of B.C. 70]. At that lustrum the census of the Romans was 4,063,000 heads. Again, holding the consular imperium alone, I made a lustrum in the consulship of C. Censorinus and C. Asinius; in this lustrum there were 4,233,000 heads of Roman citizens. A third time, holding the consular imperium with Tiberius Cæsar my son as colleague, Sextus Pompeius and Sextus Appuleius consuls, I made a lustrum; in this lustrum there were enumerated 4,937,000 heads of Roman citizens. With new detailed laws I also restored many ancient practices now dying from out our city, and myself imposed practices to be imitated by our posterity in many things.

The Senate decreed also that vows should be made for my health every fifth year by consuls and priests; from which vows they often held games in my lifetime, sometimes in the beginning by four great colleges of priests, sometimes by the consuls. Both individually and as municipal bodies, the citizens all sacrificed regularly for my health before all the couches of the gods.

By Senate decree my name was included in the Salian song and held sacrosanct; and a sacred ordinance was made that the tribunitian power should be mine as long as I should live. I refused to be supreme pontiff in place of the one then living — the people conferring on me the priesthood my father held before me. I accepted that priesthood some years later, the one

who had occupied it through the civil dissensions being dead, and the people thronging from all Italy to my election in such a multitude as it is said there had never been in Rome before; P. Sulpicius and C. Valgius were consuls.

The Senate consecrated an altar of Fortune the Preserver, next to the Temple of Honor and Virtue at the Capenian Gate, for my return, at which it ordered the priests and Vestal Virgins to make an anniversary sacrifice, on the day I returned from Syria in the consulship of Q. Lucretius and M. Vinucius, and called that day Augustal, from my name.

By Senate decree at that time, a part of the prætors and tribunes, with the Consul Q. Lucretius and the chief men, were sent to meet me in Campania, which honor it at that time had decreed to no one but me. When I returned to Rome from Spain and Gaul, in the consulship of Tiberius Nero and P. Quintilius, affairs in those provinces being brought to a prosperous issue, the Senate ordered an altar of the Peace of Augustus consecrated in the Campus Martius for my return, on which altar the magistrates, priests, and Vestal Virgins were to make an anniversary sacrifice.

The Gate of Quirinus, which our fathers wished shut when over the entire dominion of the Roman people there was peace by land and sea, while before my birth from the foundation of the city it is handed down in memory that it had been closed thrice altogether, was ordered closed three times while I was chief of the Senate.

My sons, Gaius and Lucius Cæsar, whom fortune tore from me while young, the Roman Senate and people to do me honor designated for [future] consuls at their fifteenth year, that they might enter on that magistracy after five years. And the Senate decreed that they might take part in the public debates from the day they were led into the Forum. The knights on their part hailed them as chiefs of the whole Roman youth, giving them a silver shield and spear.

To the Roman populace I paid three hundred sesterces[1] apiece from my father's legacy; in my name gave four hundred from the spoils of war in my fifth consulate; again in my tenth consulate I paid out a largess of four hundred apiece from my patrimony; in my eleventh consulate I bestowed twelve

[1] A sesterce = about 4¾ cents; a denarius = four sesterces, or a franc. A nummus is a sesterce.

individual distributions of corn which I had purchased; and in my twelfth tribunitian term I gave for the third time four hundred nummi apiece. These largesses of mine never reached less than 250,000 men. In my eighteenth tribunitian term, twelfth consulate, I gave to 330,000 of the urban populace sixty denarii apiece. To the colonies of my soldiers I gave from the spoils in my fifth consulate a thousand nummi each; about 120,000 men in those colonies received that triumphal largess. In my thirteenth consulate I gave sixty denarii [each] to the populace which then received public corn; there were a little over 200,000 men.

The money for the farms which in my fourth consulate, and afterward when M. Crassus and Cn. Lentulus Augur were consuls, I assigned to the soldiers, I paid to the boroughs. That sum was about 600,000,000 sesterces which I disbursed for the contributed farms, and 260,000,000 for the provincial lands. I was the first and only one who did that, of all who within the memory of my era had settled colonies of soldiers in Italy or in the provinces. And afterwards, in the consulships of Tib. Nero and Cn. Piso, of C. Antistius and D. Lælius, of C. Calvisius and L. Pasienus, of L. Lentulus and M. Messalla, and L. Caninius and Q. Fabricius, I sent back the veterans with discharge pay to their boroughs, and paid their bounties in cash, expending . . . millions for that purpose.

Four times I aided the treasury with my money, so that I transferred 150,000,000 sesterces to those who had charge of the treasury. And in the consulships of M. Lepidus and L. Arruntius, to assist the exchequer which had been established by my counsel for the payment of bounties to the soldiers who had earned their twenty-year discharge pay, I transferred 170,000,000 in the name of Ti. Cæsar and myself.

. . . in the year when Cn. and P. Lentulus were consuls. when . . . failed, I bought corn for a hundred thousand men out of my property . . . I gave . . .

I built a Senate-house, and near it a Chalcidicum [temple of Minerva], a temple of Apollo on the Palatine with colonnades, a temple of holy Julius, one of Lupercus, a portico to the Flaminian circus, which I have allowed to be called the Octavia from the name of him who first built on that spot, a sacred couch at the Circus Maximus, temples of Jupiter the Van-

quisher and of Jupiter the Thundering on the Capitol, a temple of Quirinus, temples of Minerva and Juno the Queen and Jupiter of Liberty on the Aventine, a temple of the Lares on the summit of the Sacred Way, a temple of the gods' Penates on the Velian, a temple of Youth, a temple of the Mighty Mother on the Palatine.

The Capitol and Pompey's Theater, each work I rebuilt at great expense, with no inscription of my name. I rebuilt in many places the water conduits breaking down from age; and the stream called the Marcian I have enlarged by turning a new fountain into its conduit. The Julian Forum, and the basilica which was between the temple of Castor and the temple of Saturn, begun and well advanced by my father, I completed; and the same basilica when consumed by fire I began to rebuild on an enlarged plan in the same place under the name of my sons, and ordered that if I had not completed it while living, it should be completed by my heirs. Eighty-two temples of the gods in the city I rebuilt by Senate decree in my sixth consulship, none being passed over which at that time needed rebuilding. In my seventh consulship I made the Flaminian way as far as Ariminum out of spoils of war, and rebuilt all the bridges on it except the Mulvian and Minucian.

In the private grounds of Mars the Avenger, I built a temple and forum of Augustus from the spoils. The theater at the temple of Apollo I built on ground in great part bought with my own funds, as it was to go under the name of M. Marcellus, my son-in-law. I consecrated gifts from the spoils in the Capitol and in the temple of holy Julius and in the temple of Apollo and in the temple of Vesta and in the temple of Mars the Avenger, which cost me about 100,000,000 sesterces. A golden crown of 35,000 pounds' weight, contributed by the boroughs and colonies of Italy to the triumphs of my fifth consulship, I sent back; and afterward, as often as I was named Imperator, I declined to accept a golden crown from the boroughs and colonies, decreed by them with the same zeal as they had before shown.

Three times I have given gladiatorial exhibitions in my name, and five times in the name of my sons or nephews; at which exhibitions there fought about 10,000 men. Twice I have furnished the people in my own name a spectacle of athletes,

summoned from all quarters, and a third time in the name of my grandson. I have held public games four times in my own name, but twenty-three times in those of other magistrates. For the college of fifteen men, the leader of the college being my colleague M. Agrippa, I held the century games in the consulship of C. Furnius and C. Silanus. In my thirteenth consulship I held the games of Mars the Avenger, which after that time successively . . . consuls made. I gave the people in my name, or those of my sons and grandsons, twenty-six hunts of the African beasts, either in the circus or in the forum or in the amphitheaters, in which about 3500 beasts were brought together.

I gave the people the spectacle of a naval battle across the Tiber, in the place where now is Cæsar's Grove, a place having been excavated 1800 feet long, 220 wide; in which thirty beaked ships of two and three banks of oars, and a larger number of smaller ones, fought with each other. On these fleets there fought, besides the rowers, about 3000 men.

In the temples of all the cities of the province of Asia, after my victory, I replaced the ornaments which the enemy with whom I carried on war had plundered the temples of and kept as private possessions. Of my statues in silver — pedestrian, equestrian, and on chariots — there stood about eighty in the city; which I removed, and out of the money placed golden offerings in the temple of Apollo, in my name and that of those who had honored me with the statues.

I have freed the ocean from pirates. In the slaves' war, where they fled from their masters and took arms against the republic, I returned about 30,000 to their masters as captives to receive punishment. In the war in which I conquered at Actium, all Italy voluntarily swore allegiance to me and demanded me for their leader. The provinces of Gaul, Spain, Africa, Sicily, and Sardinia took the same oath to me. Of those who then took that oath, there were more than seven hundred senators; among them about one hundred and seventy men who were afterwards made consuls and prætors up to the day when these things were written.

I have enlarged the bounds of all the provinces which had neighboring tribes that did not yet obey our empire. I have pacified the provinces of the Gauls and Spains from the part where the ocean washes them, from Gades [Cadiz] to the

mouth of the Albis [Elbe]. The Alps, from the region next the Adriatic Sea to the Tuscan Sea, I have added to the empire, without unjustly making war on any tribe. The commander of the fleet under my order navigated from the mouth of the Rhine to the region of the rising sun, as far as . . . where no Roman before that time had gone either by land or sea. The Cimbri and Charydes and Semnones, and the other German peoples of the same tract, sought by ambassadors my friendship and that of the Roman people. By my order and under my auspices, two armies were led at almost the same time into Ethiopia and into Arabia called *Eudæmon* [Felix]; the greater part of the forces of each country were slain in battle and many men captured. Ethiopia was penetrated as far as the town of Nabata, which is next to Meroë. The army advanced into Arabia as far as the boundaries of the Sabæans, at the town of Mariba.

I added Egypt to the empire of the Roman people. Greater Armenia, when I could have made it a province on the murder of King Artaxias, I chose rather — after the example of our forefathers — to transfer as a kingdom to Tigranes, son of King Artavasdes, and grandson of King Tigranes, through Ti. Nero, who was then my stepson. And after the same nation, revolting and rebelling, had been conquered by my son Gaius, I transferred its rule to King Ariobarzanes, son of Artabazus, King of the Medes, and after his death to his son Artavasdes. On his murder, I set Tigranes, who was sprung from the royal stock of the Armenians, over that kingdom. All the provinces which across the Adriatic Sea lie toward the east, and Cyrene, I have now in great part recovered from the kings who possessed them, and who previously occupied Sicily and Sardinia in the servile war.

I have planted colonies of soldiers in Africa, Sicily, Macedonia, both Spains, Achaia, Asia, Syria, Narbonese Gaul, and Pisidia. But Italy has twenty-eight colonies planted by me, which in my lifetime were very famous and were thickly populated.

I have recovered many military standards lost by other commanders, from conquered enemies in Gaul and Spain and Dalmatia. I have forced the Parthians to restore to me the spoils and standards of three Roman armies, and seek as suppliants the friendship of the Roman people. I have replaced

these standards, however, in the sanctuary of the temple of Mars the Avenger.

The Pannonian tribes, which, before my being chief of the Roman people, no army had ever attacked, being conquered by Ti. Nero, who was then my lieutenant and stepson, I have subjected to the empire of the Roman people, and have carried forward the bounds of Illyricum to the banks of the river Danube. The army of the Dacians, having crossed over the latter, was overthrown and conquered under my auspices; and my army later on, crossing the Danube, forced the Dacian tribes to endure the empire of the Roman people.

Embassies of kings were often sent to me from India, never till then seen before any Roman chief. The Bastarnians and Scythians, and the kings of the Sarmatians, both on this side and beyond the river Tanais [Don], the king of the Albanians and Iberians [in the Caucasus] and Medes, sought our friendship by embassies.

There fled to me as suppliants, the kings Tiridates of the Parthians, and afterward Phrates son of King Phrates, Artavasdes of the Medes, Artaxares of the Albanians, Dumnobellaunus and Tim . . . of the Britons, Mælo of the Sugambrians, and many of the Marcomanni and Sueves. Phrates king of the Parthians, son of Orodes, sent all his sons and grandsons to me in Italy, not because overthrown in war, but seeking our friendship by the pledge of his children. Many other tribes made trial of the Roman people's good faith with me as its chief, between whom and the Roman people before had existed no interchange of friendship and embassies.

From me the nations of the Parthians and Medes, having requested it by embassies of their chief men, received kings: the Parthians Vonones, son of King Phrates, grandson of King Orodes; the Medes Ariobarzanes, son of King Artavasdes, grandson of King Ariobarzanes.

In my sixth and seventh consulate, after I had extinguished the civil wars, being by universal consent possessed of everything, I transferred the republic from my power to the control of the Roman Senate and people. To reward me for which, I was by Senate decree styled "The August," and the pillars of my temples were publicly bound with laurel, and a civic crown of oak leaves (for preserving the citizens) was fixed above my own door, and a golden shield was placed in the Julian

Senate-house, by the inscription on which shield it was testified that the Roman Senate and people gave it to me because of my virtue, clemency, justice, and piety. After that time I surpassed all in dignity, but had no greater authority in anything than those who were colleagues with me in the magistracy.

When I held my thirteenth consulate, the Senate and the order of knights and the entire Roman people called me Father of the Country; and ordained that it should be inscribed on the Senate-house and forum of Augustus, under the four-horse chariots which were placed there by Senate decree in my honor. When I wrote this, I had attained my seventy-seventh year.

The amount of money which I gave to the treasury or to the Roman populace or to the discharged soldiers was 600,000,000 denarii.

Of new works, I built the temple of Mars, of Jupiter the Thundering and the Vanquisher, of Apollo, of holy Augustus, of Quirinus, of Minerva, of Queen Juno, of Jupiter of Liberty, of the Lares, of the gods' Penates, of Youth, of the Mother of the Gods, the Lupercal, the gods' couch at the Circus, the Senate-house with the Chalcidicum, the forum of Augustus, the basilica of Julius, the theater of Marcellus, . . . the grove of the Cæsars across the Tiber.

I rebuilt the Capitol and eighty-two sacred temples, the Theater of Pompey, aqueducts, the Flaminian way.

Of expenses for circus spectacles and gladiatorial shows and athletes and huntings and sea-fight; . . . gifts . . . to colony towns in Italy, to towns in the provinces destroyed by earthquake and fire, or individually to friends and senators whose census rating I have helped out — innumerable.

TIBERIUS AND THE SENATE.

By TACITUS.

(From the "Annals.")

[Caius Cornelius Tacitus, the greatest of Roman historians, was born about A.D. 54. He was a lawyer by profession, and stood high in public life, becoming consul under Nerva, A.D. 97; and in Trajan's time was the foremost man of letters in the empire. He wrote a history of Rome from the death of Nero to that of Domitian, part of which is lost; the "Annals," from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero; the life of his father-in-law Agricola; "The Manners of the Germans," and a "Dialogue on Oratory."]

Cepio Crispinus began a vocation which through the miseries of the time and the audacity of men became afterwards notorious. For, needy, obscure, restless, while with secret informations he crept into the good graces of the cruel prince, and thus imperiled the life of all the most distinguished citizens, he acquired influence with one, but the hatred of all; and thus exhibited an example by following which men from being poor became rich, from being contemptible became formidable, and after bringing destruction upon others, at last perished by their own arts. . . .

About this time, Libo Drusus, of the Scribonian family, was charged with attempts against the state; and, because then first were devised those arts which for so many years preyed upon the commonweal, I will lay open with the more exactness, the beginning, progress, and issue of this affair. Firmius Catus, the senator, availing himself of an intimate friendship with Libo, induced that youth, unwary as he was, and open to impositions, to try the predictions of the Chaldæans, the mysteries of magicians, and even the interpreters of dreams; perpetually suggesting to him that "Pompey was his great-grandfather, Scribonia, once the wife of Augustus, his aunt, the Cæsars his kinsmen, and his house crowded with images:" tempting him to luxury and debt; sharing in his excesses and his obligations, in order to insure his conviction by multiplying the evidences of his guilt.

When he found he had witnesses enough, and some slaves who were also privy to Libo's conduct, he sought access to the emperor, having first by Flaccus Vescularius, a Roman knight, more intimate with Tiberius, represented to him the person he accused and the charge. Tiberius slighted not his information, but denied him access, "For that communications," he said,

"might be still interchanged through the medium of Flaccus." In the mean time he preferred Libo to the pretorship, entertained him at his table, showed no signs of aversion in his countenance, no resentment in his words (so deeply had he smothered his vengeance), and when he might have restrained all the speeches and practices of Libo, he preferred to know them; till one Junius, who was solicited to raise ghosts, gave information to Fulcinius Trio, who was distinguished for his talents as an accuser above others of that fraternity, and had an appetite for infamous notoriety. Instantly Trio seized upon the accused, went before the consuls, and demanded that the senate should take cognizance of the charge; and the fathers were summoned, with special intimation that "they were to deliberate on an affair of magnitude and the most serious importance."

Libo meanwhile putting on mourning, went from house to house, accompanied by ladies of the highest rank, supplicated his kindred, and solicited their voices to avert the dangers which threatened him. But every one of them declined his suit, each upon a different pretense, but, in reality, all from the same fear. The day the senate sat, worn out with fear and disease, or, as some relate, feigning it, he was borne in a litter to the doors of the court, and, leaning upon his brother, with suppliant hands and words he addressed himself to Tiberius, who received him with unmoved countenance. The emperor next recited the articles against him, and named the accusers, so restraining himself as to appear neither to extenuate nor aggravate the force of the charges.

To Trio and Catus, two other accusers, Fonteius Agrippa and Caius Vibius joined themselves, and strove who should have the right to implead the accused; at last, when no one would yield to the other, and Libo was come unprovided with a pleader, Vibius undertook to state the several heads of the charge, and produced articles so extravagant that they represented Libo as having consulted the fortune tellers, "Whether he should ever have wealth enough to cover the Appian road with money as far as Brundusium." There were others of the same kind, foolish, chimerical, or (to apply a milder term to them) pitiful; but in one document the accuser urged that to the names of the Cæsars or senators were appended characters of deadly or mysterious import, written in the hand of Libo. Libo denied it, and hence it was resolved to examine by torture

his conscious slaves; but seeing it was prohibited by an ancient decree of the senate, to put servants to the question in a trial touching the life of their master, the crafty Tiberius invented a new law to elude the old, and ordered these slaves to be severally sold to the public steward, that by this expedient evidence against Libo might be obtained from his servants, without violating the decree. Upon this, Libo prayed an adjournment till the next day, and returning to his own house, transmitted, by his kinsman, Publius Quirinius, his prayers to the emperor, his last resort; but he replied, that "he must make his request to the senate."

His house was in the mean time encompassed with a band of soldiers. They made a rout even in the vestibule on purpose to be seen and heard; when Libo, thus tortured at the very banquet which he had prepared as the last gratification of his life, called for a minister of death, grasped the hands of his slaves and put a sword into them; but they in their confusion and efforts to shun the task, overturned the lamp set on the table; and in this darkness, now to him the shades of death, he gave himself two stabs in the bowels; as he groaned and fell, his freedmen sprang in, and the soldiers, seeing that he was slain, retired. The charge against him, however, was gone through with in the senate, with the same formality; and Tiberius vowed "that he would have interceded for his life, though convicted, if he had not thus hastily died by his own hands."

His estate was divided among his accusers; and those of them who bore the rank of senators were, without the ceremony of an election, preferred to pretorships. Then Cotta Messalinus moved, "That the image of Libo might not accompany the funerals of his posterity;" Cneius Lentulus, "That none of the Scribonii should assume the surname of Drusus." On the motion of Pomponius Flaccus, days of thanksgiving were appointed: "That gifts should be presented to Jupiter, to Mars, and to the goddess Concord; and that the thirteenth of September, the day on which Libo slew himself, should be an established festival," were the votes of L. Publius and Asinius Gallus, of Papius Mutilus, and of Lucius Apronius. I have related the suggestions and sycophancy of these men, to show that this is an inveterate evil in the state. Decrees of the senate were likewise made for expelling astrologers and magicians out of Italy; and one of them, Lucius Pituanius, was precipitated from the

Tarpeian rock: on Publius Marcius, the consuls, at the sound of trumpet, inflicted punishment without the Esquiline gate, according to the ancient form.

Next time the senate sat, much was said against the luxury of the city by Quintus Haterius, a man of consular rank, and by Octavius Fronto, formerly pretor; and a law was passed, "Against using vessels of solid gold in serving up repasts, and against men disgracing themselves with silken garments." Fronto went beyond this proposition, and submitted "That the quantities of silver plate, the expense of furniture, and the number of domestics might be limited." For it was yet common for senators, instead of speaking to the question, to offer whatever they judged conducive to the interest of the commonweal. Against him it was argued by Asinius Gallus, "That with the growth of the empire private riches had also increased, and that it was no new thing, but agreeable to the most primitive usage; that the measure of private wealth in the time of the Fabricii was different from that in the time of the Scipios, but both proportioned to the condition of the state. If the state was poor, the establishments of citizens were on a small scale; but when the state rose to such a height of magnificence, individuals advanced in splendor; that neither in domestics, plate, or necessary expense, was there any standard of excess or frugality, but from the means of the owner. A distinction was made between the fortunes of senators and of knights, not for any natural difference between them, but that they who excelled in place, rank, and honors might excel, too, in other things, such as conduced to the health of the body, or to the relaxation of the mind; unless it were expected that the most illustrious citizens should sustain more than their share of cares, and expose themselves to greater dangers than others, but continue destitute of every solace of fatigue and danger." His veiling a confession of vices under spurious appellations, and the kindred spirit of his hearers, gained for Gallus a ready assent. Tiberius closed the discussion with the remark, "That that was not the time for correcting these matters; but if there were any corruption of manners, there would not be wanting one to advise a reformation."

During these transactions, Lucius Piso, after inveighing against "the intrigues of the forum, the corruption of the tribunals, and the brutal proceedings of informers, who filled the city with alarm by threats of impeachment," declared "he

would retire and abandon Rome, and live in some secluded and remote part of the country." With these words he left the senate. Tiberius was stung by these remarks; and, though he had soothed him with gentle words, he also urged Piso's relations, by their authority or entreaties, to prevent his departure. The same Piso gave, soon after, no less remarkable a proof of earnest independence, by prosecuting a suit against Urgulania — a lady whom the partial friendship of Livia had set above the laws. Urgulania was conveyed for shelter to the palace, and in defiance of Piso disobeyed the summons; but Piso persisted, although Augusta complained that she was herself insulted and degraded by this proceeding. Tiberius, who thought he might humor his mother thus far, without violating the laws of civil equality, promised to attend the trial, and assist Urgulania; and thus left the palace, ordering his guards to follow at a distance. As the people flocked about him, he appeared perfectly composed, walking leisurely along, and prolonging the time by conversations on incidental topics; till, at length, Piso's friends failing in their efforts to restrain him, the empress ordered the payment of the money claimed by him. This was the issue of the affair; by which Piso lost no renown, and the credit of Tiberius was increased. The power, however, of Urgulania was so much too great for a state of civil equality, that she disdained to appear a witness in a certain cause which depended before the senate, and a pretor was sent to examine her at her own house; whereas it had been always usual even for the vestal virgins to attend the forum and courts of justice, as oft as their evidence was required.

The postponement of public affairs which happened this year, I should not mention, but that the different opinions of Cneius Piso and Asinius Gallus about it are worth knowing. Piso declared his opinion, that although Tiberius had said "that he should be absent," "for that very reason the prosecution of public business was the rather to be continued; and that for the senate and equestrian order to be able to discharge their functions in the absence of the prince, would redound to the honor of the commonwealth." As Piso had anticipated him in this display of liberal principles, Gallus said, "That nothing truly great, nor suiting the dignity of the Roman people, could be transacted except under the immediate eye of the emperor; and therefore the mass of business which came to Rome from all parts of Italy, and the influx of affairs from

the provinces, should be reserved for his presence." Tiberius heard and was silent, while the debate was managed on both sides with great vehemence; but the postponement was carried.

A debate, too, arose between Gallus and the emperor; for Gallus moved, "That the magistrates should be henceforth elected but once every five years; that the lieutenant generals of legions, who served in that capacity before they had been pretors, should be pretors elect; and that the prince should nominate twelve candidates every year." It was not doubted but this motion had a deeper aim; and that by it the secret resources of imperial power were invaded. But Tiberius, as if his power would be augmented by it, argued, "That it would be inconsistent with his moderation to choose and to postpone so many; that disgusts could scarcely be avoided even in yearly elections, where the hope of success on a speedily occurring occasion formed a solace for disappointment: how great must be the resentment of those whose pretensions were put off for five years! and whence could it be foreseen that, in so long a tract of time, the same men would continue to have the same sentiments, the same connections and fortune? Even an annual designation to power made men imperious; how much more so if they bore the honor for five years! The influence of magistrates would at once be multiplied fivefold; the laws which had prescribed a proper space for exercising the diligence of candidates, and for soliciting as well as enjoying honors, would be subverted."

By this speech, in appearance popular, he prevented encroachments on the imperial power. He likewise sustained by gratuities the dignity of certain senators; hence it was the more wondered, that he received somewhat superciliously the petition of Marcus Hortalus, a young man of high family and unquestionable poverty. He was the grandson of Hortensius the orator, and had been induced by the deified Augustus, who presented him with a thousand great sesterces, to marry and have children, to prevent the extinction of a family of the highest renown. The senate were sitting in the palace, and Hortalus, having set his four children before the door, fixed his eyes, now upon the statue of Hortensius, placed amongst the orators, then upon that of Augustus; and, instead of speaking to the question, began on this wise: "Conscript fathers, I have not incurred the expense of bringing up these children, whose number and tender years you perceive, by my own choice,

but in compliance with the advice of the prince. At the same time, the achievements of my ancestors demanded that their line should be perpetuated. As for myself, since by the revolution of the times I could not raise wealth, nor engage popular favor, nor cultivate the hereditary fortune of our house, — the fortune of eloquence, — I deemed it sufficient if, in my slender circumstances, I lived no disgrace to myself, no burden to others. Commanded by the emperor, I took a wife : behold the offspring of so many consuls — behold the descendants of so many dictators ! Nor is this recital made invidiously, but to excite commiseration. If you, Cæsar, continue to flourish, they shall attain to such honors as you may bestow ; meanwhile, protect from want the great-grandsons of Hortensius, the foster children of Augustus."

The inclination of the senate was favorable ; an incitement this to Tiberius the more eagerly to thwart Hortalus. These were in effect his words — "If all that are poor come hither and ask for provision for their children, while it will be impossible to satisfy the cravings of individuals, the public funds must fail. Our ancestors did not permit an occasional departure from the question, and the proposal of something more important to the state, instead of speaking to the subject, that we might here transact domestic matters, and augment our private resources ; thus bringing odium both on the senate and the prince, whether they grant or deny the bounties petitioned. In truth it is not a petition, but an unreasonable and monstrous importunity, thus while you are assembled upon other affairs, to rise up and seek to move the senate from their propriety by the number and infancy of his children, to transfer the violent attack to me, and as it were break open the treasury, which, if we shall exhaust by largess, we must replenish by crime. The deified Augustus gave you money, Hortalus, but without solicitation, and on no condition that it should always be given ; otherwise diligence will languish, sloth will prevail, if men have nothing to hope or fear for themselves ; and all will look securely for the assistance of others, useless to themselves, and a burden to us." These and similar reflections of Tiberius, though they were heard with approbation by those whose practice it is to extol whatever proceeds from princes, worthy or unworthy, were received by the majority in silence, or with low murmurs. Tiberius perceived it ; and having paused a little, said — "His answer was directed particularly to Hor-

talus; but if the senate thought fit, he would give his sons two hundred great sesterces each." The others returned thanks; but Hortalus said nothing, either from perturbation, or that amidst the embarrassments of adversity he remembered the dignity of his noble ancestry: nor did Tiberius ever after show pity, though the house of Hortensius was fallen into shameful distress.

The same year, the boldness of a single slave had, but for early prevention, torn the state with discord and intestine war. A slave of Posthumus Agrippa, named Clemens, with a spirit that soared high above his condition, having learnt the death of Augustus, conceived a design of sailing to Phanasia, and seizing Agrippa, by art or force, to carry him to the armies in Germany; but the slowness of the laden vessel defeated his bold purpose, for Agrippa was already murdered. Hence he formed a purpose still more daring and perilous; he stole the funeral ashes, and sailing to Cosa, a promontory of Etruria, hid himself in secluded places till his hair and beard were grown long; for in age and person he was not unlike his master. Then a report, originated by chosen emissaries and the associates of his plot, "that Agrippa lived," began to spread; at first by secret communications, as usual in matters of a dangerous nature; but becoming soon a prevailing rumor, it filled the greedy ears of all the most credulous, or was encouraged by persons of a turbulent disposition, and therefore desirous of political convulsions. He himself, when he entered the neighboring towns, did it at shut of day; never to be seen publicly, nor long in the same place; but as truth is strengthened by observation and time, pretenses by haste and uncertainty, he either departed as soon as his arrival began to be rumored, or arrived before it.

It flew through Italy in the mean time, — "That by the bounty of the gods, Agrippa was preserved." It was already believed at Rome. On his arrival at Ostia he was greeted by an immense concourse, and in the city by clandestine meetings. Tiberius was bewildered with perplexing doubts, whether he should repress his slave by the power of the sword, or suffer the unfounded persuasion of the public to vanish by the unaided operation of time; now he thought that nothing was to be slighted; now, that not everything was to be dreaded; wavering between shame and fear: at last he committed the affair to Sallustius Crispus. Crispus chose two of his clients (some say

two soldiers) and directed them to go directly to him, to feign conviction of his identity, to present him with money, to promise to be faithful to him and hazard everything for him. They executed these orders, and afterwards discovering that at night he was without guards, they took a band of men chosen for the purpose, and carried him to the palace, gagged and bound. To Tiberius, when he asked him — "How he was become Agrippa?" he is said to have answered — "Just as you became Cæsar." He could not be induced to discover his accomplices; neither dared Tiberius venture to execute him publicly, but ordered him to be dispatched in a secret part of the palace, and his body to be carried away privately; and, though many of the prince's household, many knights and senators, were said to have supported him with money, and assisted him with their counsels, no inquiry followed. . . .

The law of violated majesty, in the meantime, was advancing rapidly; and an informer charged Apuleia Varilia, grandniece to Augustus and descending from his sister, with vilifying the deified Augustus, Tiberius, and his mother, in defamatory language; and though nearly allied to the Emperor, with having committed adultery. Concerning the adultery, sufficient provision was thought to be already made by the Julian law. In the charge of treason, Tiberius desired that a distinction should be made: "If she had spoken irreverently of Augustus, she must be condemned; but for invectives against himself he would not have her called to account. The Consul asked him, "What were his sentiments respecting the aspersions of his mother, which the accused was charged with uttering?" To this he made no answer; but at the next sitting of the Senate, he prayed too in her name "that no words in whatsoever manner spoken against her might be imputed to any one as a crime:" he thus caused Apuleia to be released from the charges of treason; of her punishment too for adultery he begged a mitigation, and prevailed that "according to the example of our ancestors, she should be removed by her kindred two hundred miles from Rome." Manlius, her adulterer, was banished Italy and Africa.

TIBERIUS AND SEJANUS.

By VELLEIUS PATERCULUS.

[Caius (or Marcus) Velleius Paterculus was born in Capua about B.C. 19. His father was a cavalry officer, and he was a military tribune in the Eastern army, then cavalry prefect, and finally legate (vice-commander) under Tiberius, A.D. 4 and after. He was made questor in A.D. 7, and pretor in 15. He wrote a compendium of Roman history down to his own time, which of course gives only the favorable view of Tiberius and his great minister, but is perhaps a useful corrective to the dead black of Tacitus.]

You may now, Marcus Vinicius, conceive Cæsar as great in the character of a leader in war, as you see him in that of a prince in peace. When he had united his forces, those under his immediate command, and those who had joined him as auxiliaries, and had brought into one camp ten legions, more than seventy auxiliary cohorts, fourteen squadrons of horse, more than ten thousand veterans, a great number of volunteers, and the numerous cavalry of the king, (in short, so great an army, as had never been seen in one place since the civil wars,) every one was rejoiced at the sight, feeling the utmost confidence of success from their numbers. But the general, the best judge of his own proceedings, preferring the advantageous to the showy, and, as I always saw him act in every war, pursuing what was eligible in itself, not what was generally recommended, having allowed the army that had joined him to rest a few days, to recruit the strength of the men after their march, and having decided that it rendered his force too large to be kept in order, and too unwieldy to be properly managed, he resolved to send it away; and, after accompanying it through a long and most fatiguing march, the difficulty of which can hardly be described, (in order that as none would venture to attack the whole, so the whole, each nation from apprehension for its own territories, might abstain from attacking either of the parties on their separation,) he sent it back to the parts from which it came, and returning himself to Siscia, in the beginning of a very severe winter, appointed lieutenant-generals, of whom I was one, to command the several divisions in winter quarters.

His conduct was truly amazing, not ostentatious, but distinguished by real and solid virtue and usefulness, most delightful to experience, most exemplary in its humanity. During

the whole time of the German and Pannonian wars, not one of us, or of those who preceded or followed our steps, was at any time sick, but his recovery and health were promoted by Cæsar with as much care as if his thoughts, which were obliged to attend to such an infinite variety of laborious business, had no employment but this alone. There was a carriage kept always in readiness for such as wanted it, and a litter for general use, of which I, as well as others, experienced the benefit. Physicians, too, proper kinds of food, and the warm bath, introduced for that sole purpose, contributed to the health of all. Houses and domestics, indeed, were wanting, but no accommodation that could either be afforded or desired in them. To this I shall add what every one, who was present on the occasions, will readily acknowledge to be true, as well as the other circumstances that I have mentioned. The general alone always traveled on horseback; he alone, with those whom he invited during the greater part of the summer campaigns, sat at meals. To such as forbore to follow this strict mode of living, he was very indulgent, provided they did no harm by their example; he frequently admonished and reproved, very rarely punished; acting a middle part, dissembling his knowledge of most faults, and preventing the commission of others. The winter contributed much to bring the war to a conclusion. In the following summer, all Pannonia begged for peace; so that the remains of war were confined to Dalmatia. So many thousands of brave men who had lately threatened Italy with slavery, surrendering their arms, (which they had employed at a river called Bathinus,) and prostrating themselves at the knees of Cæsar, together with Bato and Pines, leaders of high reputation, one captive, the other submitting, formed a scene which I hope to describe at large in my regular history. In autumn, the victorious army was led back into winter quarters; and the command in chief of all the troops was given by Cæsar to Marcus Lepidus, a man in fame and fortune nearest to the Cæsars; and every one, the longer and better he knows and becomes acquainted with him, the more he loves and admires him, and acknowledges him to be a credit to the great names from which he is descended.

Cæsar now turned his thoughts and arms to the remaining part of the war in Dalmatia; in which country, how useful an assistant and lieutenant-general he found in my brother, Magius Celer Velleianus, is testified by his own and his father's decla-

ration; and the record of the high honors conferred on him by Cæsar at his triumph confirms it. In the beginning of the summer, Lepidus, having drawn out the army from winter quarters, and making his way to join his general Tiberius, through nations unimpaired in strength, still free from the calamities of war, and, in consequence, daring and ferocious, he succeeded, after struggling with the difficulty of the passes, and the force of the enemy, and making great havoc of those who opposed him, cutting down their corn, burning their houses, and slaughtering their men, in reaching the quarters of Cæsar, before whom he appeared exulting with victory and laden with spoil. In reward for these services, which, if performed on his own account, would have entitled him to a triumph, he was honored with triumphal decorations; the will of the Senate concurring with the judgment of the princes. That summer brought this important war to a conclusion, for the Perustæ and Desitiates of Dalmatia, notwithstanding that they were almost impregnably secured by their mountainous countries, by the fierceness of their temper, by their surprising military skill, and more especially by the narrow passes of their forests, were at length, after being brought to the utmost extremities, reduced to quiet, not by the orders, but by the arms and personal exertions, of Cæsar himself. In all this great war in Germany, I could observe nothing more noble, nothing more deserving of admiration, than that the general never thought any opportunity of success so attractive as to justify a squandering of the lives of his soldiers; he ever judged the safest means the most honorable, and preferred the approbation of his conscience to the acquisition of fame; nor were the counsels of the general ever swayed by the feelings of the army, but the army was always guided by the wisdom of the general.

The same courage and good fortune which had animated Tiberius at the beginning of his command, still continued to attend him. After he had broken down the force of the enemy in various expeditions by land and sea, and had settled important affairs in Gaul, and composed, by coercion more than by punishment, the most violent commotions of the populace at Vienne; and after the Senate and people of Rome, on a request being made by his father that he might be invested with authority equal to his own in all the provinces and armies, had passed a decree to that effect, (for it would indeed have been

unreasonable, if what he had secured should not be under his command, and if he, who was the first to bring succor, should not be thought entitled to a share of honor,) he returned to Rome, and celebrated his triumph over Pannonia and Dalmatia, which had been long due to him, but had been deferred on account of the continuance of the wars. His triumph was magnificent. but who can be surprised at magnificence in a Cæsar? Who, however, will not admire the kindness of fortune in this, that fame did not tell us, as was usual, that all the greatest leaders of the enemy were slain, but that the triumph displayed them to us in chains? On this occasion my brother and I had the happiness of accompanying him, among the most eminent personages, and those honored with the principal distinctions.

Among other instances in which the singular moderation of Tiberius Cæsar shines forth conspicuously, this claims our admiration, that although, beyond all doubt, he merited seven triumphs, he was yet satisfied with three. For who can doubt that, for reducing Armenia, fixing a king on its throne, (on whose head he placed the diadem with his own hand,) and for regulating the affairs of the East, he ought to have enjoyed a triumph? Or that, for his victories ever the Rhæti and Vindelici, he deserved to enter the city in a triumphal car? And when, after his adoption, he exhausted the strength of Germany in three years of continued war, the same honor ought to have been offered him, and accepted by him. Again, after the disaster of the army of Varus, the rapid subjugation of the same Germany ought to have furnished a triumph for the same consummate general. But with respect to him you can hardly determine whether you should admire more his extraordinary exertions amid toil and danger, or his moderation with regard to honors.

We have now arrived at a period in which very great apprehension prevailed. For Augustus Cæsar, having sent his grandson Germanicus to finish the remainder of the war in Germany, and intending to send his son Tiberius into Illyricum, to settle in peace what he had subdued in war, proceeded with the latter into Campania, with the design of escorting him, and at the same time to be present at the exhibition of athletic sports, which the Neapolitans had resolved to give in honor of him. Although he had before this felt symptoms of debility and declining health, yet, as the vigor of his mind

withstood them, he accompanied his son, and, parting from him at Beneventum, proceeded to Nola; where, finding that his health grew worse every day, and well knowing whose presence was requisite to the accomplishment of his wish to leave all things in safety after him, he hastily recalled his son, who hurried back to the father of his country, and arrived earlier than was expected. Augustus then declared that his mind was at ease; and being folded in the embrace of Tiberius, to whom he recommended the accomplishment of his father's views and his own, he resigned himself to die whenever the Fates should ordain. He was in some degree revived by the sight and conversation of the person most dear to him; but the destinies soon overpowering every effort for his recovery, and his body resolving itself into its first principles, he restored to heaven his celestial spirit, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and in the consulate of Pompey and Apuleius.

The universal apprehensions excited by this event; the alarm of the Senate, the consternation of the people, the fears of the world, and the narrow line between safety and destruction on which we stood on that occasion, I have neither leisure to describe in this hasty narrative, nor can he who has leisure describe satisfactorily. One thing I can join with the voice of the public in declaring, that whereas we had dreaded the total ruin of the world, we did not perceive that it felt the slightest shock; and so powerful was the majesty of one man, that there was no occasion for arms, either to protect the good or restrain the bad. Yet there was one struggle, as it may be called, in the state, between the Senate and people of Rome on one side, insisting on Cæsar's assuming his father's station, and himself on the other, desiring leave to stand on a level with his countrymen, instead of acting in the exalted character of a prince. At length he was overcome by reason, not by the attractions of honor; because he saw that whatever he did not take under his care would be lost. His case was singular in this, that he refused the sovereignty almost as long as others fought to obtain it. After he had seen his father restored to heaven, and had paid respect to his body with human, and to his name with divine honors, the first act of his administration was the regulation of the elections, on a plan left by the deified Augustus in his own handwriting. At this time, my brother and I had the honor, as Cæsar's candidates, of being elected pretors,

in the places next to men of the highest rank, and the priests; and we were remarkable in being the last recommended by Augustus, and the first by Tiberius Cæsar.

The Commonwealth quickly reaped the fruit of its determination and its wish; and we soon learned what we must have suffered if that wish had not been complied with, and how greatly we had gained by its being fulfilled. For the army which was serving in Germany under the command of Germanicus, and the legions which were in Illyricum, being both seized at the same time with a kind of outrageous fury, and a violent passion for spreading universal disorder, demanded a new leader, a new constitution, a new republic; they even had the confidence to threaten that they would give laws to the Senate, and to the prince; and they attempted to fix the amount of their pay, and the period of their service. They proceeded even to use their arms; the sword was drawn; and the impunity which was allowed them broke forth almost into the extremity of violence. They wanted, indeed, a head, to lead them against their country, but there were numbers ready to follow. However, the mature wisdom of the veteran emperor, who, refusing most of their demands, promised some indulgences without lowering his dignity, soon allayed and suppressed all these outrageous proceedings; severe vengeance being inflicted on the authors of the mutiny, and milder punishment on the rest. On this occasion, as Germanicus exerted his usual activity, so Drusus, who was sent by his father expressly to extinguish the flame of this military tumult, blazing, as it was, with enormous fury, enforced the ancient and primitive discipline, and by strong measures, though not without danger to himself, put a stop to those excesses, so pernicious both in the act and in the example; and reduced to obedience the soldiers that pressed around him, by the aid of the very swords with which he was beset. In these efforts he found an excellent assistant in Junius Blæsus, a man of whom it is difficult to decide whether his services were greater in the camp or in the city. A few years after, being proconsul in Africa, he gained triumphal decorations and the title of *imperator*. And being intrusted with the presidency of Spain, and the command of the army there, he was able, by his excellent abilities, and with the reputation which he had gained in the war in Illyricum, to keep the province in perfect peace and tranquillity;

for while his fidelity to the emperor led him to adopt the most salutary measures, he had likewise ample authority to carry into execution what he planned. His care and fidelity were closely copied by Dolabella, a man of the noblest simplicity of character, when he commanded on the coast of Illyricum.

Of the transactions of the last sixteen years, which have passed in the view and are fresh in the memory of all, who shall presume to give a full account? Cæsar deified his parent, not by arbitrary authority, but by paying religious respect to his character. He did not call him a divinity, but made him one. In that time, credit has been restored to mercantile affairs, sedition has been banished from the forum, corruption from the Campus Martius, and discord from the senate house; justice, equity, and industry, which had long lain buried in neglect, have been revived in the state; authority has been given to the magistrates, majesty to the Senate, and solemnity to the courts of justice; the dissensions in the theater have been suppressed, and all men have had either a desire excited in them, or a necessity imposed on them, of acting with integrity. Virtuous acts are honored, wicked deeds are punished. The humble respects the powerful without dreading him; the powerful takes precedence of the humble without contemning him. When were provisions more moderate in price? When were the blessings of peace more abundant? Augustan peace, diffused over all the regions of the east and the west, and all that lies between the south and north, preserves every corner of the world free from all dread of predatory molestation. Fortuitous losses, not only of individuals, but of cities, the munificence of the prince is ready to relieve. The cities of Asia have been repaired; the provinces have been secured from the oppression of their governors. Honor promptly rewards the deserving, and the punishment of the guilty, if slow, is certain. Interest gives place to justice, solicitation to merit. For the best of princes teaches his countrymen to act rightly by his own practice; and while he is the greatest in power, is still greater in example.

It is seldom that men who have arrived at eminence have not had powerful coadjutors in steering the course of their fortunes; thus the two Scipios had the two Lælii, whom they set in every respect on a level with themselves; thus the Emperor Augustus had Marcus Agrippa, and after him Statilius Taurus. The newness of these men's families proved no obstruction to

their attainment of many consulships and triumphs, and of sacerdotal offices in great numbers. For great affairs demand great coöperators; (in small matters the smallness of assistance does not mar the proceedings;) and it is for the interest of the public that what is necessary for business should be eminent in dignity, and that usefulness should be fortified with influence. In conformity with these examples, Tiberius Cæsar has had, and still has, Ælius Sejanus, a most excellent coadjutor in all the toils of government: a man whose father was chief of the equestrian order, and who, on his mother's side, is connected with some of the most illustrious and ancient families, ennobled by high preferments; who has brothers, cousins, and an uncle, of consular rank; who is remarkable for fidelity in the discharge of his duties, and for ability to endure fatigue, the constitution of his body corresponding with the vigor of his mind; a man of pleasing gravity, and of unaffected cheerfulness; appearing, in the despatch of business, like a man quite at ease; assuming nothing to himself, and hence receiving every honor; always deeming himself inferior to other men's estimation of him; calm in looks and conversation, but in mind indefatigably vigilant.

In esteem for Sejanus's virtues the judgment of the public has long vied with that of the prince. Nor is it at all new with the Senate and people of Rome to consider the most meritorious as the most noble. The men of old, before the First Punic War, three hundred years ago, exalted to the summit of dignity Titus Coruncanius, a man of no family, bestowing on him, besides other honors, the office of chief pontiff; they promoted Spurius Carvilius, a man of equestrian birth, and afterwards Marcus Cato, another new man, (not a native citizen, but born at Tusculum,) as well as Mummius Achaicus, to consulships, censorships, and triumphs. And they who considered Caius Marius, a man of the most obscure origin, as unquestionably the first in the Roman nation, before his sixth consulship; who had so high an esteem for Marcus Tullius that he could obtain almost by his sole recommendation, the highest offices for whomsoever he chose; and who refused nothing to Asinius Pollio which men of the noblest birth had to obtain with infinite labor, were certainly of opinion that he who possessed the greatest virtues, was entitled to the greatest honors. The natural imitation of other men's examples led Cæsar to make trial of Sejanus, and occasioned Sejanus to bear a share of the

burdens of the prince; and induced the Senate and people of Rome cheerfully to call to the guardianship of their safety him whom they saw best qualified for the charge.

Having exhibited a general view of the administration of Tiberius Cæsar, let us now enumerate a few particulars respecting it. With what wisdom did he bring to Rome Rhascuporis, the murderer of Cotys, his own brother's son, and partner in the kingdom, employing in that affair the services of Pomponius Flaccus, a man of consular rank, naturally inclined to all that is honorable, and by pure virtue always meriting fame, but never eagerly pursuing it! With what solemnity as a senator and a judge, not as a prince, does he . . . hear causes in person! How speedily did he crush . . . when he became ungrateful, and attempted innovations! With what precepts did he form the mind of his Germanicus, and train him in the rudiments of war in his own camp, so that he afterwards hailed him the conqueror of Germany! What honors did he heap on him in his youth, the magnificence of his triumph corresponding to the grandeur of his exploits! How often has he honored the people with donations! How readily has he, when he could do it with the sanction of the Senate, supplied senators with property suitable to their rank, neither encouraging extravagance, nor suffering honorable poverty to be stripped of dignity! In what an honorable style did he send his Germanicus to the transmarine provinces! With what energy, employing Drusus as a minister and coadjutor in his plans, did he force Maroboduus, who was clinging to the soil of the kingdom which he had possessed, to come forth, like a serpent concealed in the earth, (let me speak without offense to his majesty,) by the salutary charms of his counsels! How honorably, yet how far from negligently, does he keep watch over him! How formidable a war, excited by the Gallic chief Sacrovir and Julius Florus, did he suppress, and with such amazing expedition and energy, that the Roman people learned that they were conquerors, before they knew that they were at war, and the news of victory outstripped the news of the danger! The African war too, perilous as it was, and daily increasing in strength, was quickly terminated under his auspices and direction.

What structures has he erected in his own name, and those of his family! With what dutiful munificence, even exceeding belief, is he building a temple to his father! With how laud-

able a generosity of disposition is he repairing even the buildings of Cnæus Pompey, that were consumed by fire! Whatever has been at any time conspicuously great, he regards as his own and under his protection. With what liberality has he at all times, and particularly at the recent fire on the Cælian Mount, repaired the losses of people of all conditions out of his own property! With what perfect ease to the public does he manage the raising of troops, a business of constant and extreme apprehension, without the consternation attendant on a levy!

If either nature allows us, or the humility of man may take upon itself, to make a modest complaint of such things to the gods, what has he deserved that, in the first place, Drusus Libo should form his execrable plots; and, in the next, that Silius and Piso should follow his example, one of whom he raised to dignity, the other he promoted? That I may pass to greater matters, (though he accounted even these very great,) what has he deserved, that he should lose his sons in their youth, or his grandson by Drusus? But we have only spoken of causes for sorrow, we must now come to occasions of shame. With what violent griefs, Marcus Vinicius, has he felt his mind tortured in the last three years! How long has his heart been consumed with affliction, and, what is most unhappy, such as he was obliged to conceal, while he was compelled to grieve, and to feel indignation and shame, at the conduct of his daughter-in-law and his grandson! And the sorrows of this period have been aggravated by the loss of his most excellent mother, a woman who resembled the gods more than human beings; and whose power no man ever felt but in the relief of distress or the conferring of honor.

Let our book be concluded with a prayer. O Jupiter Capitolinus, O Jupiter Stator! O Mars Gradivus, author of the Roman name! O Vesta, guardian of the eternal fire! O all ye deities who have exalted the present magnitude of the Roman empire to a position of supremacy over the world, guard, preserve, and protect, I entreat and conjure you, in the name of the Commonwealth, our present state, our present peace, [our present prince!] And when he shall have completed a long course on earth, grant him successors to the remotest ages, and such as shall have abilities to support the empire of the world as powerfully as we have seen him support it!

THE CHARIOT RACE AT ANTIOCH.[1]

By LEW WALLACE.

(From "Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ.")

[Lewis Wallace: generally known as Lew Wallace, American general, lawyer, diplomatist, and novelist, was born at Brookville, Ind., April 10, 1827. He served as lieutenant in the Mexican War, attained the rank of major general of volunteers during the Civil War, and from 1881 to 1885 was United States minister to Turkey. When not engaged in public service he has practiced law and devoted himself to literature. He is chiefly celebrated as the author of the historical novel, "Ben-Hur" (1880), which has had a phenomenal sale. He has written two other historical novels, "The Fair God" and "The Prince of India"; "The Boyhood of Christ"; and a life of Benjamin Harrison.]

At length the recess came to an end.

The trumpeters blew a call, at which the absentees rushed back to their places. At the same time some attendants appeared in the arena, and, climbing upon the division wall, went to an entablature near the second goal at the west end, and placed upon it seven wooden balls; then returning to the first goal, upon an entablature there they set up seven other pieces of wood hewn to represent dolphins.

"What shall they do with the balls and fishes, O sheik?" asked Balthasar.

"Hast thou never attended a race?"

"Never before; and hardly know I why I am here."

"Well, they are to keep the count. At the end of each round run thou shalt see one ball and one fish taken down."

The preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor, ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The unusual flush upon his face gave proof that even Simonides had caught the universal excitement. Ilderim pulled his beard fast and furious.

"Look now for the Roman," said the fair Egyptian to Esther, who did not hear her, for, with close-drawn veil and beating heart, she sat watching for Ben-Hur.

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The structure containing the stalls, it should be observed, was in form of the segment of a circle, retired on the right so that its central point was projected forward, and midway the course, on the starting side of the first goal. Every stall consequently was equally distant from the starting line or chalked rope above mentioned.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp, whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the four proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gatekeepers threw the stalls open

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again.

They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the tramping of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gatekeepers called their men, instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had waited! this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is come — look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully. The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended;

on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for — the position next the division wall on the inner side of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true —

> It is not strength but art obtained the prize,
> And to be swift is less than to be wise —

all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? Or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance, — just one, — in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the late result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them, Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the

motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths — in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought — in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked or hoped from them — their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted — limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn — limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers, every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly, and with such distinctness as the picture comes he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable: a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore leg of the Athenian's right-hand tracemate, flinging the brute over against its yokefellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousand held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tailpiece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds; a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting. "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench on which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on, the souls of the racers were in it: over them bent the myriads.

* * * * * * *

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased;

but more — it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which they were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass darkly, cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined — a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve. In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor — everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon fortune; he did not believe in fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed to glow with renewed transparency.

When not halfway across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there were no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flashlike insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant the competitors were prudentially checking their fours.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time. The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making

the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then it would seem Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand. — "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; upon the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was the spring

of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled around the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face — a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time. In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared. And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the latter Cæsarean period — Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside of Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened — gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators

bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quit combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent — or five talents, or ten; choose ye "

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best. How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound: they screamed and howled and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home stretch — sixth round — Messala leading, and next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story: —

> First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
> With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
> Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
> And seem just mounting on his ear behind;
> Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
> And hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.

Thus to the first goal and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them. As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim the moment the rivals turned into the course: "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered: "Saw you how clean they were, and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures, and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with the like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! Loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again! Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for halfway round the course, and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change.

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotion, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs.

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse — oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women — singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory! — and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent — home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! — steady! The work is done — soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple, seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction, that is on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given — the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car — all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong. To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted, and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which by look, word, and gesture he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and the Corinthian were halfway down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

MARY MAGDALEN.

At the House of Simon the Pharisee.

I.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, usually known by the shortened form above, was an English poet and artist of Italian parentage; born 1828, died 1882. He was one of the leaders of the Preraphaelite movement.]

[*For a drawing, in which Mary has left a festal procession, and is ascending by a sudden impulse the steps of the house where she sees Christ. Her lover has followed her and is trying to turn her back.*]

"Why wilt thou cast the roses from thine hair?
Nay, be thou all a rose, — wreath, lips, and cheek.
Nay, not this house — that banquet house we seek;
See how they kiss and enter: come thou there.
This delicate day of love we two will share
Till at our ear love's whispering night shall speak.
What, sweet one — hold'st thou still the foolish freak?
Nay, when I kiss thy feet they'll leave the stair."

"Oh, loose me! Seest thou not my Bridegroom's face,
That draws me to him? For his feet my kiss,
My hair, my tears he craves to-day; — and oh!
What words can tell what other day and place
Shall see me clasp those blood-stained feet of his?
He needs me, calls me, loves me; — let me go!"

II.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[Mrs. Richards, daughter of Julia Ward and Samuel G. Howe, is one of the foremost writers of juveniles in America, and has done good work not juvenile.]

[*Mary, called by them in Jerusalem the Queen of Love, cometh from her house with her lovers and many women. She speaketh merrily.*]

Nay! but clasp me not close!
Loose me, and let me breathe.
Are there not jewels to string?
Are there not roses to wreathe?

La Maddalena

From the painting by Guercino in the Museo Nationale, Naples

Look where the Pageant of Love
Comes tossing adown the street!
And who is their queen but I?
Who else for their queen is meet?

Strike, my girls, on your harps!
Shake me your timbrels, and sing.
Flutter your gold-yellow fringes,
And round me circle and swing.

See how my tresses, unbound,
Drop down from sheen into sheen,
A robe and a cloak and a crown
For the beauty of Mary the Queen.

Look! who is feasting to-day?
There are garlands hung for a feast.
Ah! it is Simon's house,
And there may be sport at least.

Yonder he sits at the board-head,
Portly and pious and fine.
But how he would stare, if Mary the Queen
Should come to pour him the wine!

To join in his feast unbidden,
Nay! this were a spirit full rare!
Bear back, you boys with the roses,
And make me a way up the stair!

[*She cometh laughing to the door of Simon's house. There seeth she the Lord Jesus, who, saying no word, looketh steadfastly upon her. Then is she silent for a long space, and after speaketh thus:*]

Once I was young. And my father
Laid his hand on my close-curled head:
"Be thou pure and true, little Mary,
E'en as thou art fair!" he said.

Once I was young. And my mother
Looked motherly into mine eyes:
"God's blessing be on my daughter,
So fair, so pure, so wise!"

Once I was young. And my brother
Took strongly my hand in his:

"Thy beauty bodes danger, my sister,
My arm be thy shield in this!"

Mother and father and brother,
All their glances in one
Burn on me now; and what power beside
More strong than the strength of the sun?

Turn now, I pray thee, thy glances!
For Mary the girl is dead;
And Mary the Queen of Sinners
Stands here to-day in her stead.

These are my lovers behind me,
They wonder and wait while I stay:
Loose now mine eyes from thy holding,
And let me go on my way.

Still thine eyes do not leave me,
Silent they speak to my soul;
And that which was dead like a cinder
Burns me, a living coal.

What! I may turn from my sinning?
What! there's a God above?
What! in him only is mercy,
Pity and patience and love?

What! and he is my Father,
He calls for his child to-day?
And thou wilt lead me to find him,
And no one shall say me nay?

Ah! these flowers are poisoned!
They cling and sting in my flesh.
Ah! but the jewels are serpents
That wreathe in my hair's gold mesh.

Wait! let me tear off the roses,
And fling these chains from my neck;
Gold and jewels and roses
Cast in a glittering wreck.

Let me draw down my hair about me,
Shake it adown and abroad,
For a veil and mantle to hide me
At thy feet, at thy feet, O Lord!

THE LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

By ERNEST RENAN.

(From "The Life of Jesus.")

[JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN: Noted French historian and essayist; born at Tréguier, Brittany, February 27, 1823; died at Paris, October 2, 1892. He was educated for the priesthood, but being beset by doubts concerning the accepted tenets of faith, he left the seminary of St. Sulpice and devoted himself to science and literature. He made a careful study of the Semitic languages and of religious history. Among his principal works are: "General History of the Semitic Languages" (1856), "Studies of Religious History" (1857), "Translation of the Book of Job" (1858), "The Origin of Language" (1858), "Essays, Moral and Critical" (1859), "The Life of Jesus" (1863), "The Apostles" (1866), "St. Paul" (1869), "Antichrist" (1873), "The Gospels" (1877), "The Christian Church" (1879), "Marcus Aurelius" (1881), "New Studies in Religious History" (1884), "Discourses and Conferences" (1884), and the dramas "Caliban" (1878), "Fountain of Youth" (1880), "The Priest of Némi" (1885), and "The Abbess of Jouarre" (1886).]

THE result of these conflicts was a hatred which only death could allay. John the Baptist before him had brought on himself the same description of enmity. The aristocracy of Jerusalem, who despised him, had permitted the simpler sort to consider him a prophet; but in the present case it was war to the death. A new spirit had appeared on earth, which shattered all that had gone before. John the Baptist was a thorough Jew; Jesus was hardly one at all. Jesus always appeals to sensitive moral feeling. He is a disputant only when he argues with the Pharisees, opposition compelling him, as nearly always happens, to adopt its own style. His keen sarcasm, his stinging challenge, always struck to the heart. They remained in the wound, indelibly burned in. . . .

It was plain, however, that this mighty master of irony must pay for his triumph with his life. Even in Galilee the Pharisees sought to kill him, and used against him the strategy which was later to succeed at Jerusalem. They tried to engage in their quarrel the partisans of the new political order lately established. The facilities which Jesus found for escape in Galilee, and the weakness of Antipas' government, baffled these attempts, but he exposed himself to peril by his own will. He saw clearly that his field of action, if he remained shut up in Galilee, was necessarily cramped. Judæa drew him as by a spell; he longed to put forth one last effort to gain over

the stubborn city, as if it were his most urgent duty to justify the proverb, "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem."

For a long time Jesus had been aware of the dangers surrounding him. During a period of time which may be estimated at eighteen months he avoided going on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. At the feast of Tabernacles of the year 32 (according to the hypothesis we have adopted) his relatives, always malevolent and skeptical, pressed him to go there. The evangelist John seems to insinuate that in this invitation there was some hidden project to ruin Jesus. "Depart hence, and go into Judæa, that thy disciples also may behold thy works which thou doest. For no man doeth anything in secret, and himself seeketh to be known openly. If thou doest these things, manifest thyself to the world." Jesus, suspecting some treachery, at first refused; but when the caravan of pilgrims had started, he set out on the journey, unknown to every one, and almost alone. It was the last farewell that he bade to Galilee. The feast of Tabernacles fell at the autumnal equinox. Six months had still to elapse before the fatal consummation. But during this interval Jesus never again saw his beloved northern land. The days of pleasantness have passed away; step by step he must now traverse the path of sorrows that will only end in the anguish of death.

His disciples, and the pious women who followed him, met him again in Judæa. But how greatly was all changed for him here! In Jerusalem Jesus was a stranger. Here he felt a wall of resistance he could not penetrate. Hemmed in by snares and difficulties, he was unceasingly dogged by the enmity of the Pharisees. Instead of that illimitable faculty of belief, the happy gift of youthful natures, which he found in Galilee — instead of those good and gentle folk, amongst whom objections (which are always in part the fruit of evil thinking and indocility) had no existence, here at every step he met with an obstinate skepticism, upon which the means of action that had succeeded in the north so well had little effect. His disciples were despised as being Galileans. Nicodemus, who, on one of the former visits of Jesus, had had a nocturnal interview, almost compromised himself with the Sanhedrim by his desire to defend him. "Art thou also of Galilee?" they said to him. "Search and see that out of Galilee ariseth no prophet."

The city, as we have already remarked, displeased Jesus. Until now he had always avoided great centers, preferring rural districts and towns of small importance for his field of action. Many of the precepts which he gave to his apostles were absolutely inapplicable, except in a simple community of humble folk. Since he had no conception of the world, and was accustomed only to the kindly communism of Galilee, remarks constantly escaped him, the simplicity of which might well appear odd at Jerusalem. His imagination and his love of nature felt constraint within its walls. It is not the destiny of true religion to emerge from the tumult of towns, but from the tranquil quietude of the fields.

The arrogance of the priests made the courts of the Temple disagreeable to him. One day some of his disciples, who knew Jerusalem better than he, wished him to notice the beauty of the Temple buildings, the admirable choice of materials, and the richness of the votive offerings which covered the walls. "See ye not all these things," said he; "verily I say unto you there shall not be left here one stone upon another." He refused to admire anything, unless it was a poor widow who passed at that moment and threw a small coin into the box. "This poor widow cast in more than they all," said he; "for all these did of their superfluity cast in unto their gifts: but she of her want did cast in all the living that she had." This habit of criticising all that was going on at Jerusalem, of exalting the poor who gave little, of slighting the rich who gave much, and of rebuking the wealthy priests who did nothing for the good of the people, naturally exasperated the sacerdotal caste. As the seat of a conservative aristocracy, the Temple, like the Mussulman *Haram* which has succeeded it, was the last place in the world in which revolutions could triumph. Imagine a reformer going in our own time to preach the overthrow of Islamism round the Mosque of Omar! The Temple, however, was the center of Jewish life, the point at which victory or death was essential. On this Calvary, where Jesus assuredly suffered more than at Golgotha, his days were passed in disputation and bitterness, in the midst of tedious controversies about canonical law and exegesis, for which his great moral grandeur, far from giving him any advantage, positively unfitted him.

In his troubled life at this period, the sensitive and kindly heart of Jesus was able to find a refuge, where he enjoyed

much tranquillity. After having passed the day disputing in the Temple, Jesus used to descend at evening into the valley of Kedron, and rest awhile in the orchard of a kind of farm (probably a place where oil was made) called Gethsemane, which served as a pleasure garden to the inhabitants. Thence he would proceed to pass the night upon the Mount of Olives, which shuts in the horizon of the city on the east. This district is the only one, in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, presenting an aspect that is in any way pleasing and verdant. Groves of olives, figs, and palms were numerous there, and gave their names to the villages, farms, or inclosures of Bethphage, Gethsemane, and Bethany. Upon the Mount of Olives were two great cedars, the memory of which was long cherished amongst the dispersed Jews; their branches served as a refuge for bevies of doves, and under their shade were established small bazaars. The whole precinct was in a manner the abode of Jesus and his disciples; they evidently knew it field by field and house by house.

In particular the village of Bethany, situated at the summit of the hill, upon the slope which commands the Dead Sea and the Jordan, at a journey of an hour and a half from Jerusalem, was the place especially loved by Jesus. There he made the acquaintance of a family of three persons, two sisters and a third member, whose friendship had a great charm for him. Of the two sisters, the one called Martha was an obliging, kind woman, assiduous in her attentions; while the other, Mary, on the contrary, pleased Jesus by a kind of languor, and by her highly developed speculative tendencies. Seated at the feet of Jesus, she often forgot, in listening to his words, the duties of everyday life. Her sister, upon whom all these duties devolved at such times, gently complained. "Martha, Martha," said Jesus to her, "thou art anxious and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful. For Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her." A certain Simon the Leper, who was the owner of the house, was apparently the brother of Mary and Martha, or at least formed part of the family. It was there that, in the midst of pious friendship, Jesus forgot the vexations of public life. In this quiet home he consoled himself for the wrangling which the Scribes and the Pharisees never ceased to raise around him. He often sat on the Mount of Olives, facing Mount Moriah, having under his eyes the splendid perspective of the terraces

of the Temple, and its roofs covered with glittering plates of metal. This view used to strike strangers with admiration; at sunrise especially the holy mountain dazzled the eyes, and seemed as it were a mass of snow and gold. But a profound feeling of sadness poisoned for Jesus the spectacle that filled all other Israelites with joy and pride. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem which killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

It was not that many honest souls here, as in Galilee, were not touched; but such was the weight of the dominant orthodoxy, that very few dared to avow it. Men feared to discredit themselves in the eyes of the Hierosolymites by placing themselves in the school of a Galilean. They would have risked expulsion from the synagogue, which, in a mean and bigoted society, was the greatest degradation possible. Excommunication besides carried with it confiscation of all property. By ceasing to be a Jew, a man did not become a Roman; he remained defenseless under the power of a theocratic legislation of the most atrocious severity. One day the lower officers of the Temple, who had been present at one of the discourses of Jesus, and had been enchanted with it, came to confide their doubts to the priests: "Hath any of the rulers believed on him, or of the Pharisees?" was the reply to them; "but this multitude who knoweth not the Law are accursed." Jesus thus remained at Jerusalem, a provincial admired by provincials like himself, but rejected by all the aristocracy of the nation. Chiefs of schools and of sects were too numerous for any one to be stirred by seeing one more appear. His voice made little impression in Jerusalem. Racial and sectarian prejudices, the open enemies of the spirit of the Gospel, were too deeply rooted.

His teaching in this new world necessarily became greatly modified. His beautiful discourses, the effect of which was always marked upon hearers with youthful imaginations and consciences morally pure, here fell upon stone. He who was so much at ease on the shores of his charming little lake felt constrained and in a strange land when he confronted pedants. His perpetual self-assertion took a somewhat fastidious tone. He had to become controversialist, jurist, exegetist, and theologian. His conversations, generally so full of grace, were trans-

formed into a rolling fire of disputes, an interminable series of scholastic battles. His harmonious genius was wasted away in insipid argumentations upon the Law and the Prophets, in which we should have preferred not to see him sometimes play the part of aggressor. With a regrettable condescension he lent himself to the captious criticisms to which tactless cavilers subjected him. As a rule he extricated himself from difficulties with much skill. His reasonings, it is true, were often subtle (for simplicity of mind and subtlety are akin; when simplicity reasons, it is always a little sophistical); we find that he sometimes courted misconceptions, and intentionally prolonged them; his reasoning, judged by the rules of Aristotelian logic, was very weak. But when the unparalleled charm of his mind could be shown, he was triumphant. One day it was intended to embarrass him by presenting an adultress to him, and asking him what should be done with her. We know the admirable response of Jesus. The fine raillery of a man of the world, tempered by a divine charity, could not be more exquisitely expressed. But the wit allied to moral grandeur is that which fools can least forgive. With his words so just and pure in their taste: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," Jesus pierced hypocrisy to the heart, and with the same stroke sealed his own death warrant.

It is probable indeed that, but for the exasperation caused by so many bitter shafts, Jesus might have long been able to remain unnoticed, and might have lost himself in the terrible storm which was soon to overwhelm the whole Jewish nation. The higher priesthood and the Sadducees rather disdained than hated him. The great sacerdotal families, the *Boëthusim*, the family of Hanan, were only fanatical when their peace was threatened. The Sadducees, like Jesus, rejected the "traditions" of the Pharisees. By a very strange singularity, it was these skeptics, denying the resurrection, the oral Law, and the existence of angels, who were the true Jews. Or rather, since the old Law in its simplicity no longer satisfied the religious wants of the time, those who held strictly to it and rejected modern inventions were regarded by devotees as impious, just as an evangelical Protestant of the present day is considered an unbeliever in Catholic countries. At all events, from a party such as this no very strong reaction against Jesus could proceed. The official priesthood, with its attention concentrated on political power and closely connected with the former party,

did not understand enthusiastic movements of this kind. It was the middle-class Pharisees, the innumerable *Soferim* or Scribes making a living by the science of "traditions," who took the alarm; and it was their prejudices and interests that in reality were threatened by the doctrine of the new Master.

One of the most constant efforts of the Pharisees was to draw Jesus into the political arena, and to compromise him as being attached to the party of Judas the Gaulonite. Their tactics were clever; for all the deep wisdom of Jesus was required to avoid embroilment with the Roman authority, in his preaching of the kingdom of God. They desired to cut through his ambiguity, and force him to explain himself. One day a group of Pharisees, and of those politicians who were called "Herodians" (probably some of the *Boëthusim*), approached him and, under the pretense of pious zeal, said, "Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, and carest not for any one. . . . Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?" They hoped for a response which would give them a pretext for delivering him up to Pilate. The answer of Jesus was admirable. He made them show him the image on a coin: "Render therefore," said he, "unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." Such were the profound words which decided the future of Christianity! Words of the most perfect spirituality, and of marvelous justice, which established the separation of the spiritual from the temporal, and laid the foundation of true liberalism and true civilization!

His gentle and irresistible genius inspired him, when alone with his disciples, with accents full of tenderness. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door unto the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. . . . The sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. . . . He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. . . . The thief cometh not, but that he may steal, and kill, and destroy. . . . He that is an hireling and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth. . . . I am the good shepherd and I know mine own, and mine own know me . . . and I lay down my life for the sheep." The

idea that the crisis of humanity was close at hand frequently recurred to him: "Now," said he, "from the fig tree learn her parable: When her branch is now become tender, and putteth forth its leaves, ye know that the summer is nigh." "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

His powerful eloquence always burst forth when he had to contend with hypocrisy. "The Scribes and the Pharisees sit on Moses' seat; all things therefore whatsoever they bid you, these do and observe: but do not ye after their works; for they say, and do not. Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their finger.

"But all their works do they for to be seen of men: for they make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the chief place at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the salutation in the market places, and to be called of men, Rabbi. . . .

"But woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, even while for a pretense ye make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive greater condemnation. Woe unto you, for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves!" "Woe unto you! for ye are as the tombs which appear not, and the men that walk over them know it not."

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and cumin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith: but these ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain out the gnat and swallow the camel.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which outwardly appear beau

Christ Healing the Sick

From an etching by Rembrandt

tiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but inwardly ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye build the sepulchers of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we should not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore, ye witness to yourselves, that ye are sons of them that slew the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. . . .

"Therefore, behold, I will send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: some of them shall ye kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute from city to city. That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed on the earth, from the blood of Abel the righteous unto the blood of Zachariah, son of Barachiah, whom ye slew between the sanctuary and the altar. Verily, I say unto you, all these things shall come upon this generation."

His terrible doctrine of the substitution of the Gentiles — the idea that the kingdom of God was about to be passed over to others, because those for whom it was destined would not receive it, used to recur as a fearful menace against the aristocracy. The title "Son of God," which he openly assumed in vivid parables, wherein his enemies were depicted as murderers of the heavenly messengers, was an open defiance to the Judaism of the Law. The bold appeal he addressed to the poor was yet more seditious. He declared that he had come, "that they which see not may see, and that they which see may become blind." One day, his dislike of the Temple evoked an imprudent speech from him: "I will destroy this Temple that is made with hands, and in three days I will build another made without hands." We do not know what meaning Jesus attached to this saying, in which his disciples sought for strained allegories; but, as only a pretext was wanted, it was quickly fastened upon. It reappeared in the preamble of his death warrant, and rang in his ears amid the last agonies of Golgotha. These irritating discussions always ended in tumult. The Pharisees cast stones at him; in doing which they only fulfilled an article in the Law, which commanded that every prophet, even a thaumaturgist, who should turn the people from the ancient worship, was to be stoned without a hearing. At other times they called him mad, possessed, a Samaritan,

and even sought to slay him. His words were noted in order to draw down upon him the laws of an intolerant theocracy, which had not yet been abrogated by the Roman power.

PILATE AND THE CRUCIFIXION.

By DEAN FARRAR.

(From "The Life of Christ.")

[FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR: Dean of Canterbury; born at Bombay, India, August 7, 1831. He was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, taking several prizes during his university courses. He was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1857; taught school at Marlborough and Harrow (1854–1876); was canon of Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster (1876–1895), and archdeacon of Westminster (1883–1895). In 1895 he was made dean of Canterbury. His writings are very numerous, and include: "The Arctic Region" (1852), "Lyrics of Life" (1859), "The Life of Christ" (1874; 12th ed. in the same year), "In the Days of thy Youth" (1876), "The Life and Work of St. Paul" (1879), "The Early Days of Christianity" (1882), "The History of Interpretation" (1886), "The Minor Prophets" (1890), "Darkness and Dawn" (1891), "The Life of Christ as represented in Art" (1894), "Gathering Clouds" (1895), and "Westminster Abbey" (1897).]

PILATE broke forth with that involuntary exclamation which has thrilled with emotion so many million hearts —

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

But his appeal only woke a fierce outbreak of the scream, "Crucify! crucify!" The mere sight of Him, even in this His unspeakable shame and sorrow, seemed to add fresh fuel to their hate. In vain the heathen soldier appeals for humanity to the Jewish priest; no heart throbbed with responsive pity; no voice of compassion broke that monotonous yell of "Crucify!" — the howling refrain of their wild "liturgy of death." The Roman who had shed blood like water, on the field of battle, in open massacre, in secret assassination, might well be supposed to have an icy and a stony heart; but yet icier and stonier was the heart of those scrupulous hypocrites and worldly priests. "Take ye Him, and crucify Him," said Pilate in utter disgust, "for I find no fault in Him." What an admission from a Roman judge! "So far as I can see, He is wholly innocent; yet if you *must* crucify Him, take Him and crucify. I cannot approve of, but I will readily connive at, your violation of the law." But even this wretched guilty subterfuge is not permitted him. Satan will have from his servants the

full tale of their crimes, and the sign manual of their own willing assent at last. What the Jews want — what the Jews *will have* — is *not* tacit connivance, but absolute sanction. They see their power. They see that this blood-stained Governor dares not hold out against them; they know that the Roman statecraft is tolerant of concessions to local superstition. Boldly, therefore, they fling to the winds all question of a political offense, and with all their hypocritical pretenses calcined by the heat of their passions they shout, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself a Son of God."

A Son of God! The notion was far less strange and repulsive to a heathen than to a Jew; and this word, unheard before, startled Pilate with the third omen which made him tremble at the crime into which he was being dragged by guilt and fear. Once more, leaving the yelling multitude without, he takes Jesus with him into the quiet Judgment Hall, and — "*jam pro suâ conscientiâ Christianus*," as Tertullian so finely observes — asks him in awe-struck accents, "Whence art thou?" Alas! it was too late to answer now. Pilate was too deeply committed to his gross cruelty and injustice; for *him* Jesus had spoken enough already; for the wild beasts who raged without, He had no more to say. He did not answer. Then, almost angrily, Pilate broke out with the exclamation, "Dost Thou not speak even *to me?* Dost Thou not know that I have power to set Thee free, and have power to crucify Thee?" Power — how so? Was justice nothing, then? truth nothing? innocence nothing? conscience nothing? In the reality of things Pilate had *no* such power; even in the arbitrary sense of the tyrant it was an idle boast, for at this very moment he was letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would." And Jesus pitied the hopeless bewilderment of this man, whom guilt had changed from a ruler into a slave. Not taunting, not confuting him — nay, even extenuating rather than aggravating his sin — Jesus gently answered, "Thou hast no power against Me whatever, had it not been given thee from above; therefore he that betrayed Me to thee hath the greater sin." In the very depths of his inmost soul Pilate felt the truth of the words — silently acknowledged the superiority of his bound and lacerated victim. All that remained in him of human and of noble —

> Felt how awful Goodness is, and Virtue,
> In her shape how lovely; felt and mourned
> His fall.

All of his soul that was not eaten away by pride and cruelty thrilled back an unwonted echo to these few calm words of the Son of God. Jesus had condemned his sin, and so far from being offended, the judgment only deepened his awe of this mysterious Being, whose utter impotence seemed grander and more awful than the loftiest power. From that time Pilate was even yet more anxious to save Him. With all his conscience in a tumult, for the third and last time he mounted his tribunal, and made one more desperate effort. He led Jesus forth, and looking at Him as He stood silent and in agony, but calm, on that shining Gabbatha, above the brutal agitation of the multitude, he said to those frantic rioters, as with a flash of genuine conviction, "BEHOLD YOUR KING!" But to the Jews it sounded like shameful scorn to call that beaten insulted Sufferer their King. A darker stream mingled with the passions of the raging, swaying crowd. Among the shouts of "Crucify," ominous threatenings began for the first time to be mingled. It was now nine o'clock, and for nearly three hours had they been raging and waiting there. The name of Cæsar began to be heard in wrathful murmurs. "Shall I crucify your king?" he had asked, venting the rage and soreness of his heart in taunts on *them*. "*We have no king but Cæsar*," answered the Sadducees and Priests, flinging to the winds every national impulse and every Messianic hope. "If thou let this man go," shouted the mob again and again, "thou art not *Cæsar's* friend. Every one who tries to make himself a king speaketh against *Cæsar*." And at that dark terrible name of Cæsar, Pilate trembled. It was a name to conjure with. It mastered him. He thought of that terrible implement of tyranny, the accusation of *læsa majestas*, into which all other charges merged, which had made confiscation and torture so common, and had caused blood to flow like water in the streets of Rome. He thought of Tiberius, the aged gloomy Emperor, then hiding at Capreæ his ulcerous features, his poisonous suspicions, his sick infamies, his desperate revenge. At this very time he had been maddened into a yet more sanguinary and misanthropic ferocity by the detected falsity and treason of his only friend and minister, Sejanus, and it was to Sejanus himself that Pilate is said to have owed his position. There might be secret delators in that very mob. Panic-stricken, the unjust judge, in obedience to his own terrors, consciously betrayed the innocent victim to the anguish of death. He who had so

often abused authority, was now rendered impotent to exercise it, for once, on the side of right. Truly for him, sin had become its own Erinnys, and his pleasant vices had been converted into the instrument of his punishment!

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[Robert Williams Buchanan, English author, was born in Warwickshire, August 18, 1841; educated in Glasgow, and became a man of letters in London. Besides many short poems, he has written "Napoleon Fallen" and "The Drama of Kings" (1871), and "The City of Dreams" (1888); several successful plays; and some novels, including "The Shadow of the Sword" (1876), "A Child of Nature" (1879), and "Foxglove Manor" (1884).

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.
Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Though the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on it in despair.
The breath of the World came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan:
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.
I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!
The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim and gaunt and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot
And carried it away.
And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud like dice.
As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
Opened and shut again.
Half he walked, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.
The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.
He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill —
A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side;
Three skeletons that swing thereon
Who had been crucified,
And on the middle crossbar sat
A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.
And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shivered and glided past.
The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep and swift and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.
For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.
For days and nights he wandered on
All through the Wood of Woe,
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face —
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place.
He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light —
A far-off light across the waste
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawled to the distant gleam,
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.
For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind,
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,

Stood all alone at dead of night
  Before a lighted hall;
And the wold was white with snow,
  And his footmarks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose
  Holding her yellow lamp;
And the icicles were on the eaves,
  And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
  Passed on the window light.
The shadows of the wedding guests
  Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay stretched along the snow;

The body of Judas Iscariot
  Lay stretched along the snow.
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Ran swiftly to and fro;
To and fro, and up and down,
  He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
  Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table head,
  And the lights burnt bright and clear;
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
  "Whose weary feet I hear?"
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
  And answered soft and low:
"It is a wolf runs up and down,
  With a black track in the snow."
The Bridegroom in his robe of white
  Sat at the table head:
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
  The blessed Bridegroom said.
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
  And answered fierce and low:
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
  Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
  With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white.
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.
The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and loo ed,
And his face was bright to see:
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare:
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."
'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright:
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow;
And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it o:
Were like its winding sheet.
'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open d·
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"
The supper wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

CALIGULA.

By SUETONIUS.

[Caius Suetonius Tranquillus was the son of a military tribune, and was born probably not far from A.D. 60–65. He began life as a lawyer, but seems to have devoted himself to historical research and authorship; but of many works credited to him the only one of certain genuineness is the "Lives of the First Twelve Cæsars," — a collection of chaotic and unsifted anecdotes, evidently fair of intent, but largely scandal and often untrue because popular gossip is so. It is, however, of cardinal value for its period, because we have practically nothing else dealing with it except Tacitus, and not even him over much of it. Suetonius in later life became Hadrian's private secretary. Pliny the Younger was his warm friend and helper, and speaks of him to Trajan as "a most upright, honorable, and learned man."]

[Caligula (Caius Cæsar) was the son of Germanicus the grandson of Augustus's sister, and Agrippina (the elder) granddaughter of Augustus; born A.D. 12, assassinated A.D. 41.]

In the twentieth year of his age, being called by Tiberius to Capri, he in one and the same day assumed the manly habit and shaved his beard, but without receiving any of the honors which had been paid to his brothers on a similar occasion. While he remained in that island many insidious artifices were practiced to extort from him complaints against Tiberius, but by his circumspection he avoided falling into the snare. He affected to take no more notice of the ill treatment of his relations than if nothing had befallen them. With regard to his own sufferings, he seemed utterly insensible of them, and behaved with such obsequiousness to his grandfather and all about him that it was justly said of him, "There never was a better servant, nor a worse master."

But he could not even then conceal his natural disposition to cruelty and lewdness. He delighted in witnessing the infliction of punishments, and frequented taverns and bawdy-houses in the night time, disguised in a periwig and a long coat; and was passionately addicted to the theatrical arts of singing and dancing. All these levities Tiberius readily connived at, in hopes that they might perhaps correct the fierceness of his temper; which the sagacious old man so well understood that he often said, "That Caius was destined to be the ruin of himself and all mankind; and that he was rearing a hydra for the people of Rome, and a Phaeton for all the world."

Chosen augur in place of his brother Drusus, before he could be inaugurated he was advanced to the pontificate, with no small commendation of his dutiful behavior and great capacity. The situation of the court likewise was at this time favorable to his fortunes, as it was now left destitute of support, Sejanus being suspected, and soon afterwards taken off; and he was by degrees flattered with the hope of succeeding Tiberius in the empire. In order more effectually to secure this object, upon Junia's dying in childbed, he engaged in a criminal commerce with Ennia Nævia, the wife of Macro, at that time prefect of the pretorian cohorts; promising to marry her if he became emperor, to which he bound himself, not only by an oath, but by a written obligation under his hand. Having by her means insinuated himself into Macro's favor, some are of opinion that he attempted to poison Tiberius, and ordered his ring to be taken from him before the breath was out of his body; and that, because he seemed to hold it fast, he caused a pillow to be thrown upon him, squeezing him by the throat, at the same time, with his own hand. One of his freedmen crying out at this horrid barbarity, he was immediately crucified. These circumstances are far from being improbable, as some authors relate that afterwards, though he did not acknowledge his having a hand in the death of Tiberius, yet he frankly declared that he had formerly entertained such a design; and as a proof of his affection for his relations he would frequently boast, "That, to revenge the death of his mother and brothers, he had entered the chamber of Tiberius when he was asleep, with a poniard, but being seized with a fit of compassion, threw it away, and retired; and that Tiberius, though aware of his intention, durst not make any inquiries, or attempt revenge."

Having thus secured the imperial power, he fulfilled by his elevation the wish of the Roman people — I may venture to say of all mankind. . . .

He restored all those who had been condemned and banished, and granted an act of indemnity against all impeachments and past offenses. To relieve the informers and witnesses against his mother and brothers from all apprehension, he brought the records of their trials into the forum and there burnt them, calling loudly on the gods to witness that he had not read or handled them. A memorial which was offered him relative to his own security he would not receive, declaring, "that he had done nothing to make any one his enemy:" and said, at the

same time, "he had no ears for informers." The Spintriæ, panderers to unnatural lusts, he banished from the city, being prevailed upon not to throw them into the sea, as he had intended. The writings of Titus Labienus, Cordus Cremutius, and Cassius Severus, which had been suppressed by an act of the Senate, he permitted to be drawn from obscurity and universally read; observing, "that it would be for his own advantage to have the transactions of former times delivered to posterity." He published accounts of the proceedings of the government — a practice which had been introduced by Augustus, but discontinued by Tiberius. He granted the magistrates a full and free jurisdiction, without any appeal to himself.

He made a very strict and exact review of the Roman knights, but conducted it with moderation; publicly depriving of his horse every knight who lay under the stigma of anything base and dishonorable, but passing over the names of those knights who were only guilty of venial faults, in calling over the list of the order. To lighten the labors of the judges, he added a fifth class to the former four. He attempted likewise to restore to the people their ancient right of voting in the choice of magistrates. He paid very honorably, and without any dispute, the legacies left by Tiberius in his will, though it had been set aside; as likewise those left by the will of Livia Augusta, which Tiberius had annulled. He remitted the hundredth penny, due to the government in all auctions throughout Italy. He made up to many their losses sustained by fire; and when he restored their kingdoms to any princes, he likewise allowed them all the arrears of the taxes and revenues which had accrued in the interval; as in the case of Antiochus of Comagene, where the confiscation would have amounted to a hundred million of sesterces. To prove to the world that he was ready to encourage good examples of every kind, he gave to a freedwoman eighty thousand sesterces, for not discovering a crime committed by her patron, though she had been put to exquisite torture for that purpose. . . .

He invented a new kind of spectacle, such as had never been heard of before. For he made a bridge, of about three miles and a half in length, from Baiæ to the mole of Puteoli, collecting trading vessels from all quarters, mooring them in two rows by their anchors, and spreading earth upon them to form a viaduct, after the fashion of the Appian Way. This bridge he crossed and recrossed for two days together; the first day

mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, wearing on his head a crown of oak leaves, armed with a battle-ax, a Spanish buckler, and a sword, and in a cloak made of cloth of gold; the day following, in the habit of a charioteer, standing in a chariot, drawn by two high-bred horses, having with him a young boy, Darius by name, one of the Parthian hostages, with a cohort of the pretorian guards attending him, and a party of his friends in cars of Gaulish make. Most people, I know, are of opinion, that this bridge was designed by Caius, in imitation of Xerxes, who, to the astonishment of the world, laid a bridge over the Hellespont, which is somewhat narrower than the distance betwixt Baiæ and Puteoli. Others, however, thought that he did it to strike terror in Germany and Britain, which he was upon the point of invading, by the fame of some prodigious work. But for myself, when I was a boy, I heard my grandfather say, that the reason assigned by some courtiers who were in habits of the greatest intimacy with him, was this; when Tiberius was in some anxiety about the nomination of a successor, and rather inclined to pitch upon his grandson, Thrasyllus the astrologer had assured him, "That Caius would no more be emperor, than he would ride on horseback across the gulf of Baiæ."

He likewise exhibited public diversions in Sicily, Grecian games at Syracuse, and Attic plays at Lyons in Gaul: besides a contest for preëminence in the Grecian and Roman eloquence; in which we are told that such as were baffled bestowed rewards upon the best performers, and were obliged to compose speeches in their praise; but that those who performed the worst were forced to blot out what they had written with a sponge or their tongue, unless they preferred to be beaten with a rod or plunged over head and ears into the nearest river.

He completed the works which were left unfinished by Tiberius, namely, the temple of Augustus and the theater of Pompey. He began, likewise, the aqueduct from the neighborhood of Tibur, and an amphitheater near the Septa; of which works, one was completed by his successor, Claudius, and the other remained as he left it. The walls of Syracuse, which had fallen to decay by length of time, he repaired, as he likewise did the temples of the gods. He formed plans for rebuilding the palace of Polycrates at Samos, finishing the temple of the Didymæan Apollo at Miletus, and building a town on a ridge of the Alps; but, above all, for cutting through the isthmus in Achaia; and even sent a centurion to measure out the work. . . .

He was unwilling to be thought or called the grandson of Agrippa, because of the obscurity of his birth; and he was offended if any one, either in prose or verse, ranked him amongst the Cæsars. He said that his mother was the fruit of an incestuous commerce maintained by Augustus with his daughter Julia. And not content with this vile reflection upon the memory of Augustus, he forbade his victories at Actium, and on the coast of Sicily, to be celebrated as usual, affirming that they had been most pernicious and fatal to the Roman people. He called his grandmother Livia Augusta "Ulysses in a woman's dress," and had the indecency to reflect upon her in a letter to the Senate, as of mean birth, and descended, by the mother's side, from a grandfather who was only one of the municipal magistrates of Fondi; whereas it is certain, from the public records, that Aufidius Lurco held high offices at Rome. His grandmother Antonia desiring a private conference with him, he refused to grant it unless Macro, the prefect of the pretorian guards, were present. Indignities of this kind, and ill usage, were the cause of her death; but some think he also gave her poison. Nor did he pay the smallest respect to her memory after her death, but witnessed the burning from his private apartment. His brother Tiberius, who had no expectation of any violence, was suddenly dispatched by a military tribune sent by his order for that purpose. He forced Silanus, his father-in-law, to kill himself by cutting his throat with a razor. The pretext he alleged for these murders was, that the latter had not followed him upon his putting to sea in stormy weather, but stayed behind with the view of seizing the city if he should perish. The other, he said, smelt of an antidote, which he had taken to prevent his being poisoned by him; whereas Silanus was only afraid of being seasick, and the disagreeableness of a voyage; and Tiberius had merely taken a medicine for an habitual cough, which was continually growing worse. As for his successor Claudius, he only saved him for a laughingstock. . . .

It would be of little importance, as well as disgusting, to add to all this an account of the manner in which he treated his relations and friends; as Ptolemy, king Juba's son, his cousin (for he was the grandson of Mark Antony by his daughter Selene), and especially Macro himself, and Ennia likewise, by whose assistance he had obtained the empire; all of whom, for their alliance and eminent services, he rewarded with violent deaths.

Nor was he more mild or respectful in his behavior towards the Senate. Some who had borne the highest offices in the government, he suffered to run by his litter in their togas for several miles together, and to attend him at supper, sometimes at the head of his couch, sometimes at his feet, with napkins. Others of them, after he had privately put them to death, he nevertheless continued to send for, as if they were still alive, and after a few days pretended that they had laid violent hands upon themselves. The consuls having forgotten to give public notice of his birthday, he displaced them; and the republic was three days without any one in that high office. A questor who was said to be concerned in a conspiracy against him, he scourged severely, having first stripped off his clothes, and spread them under the feet of the soldiers employed in the work, that they might stand the more firm. The other orders likewise he treated with the same insolence and violence. Being disturbed by the noise of people taking their places at midnight in the circus, as they were to have free admission, he drove them all away with clubs. In this tumult, above twenty Roman knights were squeezed to death, with as many matrons, with a great crowd besides. When stage plays were acted, to occasion disputes between the people and the knights he distributed the money tickets sooner than usual, that the seats assigned to the knights might be all occupied by the mob. In the spectacles of gladiators, sometimes, when the sun was violently hot, he would order the curtains, which covered the amphitheater, to be drawn aside, and forbade any person to be let out; withdrawing at the same time the usual apparatus for the entertainment, and presenting wild beasts almost pined to death, the most sorry gladiators, decrepit with age, and fit only to work the machinery, and decent housekeepers who were remarkable for some bodily infirmity. Sometimes shutting up the public granaries, he would oblige the people to starve for a while.

He evinced the savage barbarity of his temper chiefly by the following indications. When flesh was only to be had at a high price for feeding his wild beasts reserved for the spectacles, he ordered that criminals should be given them to be devoured; and upon inspecting them in a row, while he stood in the middle of the portico, without troubling himself to examine their cases, he ordered them to be dragged away, from "baldpate to baldpate." Of one person who had made a vow for his recovery to combat with a gladiator, he exacted its performance; nor would he

allow him to desist until he came off conqueror, and after many entreaties. Another, who had vowed to give his life for the same cause, having shrunk from the sacrifice, he delivered, adorned as a victim, with garlands and fillets, to boys, who were to drive him through the streets, calling on him to fulfill his vow, until he was thrown headlong from the ramparts. After disfiguring many persons of honorable rank, by branding them in the face with hot irons, he condemned them to the mines, to work in repairing the highways, or to fight with wild beasts; or tying them by the neck and heels, in the manner of beasts carried to slaughter, would shut them up in cages, or saw them asunder. Nor were these severities merely inflicted for crimes of great enormity, but for making remarks on his public games, or for not having sworn by the Genius of the emperor. He compelled parents to be present at the execution of their sons; and to one who excused himself on account of indisposition, he sent his own litter. Another he invited to his table immediately after he had witnessed the spectacle, and coolly challenged him to jest and be merry. He ordered the overseer of the spectacles and wild beasts to be scourged in fetters, during several days successively, in his own presence, and did not put him to death until he was disgusted with the stench of his putrefied brain. He burned alive, in the center of the arena of the amphitheater, the writer of a farce, for some witty verse which had a double meaning. A Roman knight, who had been exposed to the wild beasts, crying out that he was innocent, he called him back, and having had his tongue cut out, remanded him to the arena.

Asking a certain person, whom he recalled after a long exile, how he used to spend his time, he replied, with flattery, "I was always praying the gods for what has happened, that Tiberius might die, and you be emperor." Concluding, therefore, that those he had himself banished also prayed for his death, he sent orders round the islands to have them all put to death. Being very desirous to have a senator torn to pieces, he employed some persons to call him a public enemy, fall upon him as he entered the Senate-house, stab him with their styles, and deliver him to the rest to tear asunder. Nor was he satisfied, until he saw the limbs and bowels of the man, after they had been dragged through the streets, piled up in a heap before him.

He aggravated his barbarous actions by language equally outrageous. "There is nothing in my nature," said he, "that

I commend or approve so much, as my *ἀδιατρεψία* (inflexible rigor)." Upon his grandmother Antonia's giving him some advice, as if it was a small matter to pay no regard to it, he said to her, "Remember that all things are lawful for me." When about to murder his brother, whom he suspected of taking antidotes against poison, he said, "See then an antidote against Cæsar!" And when he banished his sisters, he told them in a menacing tone that he had not only islands at command, but likewise swords. One of pretorian rank having sent several times from Anticyra, whither he had gone for his health, to have his leave of absence prolonged, he ordered him to be put to death; adding these words: "Bleeding is necessary for one that has taken hellebore so long, and found no benefit." It was his custom every tenth day to sign the lists of prisoners appointed for execution; and this he called "clearing his accounts." And having condemned several Gauls and Greeks at one time, he exclaimed in triumph, "I have conquered Gallogræcia."

He generally prolonged the sufferings of his victims by causing them to be inflicted by slight and frequently repeated strokes; this being his well-known and constant order: "Strike so that he may feel himself die." Having punished one person for another, by mistaking his name, he said, "He deserved it quite as much." He had frequently in his mouth these words of the tragedian, "*Oderint dum metuant*" (Let them hate so long as they fear). He would often inveigh against all the senators without exception, as clients of Sejanus, and informers against his mother and brothers, producing the memorials which he had pretended to burn, and excusing the cruelty of Tiberius as necessary, since it was impossible to question the veracity of such a number of accusers. He continually reproached the whole equestrian order, as devoting themselves to nothing but acting on the stage, and fighting as gladiators. Being incensed at the people's applauding a party at the Circensian games in opposition to him, he exclaimed, "I wish the Roman people had but one neck." When Tetrinius, the highwayman, was denounced, he said his persecutors too were all Tetriniuses. Five Retiarii, in tunics, fighting in a company, yielded without a struggle to the same number of opponents; and being ordered to be slain, one of them taking up his lance again, killed all the conquerors. This he lamented in a proclamation as a most cruel butchery, and cursed all those who had borne the sight of it.

He used also to complain aloud of the state of the times, because it was not rendered remarkable by any public calamities; for, while the reign of Augustus had been made memorable to posterity by the disaster of Varus, and that of Tiberius by the fall of the theater at Fidenæ, his was likely to pass into oblivion, from an uninterrupted series of prosperity. And, at times, he wished for some terrible slaughter of his troops, a famine, a pestilence, conflagrations, or an earthquake.

Even in the midst of his diversions, while gaming or feasting, this savage ferocity, both in his language and actions, never forsook him. Persons were often put to the torture in his presence, whilst he was dining or carousing. A soldier, who was an adept in the art of beheading, used at such times to take off the heads of prisoners, who were brought in for that purpose. At Puteoli, at the dedication of the bridge which he planned, as already mentioned, he invited a number of people to come to him from the shore, and then suddenly threw them headlong into the sea; thrusting down with poles and oars those who, to save themselves, had got hold of the rudders of the ships. At Rome, in a public feast, a slave having stolen some thin plates of silver with which the couches were inlaid, he delivered him immediately to an executioner, with orders to cut off his hands, and lead him round the guests, with them hanging from his neck before his breast, and a label signifying the cause of his punishment. A gladiator who was practicing with him, and voluntarily threw himself at his feet, he stabbed with a poniard, and then ran about with a palm branch in his hand, after the manner of those who are victorious in the games. When a victim was to be offered upon an altar, he, clad in the habit of the Popæ, and holding the ax aloft for a while, at last, instead of the animal slaughtered an officer who attended to cut up the sacrifice. And at a sumptuous entertainment he fell suddenly into a violent fit of laughter, and upon the consuls, who reclined next to him, respectfully asking him the occasion, "Nothing," replied he, "but that, upon a single nod of mine, you might both have your throats cut."

Among many other jests, this was one: As he stood by the statue of Jupiter, he asked Apelles, the tragedian, which of them he thought was biggest? Upon his demurring about it, he lashed him most severely, now and then commending his voice, whilst he entreated for mercy, as being well modulated

even when he was venting his grief. As often as he kissed the neck of his wife or mistress, he would say, "So beautiful a throat must be cut whenever I please;" and now and then he would threaten to put his dear Cæsonia to the torture, that he might discover why he loved her so passionately.

In his behavior towards men of almost all ages he discovered a degree of jealousy and malignity equal to that of his cruelty and pride. He so demolished and dispersed the statues of several illustrious persons, which had been removed by Augustus, for want of room, from the court of the Capitol into the Campus Martius, that it was impossible to set them up again with their inscriptions entire. And, for the future, he forbade any statue whatever to be erected without his knowledge and leave. He had thoughts, too, of suppressing Homer's poems: "For why," said he, "may not I do what Plato has done before me, who excluded him from his commonwealth?" He was likewise very near banishing the writings and the busts of Virgil and Livy from all libraries; censuring one of them as "a man of no genius and very little learning"; and the other as "a verbose and careless historian." He often talked of the lawyers as if he intended to abolish their profession. "By Hercules!" he would say, "I shall put it out of their power to answer any questions in law, otherwise than by referring to me!"

He took from the noblest persons in the city the ancient marks of distinction used by their families; as the collar from Torquatus, from Cincinnatus the curl of hair, and from Cneius Pompey the surname of *Great*, belonging to that ancient family. Ptolemy, mentioned before, whom he invited from his kingdom and received with great honors, he suddenly put to death, for no other reason but because he observed that upon entering the theater, at a public exhibition, he attracted the eyes of all the spectators by the splendor of his purple robe. As often as he met with handsome men, who had fine heads of hair, he would order the back of their heads to be shaved, to make them appear ridiculous. There was one Esius Proculus, the son of a centurion of the first rank, who, for his great stature and fine proportions, was called the Colossal. Him he ordered to be dragged from his seat in the arena, and matched with a gladiator in light armor, and afterwards with another completely armed; and upon his worsting them both, commanded him forthwith to be bound, to be led clothed in rags up and down the streets of the city,

and, after being exhibited in that plight to the women, to be then butchered. There was no man of so abject or mean condition, whose excellency in any kind he did not envy. The Rex Nemorensis having many years enjoyed the honor of the priesthood, he procured a still stronger antagonist to oppose him. One Porius, who fought in a chariot, having been victorious in an exhibition, and in his joy given freedom to a slave, was applauded so vehemently that Caligula rose in such haste from his seat that, treading upon the hem of his toga, he tumbled down the steps, full of indignation, and crying out, "A people who are masters of the world pay greater respect to a gladiator for a trifle than to princes admitted amongst the gods, or to my own majesty here present amongst them."

In the devices of his profuse expenditure, he surpassed all the prodigals that ever lived; inventing a new kind of bath, with strange dishes and suppers, washing in precious unguents, both warm and cold, drinking pearls of immense value dissolved in vinegar, and serving up for his guests loaves and other victuals modeled in gold; often saying "that a man ought either to be a good economist or an emperor." Besides, he scattered money to a prodigious amount among the people, from the top of the Julian Basilica, during several days successively. He built two ships with ten banks of oars, after the Liburnian fashion, the poops of which blazed with jewels, and the sails were of various party-colors. They were fitted up with ample baths, galleries, and saloons, and supplied with a great variety of vines and other fruit trees. In these he would sail in the daytime along the coast of Campania, feasting amidst dancing and concerts of music. In building his palaces and villas, there was nothing he desired to effect so much, in defiance of all reason, as what was considered impossible. Accordingly, moles were formed in the deep and adverse sea, rocks of the hardest stone cut away, plains raised to the height of mountains with a vast mass of earth, and the tops of mountains leveled by digging; and all these were to be executed with incredible speed, for the least remissness was a capital offense. Not to mention particulars, he spent enormous sums, and the whole treasures which had been amassed by Tiberius Cæsar, amounting to two thousand seven hundred millions of sesterces, within less than a year.

Having therefore quite exhausted these funds, and being in want of money, he had recourse to plundering the people, by every mode of false accusation, confiscation, and taxation that

could be invented. He declared that no one had any right to the freedom of Rome, although their ancestors had acquired it for themselves and their posterity, unless they were sons; for that none beyond that degree ought to be considered as *posterity*. When the grants of the Divine Julius and Augustus were produced to him, he only said that he was very sorry they were obsolete and out of date. He also charged all those with making false returns who, after the taking of the census, had by any means whatever increased their property. He annulled the wills of all who had been centurions of the first rank, as testimonies of their base ingratitude, if from the beginning of Tiberius's reign they had not left either that prince or himself their heir. He also set aside the wills of all others, if any person only pretended to say that they designed at death to leave Cæsar their heir. The public becoming terrified at this proceeding, he was now appointed joint heir with their friends, and in the case of parents with their children, by persons unknown to him. Those who lived any considerable time after making such a will he said were only making game of him; and accordingly he sent many of them poisoned cakes. He used to try such cases himself; fixing previously the sum he proposed to raise during the sitting, and, after he had secured it, quitting the tribunal. Impatient of the least delay, he condemned by a single sentence forty persons, against whom there were different charges; boasting to Cæsonia when she awoke, "how much business he had dispatched while she was taking her midday sleep." He exposed to sale by auction the remains of the apparatus used in the public spectacles; and exacted such biddings, and raised the prices so high, that some of the purchasers were ruined, and bled themselves to death. There is a well-known story told of Aponius Saturninus, who happening to fall asleep as he sat on a bench at the sale, Caius called out to the auctioneer not to overlook the pretorian personage who nodded to him so often; and accordingly the salesman went on, pretending to take the nods for tokens of assent, until thirteen gladiators were knocked down to him at the sum of nine millions of sesterces, he being in total ignorance of what was doing.

Having also sold in Gaul all the clothes, furniture, slaves, and even freedmen belonging to his sisters, at prodigious prices, after their condemnation, he was so much delighted with his gains, that he sent to Rome for all the furniture of the old palace; pressing for its conveyance all the carriages let to hire in

the city, with the horses and mules belonging to the bakers, so that they often wanted bread at Rome; and many who had suits at law in progress, lost their causes, because they could not make their appearance in due time according to their recognizances. In the sale of this furniture, every artifice of fraud and imposition was employed. Sometimes he would rail at the bidders for being niggardly, and ask them "if they were not ashamed to be richer than he was?" at another, he would affect to be sorry that the property of princes should be passing into the hands of private persons. He had found out that a rich provincial had given two hundred thousand sesterces to his chamberlains for an underhand invitation to his table, and he was much pleased to find that honor valued at so high a rate. The day following, as the same person was sitting at the sale, he sent him some bauble, for which he told him he must pay two hundred thousand sesterces, and "that he should sup with Cæsar upon his own invitation."

He levied new taxes, and such as were never before known, at first by the publicans, but afterwards, because their profit was enormous, by centurions and tribunes of the pretorian guards; no description of property or persons being exempted from some kind of tax or other. For all eatables brought into the city, a certain excise was exacted; for all lawsuits or trials in whatever court, the fortieth part of the sum in dispute; and such as were convicted of compromising litigations were made liable to a penalty. Out of the daily wages of the porters he received an eighth, and from the gains of common prostitutes what they received for one favor granted. There was a clause in the law, that all bawds who kept women for prostitution or sale should be liable to pay, and that marriage itself should not be exempted.

These taxes being imposed, but the act by which they were levied never submitted to public inspection, great grievances were experienced from the want of sufficient knowledge of the law. At length, on the urgent demands of the Roman people, he published the law, but it was written in a very small hand, and posted up in a corner, so that no one could make a copy of it. To leave no sort of gain untried, he opened brothels in the Palatium. . . . He sent likewise his nomenclators about the forums and courts, to invite people of all ages, the old as well as the young, thither; and he was ready to lend his customers money upon interest, clerks attending to take down their names

in public, as persons who contributed to the emperor's revenue. Another method of raising money, which he thought not below his notice, was gaming; which, by the help of lying and perjury, he turned to considerable account. Leaving once the management of his play to his partner in the game, he stepped into the court, and observing two rich Roman knights passing by, he ordered them immediately to be seized, and their estates confiscated. Then returning in great glee, he boasted that he had never made a better throw in his life.

After the birth of his daughter, complaining of his poverty and the burdens to which he was subjected, not only as an emperor but a father, he made a general collection for her maintenance and fortune. He likewise gave public notice that he would receive new-year's gifts on the calends of January following; and accordingly stood in the vestibule of his house to clutch the presents which people of all ranks threw down before him by handfuls and lapfuls. At last, being seized with an invincible desire of feeling money, taking off his slippers he repeatedly walked over great heaps of gold coin spread upon the spacious floor, and then laying himself down, rolled his whole body in gold over and over again.

Only once in his life did he take an active part in military affairs, and then not for any set purpose, but during his journey to Mevania to see the grove and river of Clitumnus. Being recommended to recruit a body of Batavians, who attended him, he resolved upon an expedition into Germany. Immediately he drew together several legions, and auxiliary forces from all quarters, and made everywhere new levies with the utmost rigor. Collecting supplies of all kinds, such as never had been assembled upon the like occasion, he set forward on his march, and pursued it sometimes with so much haste and precipitation, that the pretorian cohorts were obliged, contrary to custom, to pack their standards on horses or mules, and so follow him. At other times, he would march so slow and luxuriously, that he was carried in a litter by eight men; ordering the roads to be swept by the people of the neighboring towns, and sprinkled with water to lay the dust.

On arriving at the camp, in order to show himself an active general and severe disciplinarian, he cashiered the lieutenants who came up late with the auxiliary forces from different quarters. In reviewing the army, he deprived of their companies most of the centurions of the first rank, who had now served

their legal time in the wars, and some whose time would have expired in a few days, alleging against them their age and infirmity; and railing at the covetous disposition of the rest of them, he reduced the bounty due to those who had served out their time to the sum of six thousand sesterces. Though he only received the submission of Adminius, the son of Cunobeline, a British king, who being driven from his native country by his father, came over to him with a small body of troops, yet, as if the whole island had been surrendered to him, he dispatched magnificent letters to Rome, ordering the bearers to proceed in their carriages directly up to the forum and the Senate-house, and not to deliver the letters but to the consuls in the temple of Mars, and in the presence of a full assembly of the senators.

Soon after this, there being no hostilities, he ordered a few Germans of his guard to be carried over and placed in concealment on the other side of the Rhine, and word to be brought him after dinner, that an enemy was advancing with great impetuosity. This being accordingly done, he immediately threw himself, with his friends, and a party of the pretorian knights, into the adjoining wood, where, lopping branches from the trees, and forming trophies of them, he returned by torchlight, upbraiding those who did not follow him, with timorousness and cowardice; but he presented the companions and sharers of his victory with crowns of a new form, and under a new name, having the sun, moon, and stars represented on them, and which he called *Exploratoriæ*. Again, some hostages were by his order taken from the school, and privately sent off; upon notice of which he immediately rose from table, pursued them with the cavalry, as if they had run away, and coming up with them, brought them back in fetters; proceeding to an extravagant pitch of ostentation likewise in this military comedy. Upon his again sitting down to table, it being reported to him that the troops were all reassembled, he ordered them to sit down as they were, in their armor, animating them in the words of that well-known verse of Virgil: —

> Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis. — *Æn.* I.
> (Bear up, and save yourselves for better days.)

In the meantime, he reprimanded the Senate and people of Rome in a very severe proclamation, "For reveling and frequenting the diversions of the circus and theater, and enjoying

themselves at their villas, whilst their emperor was fighting, and exposing himself to the greatest dangers."

At last, as if resolved to make war in earnest, he drew up his army upon the shore of the ocean, with his *balistæ* and other engines of war, and while no one could imagine what he intended to do, on a sudden commanded them to gather up the sea-shells, and fill their helmets and the folds of their dress with them, calling them "the spoils of the ocean due to the Capitol and the Palatium." As a monument of his success, he raised a lofty tower, upon which, as at Pharos, he ordered lights to be burnt in the night-time, for the direction of ships at sea; and then promising the soldiers a donative of a hundred denarii a man, as if he had surpassed the most eminent examples of generosity, "Go your ways," said he, "and be merry; go, ye are rich."

In making preparations for his triumph, besides the prisoners and deserters from the barbarian armies, he picked out the men of greatest stature in all Gaul, such as he said were fittest to grace a triumph, with some of the chiefs, and reserved them to appear in the procession; obliging them not only to dye their hair yellow, and let it grow long, but to learn the German language, and assume the names commonly used in that country. He ordered likewise the galleys in which he had entered the ocean to be conveyed to Rome a great part of the way by land, and wrote to his controllers in the city, "to make proper preparations for a triumph against his arrival, at as small expense as possible; but on a scale such as had never been seen before, since they had full power over the property of every one."

Before he left the province, he formed a design of the most horrid cruelty — to massacre the legions which had mutinied upon the death of Augustus, for seizing and detaining by force his father, Germanicus, their commander, and himself, then an infant, in the camp. Though he was with great difficulty dissuaded from this rash attempt, yet neither the most urgent entreaties nor representations could prevent him from persisting in the design of decimating these legions. Accordingly, he ordered them to assemble unarmed, without so much as their swords; and then surrounded them with armed horse. But finding that many of them, suspecting that violence was intended, were making off, to arm in their own defense, he quitted the assembly as fast as he could, and immediately

marched for Rome; bending now all his fury against the Senate, whom he publicly threatened, to divert the general attention from the clamor excited by his disgraceful conduct. Amongst other pretexts of offense, he complained that he was defrauded of a triumph, which was justly his due, though he had just before forbidden, upon pain of death, any honor to be decreed him.

In his march he was waited upon by deputies from the senatorian order, entreating him to hasten his return. He replied to them, "I will come, I will come, and this with me," striking at the same time the hilt of his sword. He issued likewise this proclamation: "I am coming, but for those only who wish for me, the equestrian order and the people; for I shall no longer treat the Senate as their fellow-citizen or prince." He forbade any of the senators to come to meet him; and either abandoning or deferring his triumph, he entered the city in ovation on his birthday. Within four months from this period he was slain, after he had perpetrated enormous crimes, and while he was meditating the execution, if possible, of still greater. He had entertained a design of removing to Antium, and afterwards to Alexandria; having first cut off the flower of the equestrian and senatorian orders. This is placed beyond all question, by two books which were found in his cabinet under different titles; one being called *the sword*, and the other, *the dagger*. They both contained private marks, and the names of those who were devoted to death. There was also found a large chest, filled with a variety of poisons, which being afterwards thrown into the sea by order of Claudius, are said to have so infected the waters that the fish were poisoned, and cast dead by the tide upon the neighboring shores.

He was tall, of a pale complexion, ill-shaped, his neck and legs very slender, his eyes and temples hollow, his brows broad and knit, his hair thin, and the crown of the head bald. The other parts of his body were much covered with hair. On this account, it was reckoned a capital crime for any person to look down from above, as he was passing by, or so much as to name *a goat*. His countenance, which was naturally hideous and frightful, he purposely rendered more so, forming it before a mirror into the most horrible contortions. He was crazy both in body and mind, being subject, when a boy, to the falling sickness. When he arrived at the age of manhood, he endured fatigue tolerably well; but still, occasionally, he was liable to a

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faintness, during which he remained incapable of any effort. He was not insensible of the disorder of his mind, and sometimes had thoughts of retiring to clear his brain. It is believed that his wife Cæsonia administered to him a love potion which threw him into a frenzy. What most of all disordered him was want of sleep, for he seldom had more than three or four hours' rest in a night; and even then his sleep was not sound, but disturbed by strange dreams; fancying, among other things, that a form representing the ocean spoke to him. Being therefore often weary with lying awake so long, sometimes he sat up in his bed, at others, walked in the longest porticoes about the house, and from time to time invoked and looked out for the approach of day. To this crazy constitution of his mind may, I think, very justly be ascribed two faults which he had, of a nature directly repugnant one to the other, namely, an excessive confidence and the most abject timidity. For he, who affected so much to despise the gods, was ready to shut his eyes and wrap up his head in his cloak at the slightest storm of thunder and lightning; and if it was violent he got up and hid himself under his bed. In his visit to Sicily, after ridiculing many strange objects which that country affords, he ran away suddenly in the night from Messini, terrified by the smoke and rumbling at the summit of Mount Etna. And though in words he was very valiant against the barbarians, yet upon passing a narrow defile in Germany in his light car, surrounded by a strong body of his troops, some one happening to say, "There would be no small consternation amongst us, if an enemy were to appear," he immediately mounted his horse and rode towards the bridges in great haste; but finding them blocked up with camp followers and baggage wagons, he was in such a hurry that he caused himself to be carried in men's hands over the heads of the crowd. Soon afterwards, upon hearing that the Germans were again in rebellion, he prepared to quit Rome, and equipped a fleet; comforting himself with this consideration, that if the enemy should prove victorious, and possess themselves of the heights of the Alps, as the Cimbri had done, or of the city, as the Senones formerly did, he would still have in reserve the transmarine provinces. Hence it was, I suppose, that it occurred to his assassins to invent the story intended to pacify the troops who mutinied at his death, that he had laid violent hands upon himself in a fit of terror occasioned by the news brought him of the defeat of his army.

THE FATE OF A PERSECUTOR OF THE JEWS.

By PHILO JUDÆUS.

[Philo "the Jew" was probably born at Alexandria between B.C. 20 and 10, of a wealthy and influential family. Though a Jew by birth and feeling, he was a Greek in education and intellectual output. He devoted himself with immense learning and great original force to philosophy, and to the writing of books mainly designed to set Judaism on a foundation of metaphysics, according to an eclectic system drawn from the highest Greek philosophy, and to recommend it to the Greeks. In the year 40 he headed an embassy to Caligula, to induce him not to enforce his claim of divine honor from the Jews.]

Flaccus Avillius succeeded Sejanus in his hatred of and hostile designs against the Jewish nation. He was not, indeed, able to injure the whole people by open and direct means as Sejanus had been, inasmuch as he had less power for such a purpose, but he inflicted the most intolerable evils on all who came within his reach.

Moreover, though in appearance he only attacked a portion of the nation, in point of fact he directed his aims against all whom he could find anywhere, proceeding more by art than by force; for those men who, though of tyrannical natures and dispositions, have not strength enough to accomplish their designs openly, seek to compass them by maneuvers.

This Flaccus, being chosen by Tiberius Cæsar as one of his intimate companions, after the death of Severus, who had been lieutenant-governor in Egypt, was appointed viceroy of Alexandria and the country round about; being a man who at the beginning, as far as appearance went, had given innumerable instances of his excellence — for he was a man of prudence and diligence, and great acuteness of perception, very energetic in executing what he had determined on, very eloquent as a speaker, and skillful too at discerning what was suppressed as well as at understanding what was said. Accordingly in a short time he became perfectly acquainted with the affairs of Egypt; and they are of a very various and diversified character, so that they are not easily comprehended even by those who from their earliest infancy have made them their study.

The scribes were a superfluous body when he had made such advances towards the knowledge of all things, whether important or trivial, by his extended experience, that he not only surpassed them, but from his great accuracy was qualified,

instead of a pupil, to become the instructor of those who had hitherto been the teachers of all other persons. However, all those things in which he displayed an admirable system and great wisdom concerning the accounts and the general arrangement of the revenues of the land, though they were serious matters and of the last importance, were nevertheless not such as gave any proofs of a soul fit for the task of governing; but those things which exhibited a more brilliant and royal disposition he also displayed with great freedom. For instance, he bore himself with considerable dignity, and pride and pomp are advantageous things for a ruler; and he decided all suits of importance in conjunction with the magistrates, he pulled down the over-proud, he forbade promiscuous mobs of men from all quarters to assemble together, and prohibited all associations and meetings which were continually feasting together under pretense of sacrifices, making a drunken mockery of public business, treating with great vigor and severity all who resisted his commands.

Then when he had filled the whole city and country with his wise legislation, he proceeded in turn to regulate the military affairs of the land, issuing commands, arranging matters, training the troops of every kind, infantry, cavalry, and light-armed, teaching the commanders not to deprive the soldiers of their pay, and so drive them to acts of piracy and rapine, and teaching each individual soldier not to proceed to any actions unauthorized by his military service, remembering that he was appointed with the especial object of preserving peace.

Perhaps some one may say here: "Do you, then, my good man, you who have determined to accuse this man, bring no accusation whatever against him, but, on the contrary, weave long panegyrics in his honor? Are you not doting and mad?"

"I am not mad, my friend, nor am I a downright fool, so as to be unable to see the consequences or connection of things. I praise Flaccus, not because it is right to praise an enemy, but in order to make his wickedness more conspicuous; for pardon is given to a man who does wrong from ignorance of what is right; but he who does wrong knowingly has no excuse, being already condemned by the tribunal of his own conscience."

For, having received a government which was intended to last six years, for the first five years, while Tiberius Cæsar was alive, he both preserved peace and also governed the country generally with such vigor and energy that he was superior to

all the governors who had gone before him. But in the last year, after Tiberius was dead, and when Caius had succeeded him as emperor, he began to relax in and to be indifferent about everything, whether it was that he was overwhelmed with most heavy grief because of Tiberius (for it was evident to every one that he grieved exceedingly as if for a near relation, both by his continued depression of spirits and his incessant weeping, pouring forth tears without end as if from an inexhaustible fountain), or whether it was because he was disaffected to his successor, because he preferred devoting himself to the party of the real rather than to that of the adopted children, or whether it was because he had been one of those who had joined in the conspiracy against the mother of Caius, having joined against her at the time when the accusations were brought against her, on account of which she was put to death, and having escaped through fear of the consequence of proceeding against him.

However, for a time he still paid some attention to the affairs of the state, not wholly abandoning the administration of his government; but when he heard that the grandson of Tiberius and his partner in the government had been put to death at the command of Caius, he was smitten with intolerable anguish, and threw himself on the ground, and lay there speechless, being utterly deprived of his senses, for indeed his mind had long since been enervated by grief.

For as long as that child lived he did not despair of some sparks still remaining of his own safety, but now that he was dead, he considered that all his own hopes had likewise died within him, even if a slight breeze of assistance might still be left, such as his friendship with Macro, who had unbounded influence with Caius in his authority; and who, as it is said, had very greatly contributed to his obtaining the supreme power, and in a still higher degree to his personal safety, since Tiberius had frequently thought of putting Caius out of the way, as a wicked man and one who was in no respects calculated by nature for the exercise of authority, being influenced also partly by his apprehensions for his grandson; for he feared lest, when he himself was dead, his death too would be added to the funerals of his family.

But Macro had constantly bade him discard these apprehensions from his mind, and had praised Caius as a man of a simple, and honest, and sociable character; and as one who

was very much attracted to his cousin, so that he would willingly yield the supreme authority to him alone, and the first rank in everything. And Tiberius, being deceived by all these representations, without being aware of what he was doing, left behind him a most irreconcilable enemy, to himself and his grandson and his whole family, and to Macro, who was his chief adviser and comforter, and to all mankind; for when Macro saw that Caius was forsaking the way of virtue and yielding to his unbridled passions, following them wherever they led him and against whatever objects they led him, he admonished and reproved him, looking upon him as the same Caius who, while Tiberius was alive, was mild-tempered and docile; but to his misery he suffered most terrible punishment for his exceeding ill-will, being put to death with his wife, and children, and all his family, as a grievous and troublesome object to his new sovereign. For whenever he saw him at a distance coming towards him, he used to speak in this manner to those who were with him: "Let us not smile; let us look sad: here comes the censor and monitor; the all-wise man, he who is beginning now to be the schoolmaster of a full-grown man and of an emperor, after time itself has separated him from and discarded the tutors of his earliest infancy."

When, therefore, Flaccus learnt that he too was put to death, he utterly abandoned all other hope for the future, and was no longer able to apply himself to public affairs as he had done before, being enervated and wholly broken down in spirit. But when a magistrate begins to despair of his power of exerting authority, it follows inevitably that his subjects must quickly become disobedient, especially those who are naturally, at every trivial or common occurrence, inclined to show insubordination, and, among people of such a disposition, the Egyptian nation is preëminent, being constantly in the habit of exciting great seditions from very small sparks.

And being placed in a situation of great and perplexing difficulty, he began to rage, and simultaneously, with the change of his disposition for the worse, beginning with his nearest friends and his most habitual customs; for he began to suspect and to drive from him those who were well affected to him, and who were most sincerely his friends, and he reconciled himself to those who were originally his declared enemies, and he used them as advisers under all circumstances; but they, for they persisted in their ill-will, being reconciled

with him only in words and in appearance, but in their actions and in their hearts they bore him incurable enmity; and though only pretending a genuine friendship towards him, like actors in a theater, they drew him over wholly to their side; and so the governor became a subject, and the subjects became the governor, advancing the most unprofitable opinions, and immediately confirming and insisting upon them; for they became executors of all the plans which they had devised, treating him like a mute person on the stage, as one who was only, by way of making up the show, inscribed with the title of authority, being themselves a lot of Dionysiuses, demagogues, and of Lampos, a pack of cavillers and wood-splitters; and of Isidoruses, sowers of sedition, busybodies, devisers of evil, troublers of the state; for this is the name which has, at last, been given to them.

All these men, having devised a most grievous design against the Jews, proceeded to put it in execution, and coming privately to Flaccus, said to him, "All your hope from the child of Tiberius Nero has now perished, and that which was your second best prospect, your companion Macro, is gone too, and you have no chance of favor with the emperor; therefore we must find another advocate, by whom Caius may be made propitious to us, and that advocate is the city of Alexandria, which all the family of Augustus has honored from the very beginning, and our present master above all the rest; and it will be a sufficient mediator in our behalf if we can obtain one boon from you, and you cannot confer a greater benefit upon it than by abandoning and denouncing all the Jews."

Now, though upon this he ought to have rejected and driven away the speakers as workers of revolution and common enemies, he agreed on the contrary to what they say, and at first he made his designs against the Jews less evident, only abstaining from listening to causes brought before his tribunal with impartiality and equity, and inclining more to one side than to the other, and not allowing to both sides an equal freedom of speech; but whenever any Jew came before him he showed his aversion to him, and departed from his habitual affability in their case; but afterwards he exhibited his hostility to them in a more conspicuous manner. . . .

And the manner in which he was cut short in his tyranny was as follows: He imagined that Caius was already made favorable to him in respect of those matters, about which sus-

picion was sought to be raised against him, partly by his letters, which were full of flattery, and partly by the harangues which he was continually addressing to the people, in which he courted the emperor by stringing together flattering sentences and long series of cunningly imagined panegyrics, and partly too because he was very highly thought of by the greater part of the city. But he was deceiving himself without knowing it; for the hopes of wicked men are unstable, as they guess what is more favorable to them, while they suffer what is quite contrary to it, as in fact they deserve.

For Bassus, the centurion, was sent from Italy by the appointment of Caius with the company of soldiers which he commanded. And having embarked on board one of the fastest sailing vessels, he arrived in a few days at the harbor of Alexandria, off the island of Pharos, about evening; and he ordered the captain of the ship to keep out in the open sea till sunset, intending to enter the city unexpectedly, in order that Flaccus might not be aware of his coming beforehand, and so be led to adopt any violent measures, and render the service which he was commanded to perform fruitless.

And when the evening came, the ship entered the harbor, and Bassus, disembarking with his own soldiers, advanced, neither recognizing nor being recognized by any one; and on the road, finding a soldier who was one of the quaternions of the guard, he ordered him to show him his captain's house; for he wished to communicate his secret errand to him, that if he required additional force, he might have an assistant ready.

And when he heard that he was supping at some person's house in company with Flaccus, he did not relax in his speed, but hastened onward to the dwelling of his entertainer; for the man with whom they were feasting was Stephanion, one of the freedmen of Tiberius Cæsar; and withdrawing to a short distance, he sends forward one of his own followers to reconnoiter, disguising him like a servant in order that no one might notice him or perceive what was going forward. So he, entering into the banqueting hall, as if he were the servant of one of the guests, examined everything accurately, and then returned and gave information to Bassus. And he, when he had learnt the unguarded condition of the entrances, and the small number of the people who were with Flaccus (for he was attended by not more then ten or fifteen slaves to wait upon him), gave the signal to the soldiers whom he had with him,

and hastened forward, and entered suddenly into the supper room, he and the soldiers with him, who stood by with their swords girded on, and surrounded Flaccus before he was aware of it, for at the moment of their entrance he was drinking health with some one, and making merry with those who were present.

But when Bassus had made his way into the midst, the moment that he saw him he became dumb with amazement and consternation, and wishing to rise up he saw the guards all round him, and then he perceived his fate, even before he heard what Caius wanted with him, and what commands had been given to those who had come, and what he was about to endure, for the mind of man is very prompt at perceiving at once all those particulars which take a long time to happen, and at hearing them all together. Accordingly, every one of those who were of this supper party rose up, being through fear unnerved, and shuddering lest some punishment might be affixed to the mere fact of having been supping with the culprit, for it was not safe to flee, nor indeed was it possible to do so, since all the entrances were already occupied. So Flaccus was led away by the soldiers at the command of Bassus, this being the manner in which he returned from the banquet; for it was fitting that justice should begin to visit him at a feast, because he had deprived the houses of innumerable innocent men of all festivity. . . .

I have related these events at some length, not for the sake of keeping old injuries in remembrance, but because I admire that power who presides over all freemen's affairs, namely, justice, seeing that those men who were so generally hostile to Flaccus, those by whom of all men he was most hated, were the men who now brought their accusations against him, to fill up the measure of his grief, for it is not so bitter merely to be accused as to be accused by one's confessed enemies; but this man was not merely accused, though a governor, by his subjects, and that by men who had always been his enemies, when he had only a short time before been the lord of the life of every individual among them, but he was also apprehended by force, being thus subjected to a twofold evil, namely, to be defeated and ridiculed by exulting enemies, which is worse than death to all right-minded and sensible people.

And then see what an abundance of disasters came upon him, for he was immediately stripped of all his possessions,

both of those which he inherited from his parents and of all that he had acquired himself, having been a man who took especial delight in luxury and ornament; for he was not like some rich men, to whom wealth is an inactive material, but he was continually acquiring things of every useful kind in all imaginable abundance; cups, garments, couches, miniatures, and everything else which was any ornament to a house; and besides that, he collected a vast number of servants, carefully selected for their excellencies and accomplishments, and with reference to their beauty and health and vigor of body and to their unerring skill in all kinds of necessary and useful service; for every one of them was excellent in that employment to which he was appointed, so that he was looked upon as either the most excellent of all servants in that place, or, at all events, as inferior to no one.

And after he had been deprived of all his property, he was condemned to banishment, and was exiled from the whole continent, and that is the greatest and most excellent portion of the inhabited world, and from every island that has any character for fertility or richness; for he was commanded to be sent into that most miserable of all the islands in the Ægean Sea, called Gyara, and he would have been left there if he had not availed himself of the intercession of Lepidus, by whose means he obtained leave to exchange Gyara for Andros, which was very near it. Then he was sent back again on the road from Rome to Brundusium, a journey which he had taken a few years before, at the time when he was appointed governor of Egypt and the adjacent country of Libya, in order that the cities which had then seen him exulting and behaving with great insolence in the hour of his prosperity, might now again behold him full of dishonor.

And after he had crossed the Ionian Gulf he sailed up the sea which leads to Corinth, being a spectacle to all the cities in Peloponnesus which lie on the coast, when they heard of his sudden reverse of fortune; for when he disembarked from the vessel all the evil-disposed men who bore him ill will ran up to see him; and others also came to sympathize with him — men who are accustomed to learn moderation from the misfortunes of others. And at Lechæum, crossing over the isthmus into the opposite gulf, and having arrived at Cenchreæ, the dockyard of the Corinthians, he was compelled by the guards, who would not permit him the slightest respite, to embark immediately on

board a small transport and to set sail, and as a foul wind was blowing with great violence, after great sufferings he with difficulty arrived safe at the Piræus.

And when the storm had ceased, having coasted along Attica as far as the promontory of Sunium, he passed by all the islands in order, namely, Helena, and Cænus, and Cythnos, and all the rest which lie in a regular row one after another, until at last he came to the point of his ultimate destination, the island of Andros, which the miserable man beholding afar off, poured forth abundance of tears down his cheeks, as if from a regular fountain, and beating his breast and lamenting most bitterly, he said: "Men, ye who are my guards and attendants in this my journey, I now receive in exchange for the glorious Italy this beautiful country of Andros, which is an unfortunate island for me. I, Flaccus, who was born and brought up and educated in Rome, the heaven of the world, and who have been the schoolfellow and companion of the granddaughters of Augustus, and who was afterwards selected by Tiberius Cæsar as one of his most intimate friends, and who have had intrusted to me for six years the greatest of all his possessions, namely, Egypt! What a change is this! In the middle of the day, as if an eclipse had come upon me, night has overshadowed my life. What shall I say of this little islet? Shall I call it my place of banishment, or my new country, or harbor and refuge of misery? A tomb would be the most proper name for it; for I, miserable that I am, am now in a manner conducted to my grave, attending my own funeral, for either I shall destroy my miserable life through my sorrow, or if I am able to cling to life among my miseries, I shall in that case find a distant death, which will be felt all the time of my life."

These, then, were the lamentations which he poured forth, and when the vessel came near the harbor he landed, stooping down to the very ground like men heavily oppressed, being weighed down by his calamities as if the heaviest of burdens was placed upon his neck, without being able to look up, or else not daring to do so because of the people whom he might meet, and of those who came out to see him and who stood on each side of the road. And those men who had conducted him hither, bringing the populace of the Adrians, exhibited him to them all, making them all witnesses of the arrival of the exile in their island.

And they, when they had discharged their office, departed; and

then the misery of Flaccus was renewed, as he no longer beheld any sight to which he was accustomed, but only saw sad misery presented to him by the most conspicuous evidence, while he looked around upon what to him was perfect desolation, in the middle of which he was placed ; so that it seemed to him that a violent execution in his native land would have been a lighter evil, or rather, by comparison with his present circumstances, a most desirable good ; and he gave himself up to such violence of grief, that he was in no respect different from a maniac, and leaped about, and ran to and fro, and clapped his hands, and smote his thighs, and threw himself upon the ground, and kept continually crying out, "I am Flaccus ! who but a little while ago was the governor of the mighty city, of the populous city of Alexandria ! the governor of that most fertile of all countries, Egypt ! I am he, on whom all those myriads of inhabitants turned their eyes ! who had countless forces of infantry, and cavalry, and ships, formidable, not merely by their number, but consisting of all the most eminent and illustrious of all my subjects ! I am he who was every day accompanied when I went out by countless companies of clients ! But now, was not all this a vision rather than reality ? and was I asleep, and was this prosperity which I then beheld a dream — phantoms marching through empty space, fictions of the soul, which perhaps registered non-existent things as though they had a being ? Doubtless I have been deceived. These things were but a shadow and no real things, imitations of reality and not a real truth, which makes falsehood evident; for as after we have awakened we find none of those things which appeared to us in our dreams, but all such things have fled in a body and disappeared, so, too, all that brilliant prosperity which I formerly enjoyed has now been extinguished in the briefest moment of time."

With such discourses as these, he was continually being cast down, and in a manner, as I may say, prostrated; and avoiding all places where he might be likely to meet with many persons on account of the shame which clung to him, he never went down to the harbor, nor could he endure to visit the market-place, but shut himself up in his house, where he kept himself close, never venturing to go beyond the outer court. But sometimes indeed, in the deepest twilight of the dawn, when every one else was still in bed, so that he could be seen by no one whatever, he would go forth out of the city and spend the entire day in the desolate part of the island, turning

away if any one seemed likely to meet him; and being torn as to his soul with the memorials of his misfortunes which he saw about him in his house, and being devoured with anguish, he went back home in the darkness of the night, praying, by reason of his immoderate and never-ending misery, that the evening would become morning, dreading the darkness and the strange appearances which represented themselves to him when he went to sleep, and again in the morning he prayed that it might be evening; for the darkness which surrounded him was opposed to everything light or cheerful.

And a few months afterwards, having purchased a small piece of land, he spent a great deal of his time there living by himself, and bewailing and weeping over his fate. It is said, too, that often at midnight he became possessed like those who celebrate the rites of the Corybantes, and at such times he would go forth out of his farmhouse and raise his eyes to heaven and to the stars, and beholding all the beauty really existing in the world, he would cry out: "O King of gods and men! you are not, then, indifferent to the Jewish nation, nor are the assertions which they relate with respect to your providence false; but those men who say that that people has not you for their champion and defender, are far from a correct opinion. And I am an evident proof of this; for all the frantic designs which I conceived against the Jews, I now suffer myself. I consented when they were stripped of their possessions, giving immunity to those who were plundering them; and on this account I have myself been deprived of all my paternal and maternal inheritance and of all that I have ever acquired by gift or favor, and of everything else that ever became mine in any other manner. In times past I reproached them with ignominy as being foreigners, though they were in truth sojourners in the land entitled to full privileges, in order to give pleasure to their enemies who were a promiscuous and disorderly multitude, by whom I, miserable man that I was, was flattered and deceived; and for this I have been myself branded with infamy and have been driven as an exile from the whole of the habitable world, and am shut up in this place. Again, I led some of them into the theater, and commanded them to be shamelessly and unjustly insulted in the sight of their greatest enemies; and therefore I justly have been myself led, not into a theater or into one city, but into many cities, to endure the utmost extremity of insult, being ill treated in my miser-

able soul instead of my body; for I was led in procession through the whole of Italy as far as Brundusium, and through all Peloponnesus as far as Corinth, and through Attica, and all the islands as far as Andros, which is this prison of mine; and I am thoroughly assured that even this is not the limit of my misfortunes, but that others are still in store for me, to fill up the measure as a requital for all the evils which I have done. I put many persons to death, and when some of them were put to death by others, I did not chastise their murderers. Some were stoned; some were burnt alive; others were dragged through the middle of the market-place till the whole of their bodies were torn to pieces. And for all this I know now that retribution awaits me, and that the avengers are already standing, as it were, at the goal, and are pressing close to me, eager to slay me; and every day — rather every hour — I die before my time, enduring many deaths instead of one, the last of all."

And he was continually giving way to dread and to apprehension, and shaking with fear in every limb and every portion of his body, and his whole soul was trembling with terror and quivering with palpitation and agitation, as if nothing in the world could possibly be a comfort to the man now that he was deprived of all favorable hopes; no good omen ever appeared to him, everything bore an hostile appearance, every report was ill-omened, his waking was painful, his sleep fearful, his solitude resembling that of wild beasts; nevertheless the solitude of his herds was what was most pleasant to him, any dwelling in the city was his greatest affliction; his safe retreat was a solitary abiding in the fields, a dangerous and painful and unseemly way of life; every one who approached him, however justly, was an object of suspicion to him. "This man," he would say, "who is coming quickly hither, is planning something against me; he does not look as if he were hastening for any other object, but he is pursuing me; this pleasant-looking man is laying a snare for me; this free-spoken man is despising me; this man is giving me meat and drink as they feed cattle before killing them. How long shall I, hard-hearted that I am, bear up against such terrible calamities? I well know that I am afraid of death, since out of cruelty the Deity will not punish me violently, to cut short my miserable life, in order to load me to excess with irremediable miseries, which he treasures up against me, to do a pleasure to those whom I treacherously put to death."

While repeating these things over and over again and writhing with his agony, he awaited the end of his destiny, and his uninterrupted sorrow agitated, and disturbed, and overturned his soul. But Caius, being a man of an inhuman nature and insatiable in his revenge, did not, as some persons do, let go those who had been once punished, but raged against them without end, and was continually contriving some new and terrible suffering for them; and, above all men, he hated Flaccus to such a degree that he suspected all who bore the same name, from his detestation of the very appellation; and he often repented that he had condemned him to banishment and not to death, and though he had a great respect for Lepidus who had interceded for him, he blamed him, so that he was kept in a state of great alarm from fear of punishment impending over him, for he feared lest, as was very likely, he, because he had been the cause of another person having been visited by a lighter punishment, might himself have a more severe one inflicted upon him.

Therefore, as no one any longer ventured to say a word by way of deprecating the anger of the emperor, he gave loose to his fury, which was now implacable and unrestrained, and which, though it ought to have been mitigated by time, was rather increased by it, just as recurring diseases are in the body when a relapse takes place, for all such relapses are more grievous than the original attacks.

They say that on one occasion Caius, being awake at night, began to turn his mind to the magistrates and officers who were in banishment, and who in name indeed were looked upon as unfortunate, but who in reality had now thus acquired a life free from trouble, and truly tranquil and free. And he gave a new name to this banishment, calling it an emigration, "For," said he, "it is only a kind of emigration the banishment of these men, inasmuch as they have all the necessaries of life in abundance, and are able to live in tranquillity and stability and peace. But it is an absurdity for them to be living in luxury, enjoying peace, and indulging in all the pleasures of a philosophical life."

Then he commanded the most eminent of the men, and those who were of the highest rank and reputation, to be put to death, giving a regular list of their names, at the head of which list was Flaccus. And when the men arrived at Andros, who had been commanded to put him to death, Flaccus hap-

pened, just at that moment, to be coming from his farm into the city, and they, on their way up from the port, met him, and while yet at a distance they perceived and recognized one another; at which he, perceiving in a moment the object for which they were come (for every man's soul is very prophetic, especially of such as are in misfortune), turning out of the road, fled and ran away over the rough ground, forgetting, perhaps, that Andros was an island and not the continent. And what is the use of speed in an island which the sea washes all round? for one of two things must of necessity happen, either if the fugitive advances farther he must be carried into the sea, or else arrested when he has reached the farthest boundary. Therefore, in a comparison of evils, destruction by land must be preferable to destruction by sea, since nature has made the land more closely akin to man, and to all terrestrial animals, not only while they are alive, but even after they are dead, in order that the same element may receive both their primary generation and their last dissolution.

The officers therefore pursued him without stopping to take breath, and arrested him; and then immediately some of them dug a ditch, and the others dragged him on by force in spite of all his resistance and crying out and struggling, by which means his whole body was wounded like that of beasts that are dispatched with a number of wounds; for he, turning round them and clinging to his executioners, who were hindered in their aims which they took at him with their swords, and who thus struck him with oblique blows, was the cause of his own sufferings being more severe; for he was in consequence mutilated and cut about the hands, and feet, and head, and breast, and sides, so that he was mangled like a victim, and thus he fell, justice righteously inflicting on his own body wounds equal in number to the murders of the Jews whom he had unlawfully put to death.

And the whole place flowed with blood which was shed from his numerous veins, which were cut in every part of his body, and which poured forth blood as from a fountain. And when the corpse was dragged into the trench which had been dug, the greater part of the limbs separated from the body, the sinews by which the whole of the body is kept together being all cut through.

Such was the end of Flaccus, who suffered thus, being made the most manifest evidence that the nation of the Jews is not left destitute of the providential assistance of God.

THE DAYS OF NERO.

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

(From "Quo Vadis.")

[HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in Southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil;" "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician;" "Without Dogma;" "Hania."]

"ARE those verses of Nero's really so bad?" said Vinicius. "I am no judge in such matters."

"The verses are no worse than others," replied Petronius. "Lucan has more genius in one finger, but there is something in Bronzebeard, too. Above all, he has an immense love for poetry and music. In two days we are to be with him to hear the music of his hymn to Aphrodite, which he will finish to-day or to-morrow. We shall be in a small circle, — only I, you, Tullius Senecio, and young Nerva. But what I said concerning Nero's verses — that I use them after a meal, as Vitellius does flamingo feathers — is not true. At times they are eloquent. Hecuba's words are touching: she complains of the pangs of birth, and Nero was able to find felicitous expressions — perhaps because he gives birth to every verse in torments. Sometimes I am sorry for him. By Pollux, what a wonderful mixture! There was a screw loose in Caligula, but still he never did such curious things." . . .

Nero played and sang, in honor of the "Lady of Cyprus," a hymn the verses and music of which were composed by himself. That day he was in voice, and felt that his music really captivated those present. That feeling added such power to the sounds produced and roused his own soul so much that he seemed inspired. At last he grew pale from genuine emotion. This was surely the first time that he had no desire to hear praises from others. He sat for a time with his hands on the cithara and with bowed head; then, rising suddenly, he said, —

"I am tired and need air. Meanwhile ye will tune the citharæ."

He covered his throat then with a silk kerchief.

"Ye will go with me," said he, turning to Petronius and Vinicius, who were sitting in a corner of the hall. "Give me thy arm, Vinicius, for strength fails me; Petronius will talk to me of music."

They went out on the terrace, which was paved with alabaster and sprinkled with saffron.

"Here one can breathe more freely," said Nero. "My soul is moved and sad, though I see that with what I have sung to thee on trial just now I may appear in public, and my triumph will be such as no Roman has ever achieved."

"Thou mayst appear here, in Rome, in Achæa. I admire thee with my whole heart and mind, divinity," answered Petronius.

"I know. Thou art too slothful to force thyself to flattery, and thou art as sincere as Tullius Senecio, but thou hast more knowledge than he. Tell me, what is thy judgment on music?"

"When I listen to poetry, when I look at a quadriga directed by thee in the Circus, when I look at a beautiful statue, temple, or picture, I feel that I comprehend perfectly what I see, that my enthusiasm takes in all that these can give. But when I listen to music, especially thy music, new delights and beauties open before me every instant. I pursue them, I try to seize them; but before I can take them to myself, new and newer ones flow in, just like waves of the sea, which roll on from infinity. Hence I tell thee that music is like the sea. We stand on one shore and gaze at remoteness, but we cannot see the other shore."

"Ah, what deep knowledge thou hast!" said Nero; and they walked on for a moment, only the slight sound of the saffron leaves under their feet being heard.

"Thou hast expressed my idea," said Nero, at last; "hence I say now, as ever, in all Rome thou art the only man able to understand me. Thus it is, my judgment of music is the same as thine. When I play and sing, I see things which I did not know as existing in my dominions or in the world. I am Cæsar, and the world is mine. I can do everything. But music opens new kingdoms to me, new mountains, new seas, new delights unknown before. Most frequently I cannot name them or grasp them; I only feel them. I feel the gods, I see Olympus. Some kind of breeze from beyond the earth blows in on

me ; I behold, as in a mist, certain immeasurable greatnesses, but calm and bright as sunshine. The whole Spheros plays around me ; and I declare to thee " (here Nero's voice quivered with genuine wonder) " that I, Cæsar and god, feel at such times as diminutive as dust. Wilt thou believe this ? "

" I will. Only great artists have power to feel small in the presence of art."

" This is a night of sincerity; hence I open my soul to thee as to a friend, and I will say more : dost thou consider that I am blind or deprived of reason ? Dost thou think that I am ignorant of this, that people in Rome write insults on the walls against me, call me a matricide, a wife murderer, hold me a monster and a tyrant, because Tigellinus obtained a few sentences of death against my enemies? Yes, my dear, they hold me a monster, and I know it. They have talked cruelty on me to that degree that at times I put the question to myself, ' Am I not cruel ? ' But they do not understand this, that a man's deeds may be cruel at times while he himself is not cruel. Ah, no one will believe, and perhaps even thou, my dear, wilt not believe, that at moments when music caresses my soul I feel as kind as a child in the cradle. I swear by those stars which shine above us, that I speak the pure truth to thee. People do not know how much goodness lies in this heart, and what treasures I see in it when music opens the door to them."

Petronius, who had not the least doubt that Nero was speaking sincerely at that moment, and that music might bring out various more noble inclinations of his soul, which were overwhelmed by mountains of egotism, profligacy, and crime, said : —

" Men should know thee as nearly as I do ; Rome has never been able to appreciate thee."

Cæsar leaned more heavily on Vinicius' arm, as if he were bending under the weight of injustice, and answered : —

" Tigellinus has told me that in the Senate they whisper into one another's ears that Diodorus and Terpnos play on the cithara better than I. They refuse me even that ! But tell me, thou who art truthful always, do they play better, or as well ? "

" By no means. Thy touch is finer, and has greater power. In thee the artist is evident, in them the expert. The man who hears their music first understands better what thou art."

" If that be true, let them live. They will never imagine

what a service thou hast rendered them in this moment. For that matter, if I had condemned those two, I should have had to take others in place of them."

"And people would say, besides, that out of love for music thou destroyest music in thy dominions. Never kill art for art's sake, O divinity."

"How different thou art from Tigellinus!" answered Nero. "But seest thou, I am an artist in everything; and since music opens for me spaces the existence of which I had not divined, regions which I do not possess, delight and happiness which I do not know, I cannot live a common life. Music tells me that the uncommon exists, so I seek it with all the power of dominion which the gods have placed in my hands. At times it seems to me that to reach those Olympian worlds I must do something which no man has done hitherto, — I must surpass the stature of man in good or evil. I know that people declare me mad. But I am not mad, I am only seeking. And if I am going mad, it is out of disgust and impatience that I cannot find. I am seeking! Dost understand me? And therefore I wish to be greater than man, for only in that way can I be the greatest as an artist."

Here he lowered his voice so that Vinicius could not hear him, and, putting his mouth to the ear of Petronius, he whispered: —

"Dost know that I condemned my mother and wife to death mainly because I wished to lay at the gate of an unknown world the greatest sacrifice that man could put there? I thought that afterward something would happen, that doors would be opened beyond which I should see something unknown. Let it be wonderful or awful, surpassing human conception, if only great and uncommon. But that sacrifice was not sufficient. To open the empyrean doors it is evident that something greater is needed, and let it be given as the Fates desire."

"What dost thou intend to do?"

"Thou shalt see sooner than thou thinkest. Meanwhile be assured that there are two Neros, — one such as people know, the other an artist, whom thou alone knowest, and if he slays as does death, or is in frenzy like Bacchus, it is only because the flatness and misery of common life stifle him; and I should like to destroy them, though I had to use fire or iron. Oh, how flat this world will be when I am gone from it! No man

has suspected yet, not thou even, what an artist I am. But precisely because of this I suffer, and sincerely do I tell thee that the soul in me is as gloomy as those cypresses which stand dark there in front of us. It is grievous for a man to bear at once the weight of supreme power and the highest talents."

"I sympathize with thee, O Cæsar; and with me earth and sea, not counting Vinicius, who deifies thee in his soul."

"He, too, has always been dear to me," said Cæsar, "though he serves Mars, not the Muses."

"He serves Aphrodite first of all," answered Petronius. And suddenly he determined to settle the affair of his nephew at a blow, and at the same time to eliminate every danger which might threaten him. "He is in love, as was Troilus with Cressida. Permit him, lord, to visit Rome, for he is dying on my hands. Dost thou know that that Lygian hostage whom thou gavest him has been found, and Vinicius, when leaving for Antium, left her in care of a certain Linus? I did not mention this to thee, for thou wert composing thy hymn, and that was more important than all besides. Vinicius wanted her as a mistress; but when she turned out to be as virtuous as Lucretia, he fell in love with her virtue, and now his desire is to marry her. She is a king's daughter, hence she will cause him no detriment; but he is a real soldier: he sighs and withers and groans, but he is waiting for the permission of his Imperator."

"The Imperator does not choose wives for his soldiers. What good is my permission to Vinicius?"

"I have told thee, O lord, that he deifies thee."

"All the more may he be certain of permission. That is a comely maiden, but too narrow in the hips. The Augusta Poppæa has complained to me that she enchanted our child in the gardens of the Palatine."

"But I told Tigellinus that the gods are not subject to evil charms. Thou rememberest, divinity, his confusion and thy exclamation, 'Habet!'"

"I remember."

Here he turned to Vinicius:—

"Dost thou love her, as Petronius says?"

"I love her, lord," replied Vinicius.

"Then I command thee to set out for Rome to-morrow, and marry her. Appear not again before my eyes without the marriage ring."

"Thanks to thee, lord, from my heart and soul."

"Oh, how pleasant it is to make people happy!" said Nero. "Would that I might do nothing else all my life!"

"Grant us one favor more, O divinity," said Petronius: "declare thy will in this matter before the Augusta. Vinicius would never venture to wed a woman displeasing to the Augusta; thou wilt dissipate her prejudice, O lord, with a word, by declaring that thou hast commanded this marriage."

"I am willing," said Cæsar. "I could refuse nothing to thee or Vinicius."

He turned toward the villa, and they followed. Their hearts were filled with delight over the victory; and Vinicius had to use self-restraint to avoid throwing himself on the neck of Petronius, for it seemed now that all dangers and obstacles were removed.

In the atrium of the villa young Nerva and Tullius Senecio were entertaining the Augusta with conversation. Terpnos and Diodorus were tuning citharæ.

Nero entered, sat in an armchair inlaid with tortoise shell, whispered something in the ear of a Greek slave near his side, and waited.

The page returned soon with a golden casket. Nero opened it and took out a necklace of great opals.

"These are jewels worthy of this evening," said he.

"The light of Aurora is playing in them," answered Poppæa, convinced that the necklace was for her.

Cæsar, now raising, now lowering, the rosy stones, said at last: —

"Vinicius, thou wilt give, from me, this necklace to her whom I command thee to marry, the youthful daughter of the Lygian king."

Poppæa's glance, filled with anger and sudden amazement, passed from Cæsar to Vinicius. At last it rested on Petronius. But he, leaning carelessly over the arm of the chair, passed his hand along the back of the harp as if to fix its form firmly in his mind.

Vinicius gave thanks for the gift, approached Petronius, and asked: —

"How shall I thank thee for what thou hast done this day for me?"

"Sacrifice a pair of swans to Euterpe," replied Petronius, "praise Cæsar's songs, and laugh at omens. Henceforth the

roaring of lions will not disturb thy sleep, I trust, nor that of thy Lygian lily."

"No," said Vinicius; "now I am perfectly at rest."

"May Fortune favor thee! But be careful, for Cæsar is taking his lute again. Hold thy breath, listen, and shed tears."

In fact Cæsar had taken the lute and raised his eyes. In the hall conversation had stopped, and people were as still as if petrified. Terpnos and Diodorus, who had to accompany Cæsar, were on the alert, looking now at each other and now at his lips, waiting for the first tones of the song.

Just then a movement and noise began in the entrance; and after a moment Cæsar's freedman, Phaon, appeared from beyond the curtain. Close behind him was the consul Lecanius.

Nero frowned.

"Pardon, divine Imperator," said Phaon, with panting voice, "there is a conflagration in Rome! The greater part of the city is in flames!"

At this news all sprang from their seats.

"O gods! I shall see a burning city and finish the Troyad," said Nero, setting aside his lute.

Then he turned to the consul: —

"If I go at once, shall I see the fire?"

"Lord," answered Lecanius, as pale as a wall, "the whole city is one sea of flame; smoke is suffocating the inhabitants, and people faint, or cast themselves into the fire from delirium. Rome is perishing, lord."

A moment of silence followed, which was broken by the cry of Vinicius: —

"*Væ misero mihi!*"

And the young man, casting his toga aside, rushed forth in his tunic.

Nero raised his hands and exclaimed: —

"Woe to thee, sacred city of Priam!"

Light from the burning city filled the sky as far as human eye could reach. The moon rose large and full from behind the mountains, and inflamed at once by the glare took on the color of heated brass. It seemed to look with amazement on the world-ruling city which was perishing. In the rose-colored abysses of heaven rose-colored stars were glittering; but in distinction from usual nights the earth was brighter than the heavens. Rome, like a giant pile, illuminated the whole Cam-

pania. In the bloody light were seen distant mountains, towns, villas, temples, monuments, and the aqueducts stretching toward the city from all the adjacent hills; on the aqueducts were swarms of people, who had gathered there for safety or to gaze at the burning.

Meanwhile the dreadful element was embracing new divisions of the city. It was impossible to doubt that criminal hands were spreading the fire, since new conflagrations were breaking out all the time in places remote from the principal fire. From the heights on which Rome was founded the flames flowed like waves of the sea into the valleys densely occupied by houses, — houses of five and six stories, full of shops, booths, movable wooden amphitheaters, built to accommodate various spectacles; and finally storehouses of wood, olives, grain, nuts, pine cones, the kernels of which nourished the more needy population, and clothing, which through Cæsar's favor was distributed from time to time among the rabble huddled into narrow alleys. In those places the fire, finding abundance of inflammable materials, became almost a series of explosions, and took possession of whole streets with unheard-of rapidity. People encamping outside the city, or standing on the aqueducts, knew from the color of the flame what was burning. The furious power of the wind carried forth from the fiery gulf thousands and millions of burning shells of walnuts and almonds, which, shooting suddenly into the sky, like countless flocks of bright butterflies, burst with a crackling, or, driven by the wind, fell in other parts of the city, on aqueducts, and fields beyond Rome. All thought of rescue seemed out of place; confusion increased every moment, for on one side the population of the city was fleeing through every gate to places outside; on the other the fire had lured in thousands of people from the neighborhood, such as dwellers in small towns, peasants, and half-wild shepherds of the Campania, brought in by hope of plunder. The shout, "Rome is perishing!" did not leave the lips of the crowd; the ruin of the city seemed at that time to end every rule, and loosen all bonds which hitherto had joined people in a single integrity. The mob, in which slaves were more numerous, cared nothing for the lordship of Rome. Destruction of the city could only free them; hence here and there they assumed a threatening attitude. Violence and robbery were extending. It seemed that only the spectacle of the perishing city arrested attention, and restrained for the

moment an outburst of slaughter, which would begin as soon as the city was turned into ruins. Hundreds of thousands of slaves, forgetting that Rome, besides temples and walls, possessed some tens of legions in all parts of the world, appeared merely waiting for a watchword and a leader. People began to mention the name of Spartacus ; but Spartacus was not alive. Meanwhile citizens assembled, and armed themselves each with what he could. The most monstrous reports were current at all the gates. Some declared that Vulcan, commanded by Jupiter, was destroying the city with fire from beneath the earth; others that Vesta was taking vengeance for Rubria. People with these convictions did not care to save anything, but, besieging the temples, implored mercy of the gods. It was repeated most generally, however, that Cæsar had given command to burn Rome, so as to free himself from odors which rose from the Subura, and build a new city under the name of Neronia. Rage seized the populace at thought of this ; and if, as Vinicius believed, a leader had taken advantage of that outburst of hatred, Nero's hour would have struck whole years before it did.

It was said also that Cæsar had gone mad, that he would command pretorians and gladiators to fall upon the people and make a general slaughter. Others swore by the gods that wild beasts had been let out of all the vivaria at Bronzebeard's command. Men had seen on the streets lions with burning manes, and mad elephants and bisons, trampling down people in crowds. There was even some truth in this ; for in certain places elephants, at sight of the approaching fire, had burst the vivaria, and, gaining their freedom, rushed away from the fire in wild fright, destroying everything before them like a tempest. Public report estimated at tens of thousands the number of persons who had perished in the conflagration. In truth a great number had perished. There were people who, losing all their property, or those dearest their hearts, threw themselves willingly into the flames, from despair. Others were suffocated by smoke. In the middle of the city, between the Capitol, on one side, and the Quirinal, the Viminal, and the Esquiline on the other, as also between the Palatine and the Cælian Hill, where the streets were most densely occupied, the fire began in so many places at once that whole crowds of people, while fleeing in one direction, struck unexpectedly on a new wall of fire in front of them, and died a dreadful death in a deluge of flame.

In terror, in distraction, and bewilderment, people knew not where to flee. The streets were obstructed with goods, and in many narrow places were simply closed. Those who took refuge in those markets and squares of the city, where the Flavian Amphitheater stood afterward, near the temple of the Earth, near the Portico of Silvia, and higher up, at the temples of Juno and Lucinia, between the Clivus Virbius and the old Esquiline Gate, perished from heat, surrounded by a sea of fire. In places not reached by the flames were found afterward hundreds of bodies burned to a crisp, though here and there unfortunates tore up flat stones and half buried themselves in defense against the heat. Hardly a family inhabiting the center of the city survived in full; hence along the walls, at the gates, on all roads, were heard howls of despairing women, calling on the dear names of those who had perished in the throng or the fire.

And so, while some were imploring the gods, others blasphemed them because of this awful catastrophe. Old men were seen coming from the temple of Jupiter Liberator, stretching forth their hands, and crying, "If thou be a liberator, save thy altars and the city!" But despair turned mainly against the old Roman gods, who, in the minds of the populace, were bound to watch over the city more carefully than others. They had proved themselves powerless; hence were insulted. On the other hand it happened on the Via Asinaria that when a company of Egyptian priests appeared conducting a statue of Isis, which they had saved from the temple near the Porta Cælimontana, a crowd of people rushed among the priests, attached themselves to the chariot, which they drew to the Appian Gate, and seizing the statue placed it in the temple of Mars, overwhelming the priests of that deity who dared to resist them. In other places people invoked Serapis, Baal, or Jehovah, whose adherents, swarming out of the alleys in the neighborhood of the Subura and the Trans-Tiber, filled with shouts and uproar the fields near the walls. In their cries were heard tones as if of triumph; when, therefore, some of the citizens joined the chorus and glorified "the Lord of the World," others, indignant at this glad shouting, strove to repress it by violence. Here and there hymns were heard, sung by men in the bloom of life, by old men, by women and children,—hymns wonderful and solemn, whose meaning they understood not, but in which were repeated from moment to moment the

words, "Behold the Judge cometh in the day of wrath and disaster." Thus this deluge of restless and sleepless people encircled the burning city, like a tempest-driven sea.

But neither despair nor blasphemy nor hymn helped in any way. The destruction seemed as irresistible, perfect, and pitiless as Predestination itself. Around Pompey's Amphitheater stores of hemp caught fire, and ropes used in circuses, arenas, and every kind of machine at the games, and with them the adjoining buildings containing barrels of pitch with which ropes were smeared. In a few hours all that part of the city beyond which lay the Campus Martius was so lighted by bright yellow flames that for a time it seemed to the spectators, only half conscious from terror, that in the general ruin the order of night and day had been lost, and that they were looking at sunshine. But later a monstrous bloody gleam extinguished all other colors of flame. From the sea of fire shot up to the heated sky gigantic fountains, and pillars of flame spreading at their summits into fiery branches and feathers; then the wind bore them away, turned them into golden threads, into hair, into sparks, and swept them on over the Campania toward the Alban Hills. The night became brighter; the air itself seemed penetrated, not only with light, but with flame. The Tiber flowed on as living fire. The hapless city was turned into one pandemonium. The conflagration seized more and more space, took hills by storm, flooded level places, drowned valleys, raged, roared, and thundered.

The city burned on. The Circus Maximus had fallen in ruins. Entire streets and alleys in parts which began to burn first were falling in turn. After every fall pillars of flame rose for a time to the very sky. The wind had changed, and blew now with mighty force from the sea, bearing toward the Cælian, the Esquiline, and the Viminal rivers of flame, brands, and cinders. Still the authorities provided for rescue. At command of Tigellinus, who had hastened from Antium the third day before, houses on the Esquiline were torn down so that the fire, reaching empty spaces, died of itself. That was, however, undertaken solely to save a remnant of the city; to save that which was burning was not to be thought of. There was need also to guard against further results of the ruin. Incalculable wealth had perished in Rome; all the property of its citizens had vanished; hundreds of thousands of people were wander-

ing in utter want outside the walls. Hunger had begun to pinch this throng the second day, for the immense stores of provisions in the city had burned with it. In the universal disorder and in the destruction of authority no one had thought of furnishing new supplies. Only after the arrival of Tigellinus were proper orders sent to Ostia; but meanwhile the people had grown more threatening.

The house at Aqua Appia, in which Tigellinus lodged for the moment, was surrounded by crowds of women, who from morning till late at night cried, "Bread and a roof!" Vainly did pretorians, brought from the great camp between the Via Salaria and the Nomentana, strive to maintain order of some kind. Here and there they were met by open, armed resistance. In places weaponless crowds pointed to the burning city, and shouted, "Kill us in view of that fire!" They abused Cæsar, the Augustians, the pretorians; excitement rose every moment, so that Tigellinus, looking at night on the thousands of fires around the city, said to himself that those were fires in hostile camps.

Besides flour, as much baked bread as possible was brought at his command, not only from Ostia, but from all towns and neighboring villages. When the first installment came at night to the Emporium, the people broke the chief gate toward the Aventine, seized all supplies in the twinkle of an eye, and caused terrible disturbance. In the light of the conflagration they fought for loaves, and trampled many of them into the earth. Flour from torn bags whitened like snow the whole space from the granary to the arches of Drusus and Germanicus. The uproar continued till soldiers seized the building and dispersed the crowd with arrows and missiles.

Never since the invasion by the Gauls under Brennus had Rome beheld such disaster. People in despair compared the two conflagrations. But in the time of Brennus the Capitol remained. Now the Capitol was encircled by a dreadful wreath of flame. The marbles, it is true, were not blazing; but at night, when the wind swept the flames aside for a moment, rows of columns in the lofty sanctuary of Jove were visible, red as glowing coals. In the days of Brennus, moreover, Rome had a disciplined integral people, attached to the city and its altars; but now crowds of a many-tongued populace roamed nomad-like around the walls of burning Rome, — people composed for the greater part of slaves and freedmen, excited, disorderly, and

ready, under the pressure of want, to turn against authority and the city.

But the very immensity of the fire, which terrified every heart, disarmed the crowd in a certain measure. After fire might come famine and disease ; and to complete the misfortune the terrible heat of July had appeared. It was impossible to breathe air inflamed both by fire and the sun. Night brought no relief, on the contrary it presented a hell. During daylight an awful and ominous spectacle met the eye. In the center a giant city on heights was turned into a roaring volcano ; round about as far as the Alban Hills was one boundless camp, formed of sheds, tents, huts, vehicles, bales, packs, stands, fires, all covered with smoke and dust, lighted by sun rays reddened by passing through smoke, — everything filled with roars, shouts, threats, hatred and terror, a monstrous swarm of men, women, and children. Mingled with Quirites were Greeks, shaggy men from the North with blue eyes, Africans, and Asiatics ; among citizens were slaves, freedmen, gladiators, merchants, mechanics, servants, and soldiers, — a real sea of people, flowing around the island of fire.

Various reports moved this sea as wind does a real one. These reports were favorable and unfavorable. People told of immense supplies of wheat and clothing to be brought to the Emporium and distributed gratis. It was said, too, that provinces in Asia and Africa would be stripped of their wealth at Cæsar's command, and the treasures thus gained be given to the inhabitants of Rome, so that each man might build his own dwelling. But it was noised about also that water in the aqueducts had been poisoned ; that Nero intended to annihilate the city, destroy the inhabitants to the last person, then move to Greece or to Egypt, and rule the world from a new place. Each report ran with lightning speed, and each found belief among the rabble, causing outbursts of hope, anger, terror, or rage. Finally a kind of fever mastered those nomadic thousands. The belief of Christians that the end of the world by fire was at hand, spread even among adherents of the gods, and extended daily. People fell into torpor or madness. In clouds lighted by the burning, gods were seen gazing down on the ruin ; hands were stretched toward those gods then to implore pity or send them curses.

Meanwhile soldiers, aided by a certain number of inhabitants, continued to tear down houses on the Esquiline and the

Cælian, as also in the Trans-Tiber; these divisions were saved therefore in considerable part. But in the city itself were destroyed incalculable treasures accumulated through centuries of conquest; priceless works of art, splendid temples, the most precious monuments of Rome's past and Rome's glory. They forcsaw that of all Rome there would remain barely a few parts on the edges, and that hundreds of thousands of people would be without a roof. Some spread reports that the soldiers were tearing down houses not to stop the fire, but to prevent any part of the city from being saved. Tigellinus sent courier after courier to Antium, imploring Cæsar in each letter to come and calm the despairing people with his presence. But Nero moved only when fire had seized the "domus transitoria," and he hurried so as not to miss the moment in which the conflagration should be at its highest.

Meanwhile fire had reached the Via Nomentana, but turned from it at once with a change of wind toward the Via Lata and the Tiber. It surrounded the Capitol, spread along the Forum Boarium, destroyed everything which it had spared before, and approached the Palatine a second time.

Tigellinus, assembling all the pretorian forces, dispatched courier after courier to Cæsar with an announcement that he would lose nothing of the grandeur of the spectacle, for the fire had increased.

But Nero, who was on the road, wished to come at night, so as to sate himself all the better with a view of the perishing capital. Therefore he halted, in the neighborhood of Aqua Albana, and, summoning to his tent the tragedian Aliturus, decided with his aid on posture, look, and expression; learned fitting gestures, disputing with the actor stubbornly whether at the words "O sacred city, which seemed more enduring than Ida," he was to raise both hands, or, holding in one the forminga, drop it by his side, and raise only the other. This question seemed to him then more important than all others. Starting at last about nightfall, he took counsel of Petronius also whether to the lines describing the catastrophe he might add a few magnificent blasphemies against the gods, and whether, considered from the standpoint of art, they would not have rushed spontaneously from the mouth of a man in such a position, a man who was losing his birthplace.

At length he approached the walls about midnight with his numerous court, composed of whole detachments of nobles,

senators, knights, freedmen, slaves, women, and children. Sixteen thousand pretorians, arranged in line of battle along the road, guarded the peace and safety of his entrance, and held the excited populace at a proper distance. The people cursed, shouted, and hissed on seeing the retinue, but dared not attack it. In many places, however, applause was given by the rabble, which, owning nothing, had lost nothing in the fire, and which hoped for a more bountiful distribution than usual of wheat, olives, clothing, and money. Finally, shouts, hissing, and applause were drowned in the blare of horns and trumpets, which Tigellinus had caused to be sounded.

Nero, on arriving at the Ostian Gate, halted, and said, "Houseless ruler of a houseless people, where shall I lay my unfortunate head for the night?"

After he had passed the Clivus Delphini, he ascended the Appian aqueduct on steps prepared purposely. After him followed the Augustians and a choir of singers, bearing citharæ, lutes, and other musical instruments.

And all held the breath in their breasts, waiting to learn if he would say some great words, which for their own safety they ought to remember. But he stood solemn, silent, in a purple mantle and a wreath of golden laurels, gazing at the raging might of the flames. When Terpnos gave him a golden lute, he raised his eyes to the sky, filled with the conflagration, as if he were waiting for inspiration.

The people pointed at him from afar as he stood in the bloody gleam. In the distance fiery serpents were hissing. The ancient and most sacred edifices were in flames: the temple of Hercules, reared by Evander, was burning; the temple of Jupiter Stator was burning, the temple of Luna, built by Servius Tullius, the house of Numa Pompilius, the sanctuary of Vesta with the penates of the Roman people; through waving flames the Capitol appeared at intervals; the past and the spirit of Rome was burning. But he, Cæsar, was there with a lute in his hand and a theatrical expression on his face, not thinking of his perishing country, but of his posture and the prophetic words with which he might describe best the greatness of the catastrophe, rouse most admiration, and receive the warmest plaudits. He detested that city, he detested its inhabitants, he loved only his own songs and verses; hence he rejoiced in heart that at last he saw a tragedy like that which he was writing. The verse maker was happy, the declaimer felt inspired,

the seeker for emotions was delighted at the awful sight, and thought with rapture that even the destruction of Troy was as nothing if compared with the destruction of that giant city. What more could he desire? There was world-ruling Rome in flames, and he, standing on the arches of the aqueduct with a golden lute, conspicuous, purple, admired, magnificent, poetic. Down below, somewhere in the darkness, the people are muttering and storming. But let them mutter! Ages will pass, thousands of years will go by, but mankind will remember and glorify the poet, who in that night sang the fall and the burning of Troy. What was Homer compared with him? What Apollo himself with his hollowed-out lute?

Here he raised his hands, and, striking the strings, pronounced the words of Priam.

"O nest of my fathers, O dear cradle!" His voice in the open air, with the roar of the conflagration, and the distant murmur of crowding thousands, seemed marvelously weak, uncertain, and low, and the sound of the accompaniment like the buzzing of insects. But senators, dignitaries, and Augustians, assembled on the aqueduct, bowed their heads and listened in silent rapture. He sang long, and his motive was ever sadder. At moments, when he stopped to catch breath, the chorus of singers repeated the last verse; then Nero cast the tragic "syrma" from his shoulder with a gesture learned from Alitурus, struck the lute, and sang on. When at last he had finished the lines composed, he improvised, seeking grandiose comparisons in the spectacle unfolded before him. His face began to change. He was not moved, it is true, by the destruction of his country's capital; but he was delighted and moved with the pathos of his own words to such a degree that his eyes filled with tears on a sudden. At last he dropped the lute to his feet with a clatter, and, wrapping himself in the "syrma" stood as if petrified, like one of those statues of Niobe which ornamented the courtyard of the Palatine.

Soon a storm of applause broke the silence. But in the distance this was answered by the howling of multitudes. No one doubted then that Cæsar had given command to burn the city, so as to afford himself a spectacle and sing a song at it. Nero, when he heard that cry from hundreds of thousands, turned to the Augustians with the sad, resigned smile of a man who is suffering from injustice.

"See," said he, "how the Quirites value poetry and me."

"Scoundrels!" answered Vatinius. "Command the pretorians, lord, to fall on them."

Nero turned to Tigellinus: —

"Can I count on the loyalty of the soldiers?"

"Yes, divinity," answered the prefect.

But Petronius shrugged his shoulders, and said: —

"On their loyalty, yes, but not on their numbers. Remain meanwhile where thou art, for here it is safest; but there is need to pacify the people."

Seneca was of this opinion also, as was Licinus the consul. Meanwhile the excitement below was increasing. The people were arming with stones, tent poles, sticks from the wagons, planks, and various pieces of iron. After a while some of the pretorian leaders came, declaring that the cohorts, pressed by the multitude, kept the line of battle with extreme difficulty, and, being without orders to attack, they knew not what to do.

"O gods," said Nero, "what a night!" On one side a fire, on the other a raging sea of people. And he fell to seeking expressions the most splendid to describe the danger of the moment, but, seeing around him alarmed looks and pale faces, he was frightened, with the others.

"Give me my dark mantle with a hood!" cried he; "must it come really to battle?"

"Lord," said Tigellinus, in an uncertain voice, "I have done what I could, but danger is threatening. Speak, O lord, to the people, and make them promises."

"Shall Cæsar speak to the rabble? Let another do that in my name. Who will undertake it?"

"I!" answered Petronius, calmly.

"Go, my friend; thou art most faithful to me in every necessity. Go, and spare no promises."

Petronius turned to the retinue with a careless, sarcastic expression: —

"Senators here present, also Piso, Nerva, and Senecio, follow me."

Then he descended the aqueduct slowly. Those whom he had summoned followed, not without hesitation, but with a certain confidence which his calmness had given them. Petronius, halting at the foot of the arches, gave command to bring him a white horse, and, mounting, rode on, at the head of the cavalcade, between the deep ranks of pretorians, to the

black, howling multitude; he was unarmed, having only a slender ivory cane which he carried habitually.

When he had ridden up, he pushed his horse into the throng. All around, visible in the light of the burning, were upraised hands, armed with every manner of weapon, inflamed eyes, sweating faces, bellowing and foaming lips. A mad sea of people surrounded him and his attendants; round about was a sea of heads, moving, roaring, dreadful.

The outbursts increased and became an unearthly roar; poles, forks, and even swords were brandished above Petronius; grasping hands were stretched toward his horse's reins and toward him, but he rode farther, cool, indifferent, contemptuous. At moments he struck the most insolent heads with his cane, as if clearing a road for himself in an ordinary crowd; and that confidence of his, that calmness, amazed the raging rabble. They recognized him at length, and numerous voices began to shout: —

"Petronius! Arbiter Elegantiarum! Petronius! Petronius!" was heard on all sides. And as that name was repeated, the faces about became less terrible, the uproar less savage: for that exquisite patrician, though he had never striven for the favor of the populace, was still their favorite. He passed for a humane and magnanimous man; and his popularity had increased, especially since the affair of Pedanius Secundus, when he spoke in favor of mitigating the cruel sentence condemning all the slaves of that prefect to death. The slaves more especially loved him thenceforward with that unbounded love which the oppressed or unfortunate are accustomed to give those who show them even small sympathy. Besides, in that moment was added curiosity as to what Cæsar's envoy would say, for no one doubted that Cæsar had sent him.

He removed his white toga, bordered with scarlet, raised it in the air, and waved it above his head, in sign that he wished to speak.

"Silence! silence!" cried the people on all sides.

After a while there was silence. Then he straightened himself on the horse and said in a clear, firm voice: —

"Citizens, let those who hear me repeat my words to those who are more distant, and bear yourselves, all of you, like men, not like beasts in the arena."

"We will, we will!"

"Then listen. The city will be rebuilt. The gardens of Lucullus, Mæcenas, Cæsar, and Agrippina will be opened to you. To-morrow will begin the distribution of wheat, wine, and olives, so that every man may be full to the throat. Then Cæsar will have games for you, such as the world has not seen yet; during these games banquets and gifts will be given you. Ye will be richer after the fire than before it."

A murmur answered him, which spread from the center in every direction, as a wave rises on water in which a stone has been cast. Those nearer repeated his words to those more distant. Afterward were heard here and there shouts of anger or applause, which turned at length into one universal call of "Panem et circenses! ! !"

Petronius wrapped himself in his toga and listened for a time without moving, resembling in his white garment a marble statue. The uproar increased, drowned the roar of the fire, was answered from every side and from ever-increasing distances. But evidently the envoy had something to add, for he waited. Finally, commanding silence anew, he cried: —

"I promised you panem et circenses; and now give a shout in honor of Cæsar, who feeds and clothes you; then go to sleep, dear populace, for the dawn will begin before long."

He turned his horse then, and, tapping lightly with his cane the heads and faces of those who stood in his way, he rode slowly to the pretorian ranks. Soon he was under the aqueduct. He found almost a panic above, where they had not understood the shout "Panem et circenses," and supposed it to be a new outburst of rage. They had not even expected that Petronius would save himself; so Nero, when he saw him, ran to the steps, and with face pale from emotion, inquired: —

"Well, what are they doing? Is there a battle?"

Petronius drew air into his lungs, breathed deeply, and answered: —

"By Pollux! they are sweating! and such a stench! Will some one give me an epilimma? — for I am faint." Then he turned to Cæsar.

"I promised them," said he, "wheat, olives, the opening of the gardens, and games. They worship thee anew, and are howling in thy honor. Gods, what a foul odor those plebeians have!"

"I had pretorians ready," cried Tigellinus; "and hadst

thou not quieted them, the shouters would have been silenced forever. It is a pity, Cæsar, that thou didst not let me use force."

Petronius looked at him, shrugged his shoulders, and added :—

"The chance is not lost. Thou mayst have to use it to-morrow."

"No, no!" cried Cæsar, "I will give command to open the gardens to them, and distribute wheat. Thanks to thee, Petronius, I will have games ; and that song which I sang to-day, I will sing publicly."

Then he placed his hands on the arbiter's shoulder, was silent a moment, and starting up at last inquired : —

"Tell me sincerely, how did I seem to thee while I was singing?"

"Thou wert worthy of the spectacle, and the spectacle was worthy of thee," said Petronius.

"But let us look at it again," said he, turning to the fire, "and bid farewell to ancient Rome."

Evening exhibitions, rare up to that period and given only exceptionally, became common in Nero's time, both in the circus and amphitheater. The Augustians liked them, frequently because they were followed by feasts and drinking bouts which lasted till daylight. Though the people were sated already with blood spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheater. The Augustians came to a man, for they understood that it would not be a common spectacle ; they knew that Cæsar had determined to make for himself a tragedy out of the suffering of Vinicius. Tigellinus had kept secret the kind of punishment intended for the betrothed of the young tribune ; but that merely roused general curiosity. Those who had seen Lygia at the house of Plautius told wonders of her beauty. Others were occupied above all with the question, would they see her really on the arena that day ; for many of those who had heard the answer given Petronius and Nerva by Cæsar explained it in two ways : some supposed simply that Nero would give or perhaps had given the maiden to Vinicius ; they remembered that she was a hostage, hence free to worship whatever divinities she liked, and that the law of nations did not permit her punishment.

Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and immediately at his coming people whispered that something uncommon would happen, for besides Tigellinus and Vatinius, Cæsar had with him Cassius, a centurion of enormous size and gigantic strength, whom he summoned only when he wished to have a defender at his side, — for example, when he desired night expeditions to the Subura, where he arranged the amusement called "sagatio," which consisted in tossing on a soldier's mantle maidens met on the way. It was noted also that certain precautions had been taken in the amphitheater itself. The pretorian guards were increased; command over them was held, not by a centurion, but by the tribune Subrius Flavius, known hitherto for blind attachment to Nero. It was understood, then, that Cæsar wished in every case to guard himself against an outburst of despair from Vinicius, and curiosity rose all the more.

Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the unfortunate lover was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of sweat; he was in as much doubt as were other spectators, but alarmed to the lowest depth of his soul. Petronius knew not what would happen; he was silent, except that, while turning from Nerva, he asked Vinicius whether he was ready for everything, and next, whether he would remain at the spectacle. To both questions Vinicius answered "Yes," but a shudder passed through his whole body; he divined that Petronius did not ask without reason. For some time he had lived with only half his life, — he had sunk in death, and reconciled himself to Lygia's death, since for both it was to be liberation and marriage; but he learned now that it was one thing to think of the last moment when it was distant as of a quiet dropping asleep, and another to look at the torment of a person dearer to one than life. All sufferings endured formerly rose in him anew. Despair, which had been set at rest, began again to cry in his soul; the former desire to save Lygia at any price seized him anew. Beginning with the morning, he had tried to go to the cunicula to be sure that she was there; but the pretorians watched every entrance, and orders were so strict that the soldiers, even those whom he knew, would not be softened by prayers or gold. It seemed to the tribune that uncertainty would kill him before he should see the spectacle. Somewhere at the bottom of his heart the

hope was still throbbing, that perhaps Lygia was not in the amphitheater, that his fears were groundless. At times he seized on this hope with all his strength. He said in his soul that Christ might take her to Himself out of the prison, but could not permit her torture in the Circus. Formerly he was resigned to the divine will in everything; now, when repulsed from the doors of the cunicula, he returned to his place in the amphitheater, and when he learned, from the curious glances turned on him, that the most dreadful suppositions might be true, he began to implore in his soul with passionateness almost approaching a threat. "Thou canst!" repeated he, clenching his fists convulsively, "Thou canst!" Hitherto he had not supposed that that moment when present would be so terrible. Now, without clear consciousness of what was happening in his mind, he had the feeling that if he should see Lygia tortured, his love for God would be turned to hatred, and his faith to despair. But he was amazed at the feeling, for he feared to offend Christ, whom he was imploring for mercy and miracles. He implored no longer for her life; he wished merely that she should die before they brought her to the arena, and from the abyss of his pain he repeated in spirit: "Do not refuse even this, and I will love Thee still more than hitherto." And then his thoughts raged as a sea torn by a whirlwind. A desire for blood and vengeance was roused in him. He was seized by a mad wish to rush at Nero and stifle him there in presence of all the spectators; but he felt that desire to be a new offense against Christ, and a breach of His command. To his head flew at times flashes of hope that everything before which his soul was trembling would be turned aside by an almighty and merciful hand; but they were quenched at once, as if in measureless sorrow that He who could destroy that Circus with one word and save Lygia had abandoned her, though she trusted in Him and loved Him with all the strength of her pure heart. And he thought, moreover, that she was lying there in that dark place, weak, defenseless, deserted, abandoned to the whim or disfavor of brutal guards, drawing her last breath, perhaps, while he had to wait, helpless, in that dreadful amphitheater, without knowing what torture was prepared for her, or what he would witness in a moment. Finally, as a man falling over a precipice grasps at everything which grows on the edge of it, so did he grasp with both hands at the thought that faith of itself could save her.

That one method remained! Peter had said that faith could move the earth to its foundation.

Hence he rallied; he crushed doubt in himself, he compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle.

But as an overdrawn cord may break, so exertion broke him. The pallor of death covered his face, and his body relaxed. He thought then that his prayer had been heard, for he was dying. It seemed to him that Lygia must surely die too, and that Christ would take them to Himself in that way. The arena, the white togas, the countless spectators, the light of thousands of lamps and torches, all vanished from his vision.

But his weakness did not last long. After a while he roused himself, or rather the stamping of the impatient multitude roused him.

"Thou art ill," said Petronius; "give command to bear thee home."

And without regard to what Cæsar would say, he rose to support Vinicius and go out with him. His heart was filled with pity, and, moreover, he was irritated beyond endurance because Cæsar was looking through the emerald at Vinicius, studying his pain with satisfaction, to describe it afterwards, perhaps, in pathetic strophes, and win the applause of hearers.

Vinicius shook his head. He might die in that amphitheater, but he could not go out of it. Moreover the spectacle might begin any moment.

In fact, at that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the center, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. It was known to all the Augustians and to most of the spectators that he was the man who had stifled Croton; hence at sight of him a murmur passed along every bench. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Cassius, standing in Cæsar's podium, seemed puny compared with that Lygian. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his

arms of a Hercules. The murmur rose every instant. For those multitudes there could be no higher pleasure than to look at those muscles in play in the exertion of a struggle. The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: "Where do the people live who can produce such a giant?" He stood there, in the middle of the amphitheater, naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly with his blue childlike eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners would come.

At the moment when he stepped into the arena his simple heart was beating for the last time with the hope that perhaps a cross was waiting for him; but when he saw neither the cross nor the hole in which it might be put, he thought that he was unworthy of such favor, — that he would find death in another way, and surely from wild beasts. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Savior; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes toward the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheater.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents: —

"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

And he did not even feel that Petronius covered his head

that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness: —

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheater was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose and bent back his head; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first, — that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Cæsar

himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of Croton kill the bull which we choose for him;" so they looked now with amazement at that picture, as if not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheater were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the Circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming, till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles

there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say,

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of knights and senators. Her slender form, as white as if chiseled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and finally her beauty and attachment, had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clinched fists.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. Against Vinicius he had no hatred, indeed, and the death of Lygia did not concern him; but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the

horns of the bull or torn by the claws of beasts. And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him yield to the wish of the multitude, and still he did not dare to oppose it.

So he gazed around to see if among the Augustians, at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked into Nero's face almost challengingly. Vestinius, superstitious but inclined to enthusiasm, a man who feared ghosts but not the living, gave a sign for mercy also. So did Scevinus, the Senator; so did Nerva, so did Tullius Senecio, so did the famous leader Ostorius Scapula, and Antistius, and Piso, and Vetus, and Crispinus, and Minucius Thermus, and Pontius Telesinus, and the most important of all, one honored by the people, Thrasea.

In view of this, Cæsar took the emerald from his eye with an expression of contempt and offense; when Tigellinus, whose desire was to spite Petronius, turned to him and said: —

"Yield not, divinity; we have the pretorians."

Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius, hitherto devoted with whole soul to him, and saw something unusual. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears, and he was holding his hand up in sign of mercy.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet, and filled the amphitheater. In the midst of shouts were heard cries: "Ahenobarbus! matricide! incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed. Romans were absolute lords in the Circus. Former Cæsars, and especially Caligula, had permitted themselves sometimes to act against the will of the people; this, however, called forth disturbance always, going sometimes to bloodshed. But Nero was in a different position. First, as a comedian and a singer he needed the people's favor; second, he wanted it on his side against the Senate and the patricians, and especially after the burning of Rome he strove by all means to win it, and to turn their anger against the Christians. He understood, besides, that to oppose longer was simply dangerous. A disturbance begun in the Circus might seize the whole city, and have results incalculable.

He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at Scevinus the centurion, a relative of the Senator, at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

(Translation of William Gifford.)

[Aulus Persius Flaccus was born at Volaterræ, A.D. 34; at six he lost his father, and gaining a stepfather shortly, lost him also. At twelve he was taken to Rome, and superbly educated there; one of his teachers was the great Stoic Annæus Cornutus, and he was for ten years the close friend of the noble Thrasea Pætus — of whose still more famous wife Arria he was a relative — and of Helvidius Priscus. He died A.D. 62, at twenty-eight, having apparently lived quietly without public interests, in the family circle of his mother, sister, and aunt. His virtuous and modest life had a better foundation than delicate health: he inspired wide and warm affection for his mingled charm and rectitude. He left six satires as his literary products, which yet rank him high in Roman literature — largely, it is true, on ethical grounds.]

Satire II.

To Plotius Macrinus; on his Birthday.

Health to my friend! and while my vows I pay,
O mark, Macrinus, this auspicious day,
Which, to your sum of years already flown,
Adds yet another — with a whiter stone.
Indulge your Genius, drench in wine your cares: —
It is not yours, with mercenary prayers
To ask of Heaven what you would die with shame,
Unless you drew the gods aside, to name;
While other great ones stand, with downcast eyes,
And with a silent censer tempt the skies! —
Hard, hard the task, from the low, muttered prayer,
To free the fanes; or find one suppliant there,
Who dares to ask but what his state requires,
And live to heaven and earth with known desires!
Sound sense, integrity, a conscience clear,
Are begged aloud, that all at hand may hear:
But prayers like these (half whispered, half suppressed)
The tongue scarce hazards from the conscious breast:

O that I could my rich old uncle see,
In funeral pomp! — O that some deity
To pots of buried gold would guide my share!
O that my ward, whom I succeed as heir,
Were once at rest! poor child, he lives in pain,
And death to him must be accounted gain. —
By wedlock, thrice has Nerius swelled his store,
And now — is he a widower once more!

These blessings, with due sanctity, to crave,
Once, twice, and thrice in Tiber's eddying wave
He dips each morn, and bids the stream convey
The gathered evils of the night, away!
One question, friend: — an easy one, in fine —
What are thy thoughts of Jove? My thoughts! Yes, thine.
Wouldst thou prefer him to the herd of Rome?
To any individual? — But, to whom?
To Staius, for example. Heavens! a pause?
Which of the two would best dispense the laws?
Best shield the unfriended orphan? Good! Now move
The suit to Staius, late preferred to Jove: —
"O Jove, good Jove!" he cries, o'erwhelmed with shame,
And must not Jove himself, *O Jove!* exclaim?
Or dost thou think the impious wish forgiven,
Because, when thunder shakes the vault of heaven,
The bolt innoxious flies o'er thee and thine,
To rend the forest oak and mountain pine?
— Because, yet livid from the lightning's scath,
Thy smouldering corpse (a monument of wrath)
Lies in no blasted grove, for public care
To expiate with sacrifice and prayer;
Must, therefore, Jove, unsceptered and unfeared,
Give to thy ruder mirth his foolish beard?
What bribe hast thou to win the Powers divine,
Thus, to thy nod? The lungs and lights of swine.
Lo! from his little crib, the grandam hoar,
Or aunt, well versed in superstitious lore,
Snatches the babe; in lustral spittle dips
Her middle finger, and anoints his lips
And forehead: — "Charms of potency," she cries,
"To break the influence of evil eyes!"
The spell complete, she dandles high in air
Her starveling Hope; and breathes a humble prayer,
That heaven would only tender to his hands
All Crassus' houses, all Licinius' lands! —
"Let every gazer by his charms be won,
And kings and queens aspire to call him son:
Contending virgins fly his smiles to meet,
And roses spring where'er he sets his feet!"
Insane of soul — But I, O Jove, am free.
Thou knowest, I trust no nurse with prayers for me:
In mercy, then, reject each fond demand,
Though, robed in white, she at thy altar stand.

This begs for nerves to pain and sickness steeled,
A frame of body that shall slowly yield
To late old age: — 'Tis well, enjoy thy wish.
But the huge platter, and high-seasoned dish,
Day after day the willing gods withstand,
And dash the blessing from their opening hand.
That sues for wealth: the laboring ox is slain,
And frequent victims woo the "god of gain."
"O crown my hearth with plenty and with peace,
And give my flocks and herds a large increase!" —
Madman! how can he, when, from day to day,
Steer after steer in offerings melts away? —
Still he persists; and still new hopes arise,
With harslet and with tripe, to storm the skies.
"Now swell my harvests! now my fields! now, now,
It comes — it comes — auspicious to my vow!"
While thus, poor wretch, he hangs 'twixt hope and fear,
He starts, in dreadful certainty, to hear
His chest reverberate the hollow groan
Of his last piece, to find itself alone!
If from my sideboard I should bid you take
Goblets of gold or silver, you would shake
With eager rapture; drops of joy would start,
And your left breast scarce hold your fluttering heart.
Hence, you presume the gods are bought and sold;
And overlay their busts with captured gold.
For, of the brazen brotherhood, the Power
Who sends you dreams, at morning's truer hour,
Most purged from phlegm, enjoys your best regards,
And a gold beard his prescient skill rewards!
Now, from the temples, GOLD has chased the plain
And frugal ware of Numa's pious reign;
The ritual pots of brass are seen no more,
And Vesta's pitchers blaze in burnished ore.
O groveling souls! and void of things divine!
Why bring our passions to the Immortals' shrine,
And judge, from what this CARNAL SENSE delights,
Of what is pleasing in their purer sights? —
THIS, the Calabrian fleece with purple soils,
And mingles cassia with our native oils;
Tears from the rocky conch its pearly store,
And strains the metal from the glowing ore.
This, this, indeed, is vicious; yet it tends
To gladden life, perhaps; and boasts its ends;

But you, ye priests, (for, sure, ye can,) unfold —
In heavenly things, what boots that pomp of gold?
No more, in truth, than dolls to Venus paid,
(The toys of childhood,) by the riper maid!
No; let me bring the Immortals, what the race
Of great Messala, now depraved and base,
On their huge charger, cannot; — bring a mind,
Where legal and where moral sense are joined
With the pure essence; holy thoughts, that dwell
In the soul's most retired and sacred cell;
A bosom dyed in honor's noblest grain,
Deep-dyed: — with these let me approach the fane,
And Heaven will hear the humble prayer I make,
Though all my offering be a barley cake.

Satire VI.

to cæsius bassus.

Say, have the wintry storms, which round us beat,
Chased thee, my Bassus, to thy Sabine seat?
Does music there thy sacred leisure fill,
While the strings quicken to thy manly quill? —
O skilled, in matchless numbers, to disclose
How first from Night this fair creation rose;
And kindling, as the lofty themes inspire,
To smite, with daring hand, the Latian lyre!
Anon, with youth and youth's delights to toy,
And give the dancing chords to love and joy;
Or wake, with moral touch, to accents sage,
And hymn the heroes of a nobler age!
To me, while tempests howl and billows rise,
Liguria's coast a warm retreat supplies,
Where the huge cliffs an ample front display,
And deep within, recedes the sheltering bay.
The Port of Luna, friends, is worth your note —
So, in his sober moments, Ennius wrote,
When, all his dreams of transmigration past,
He found himself plain Quintus at the last!
Here to repose I give the cheerful day,
Careless of what the vulgar think or say;
Or what the South, from Afric's burning air,
Unfriendly to the fold, may haply bear:

And careless still, though richer herbage crown
My neighbors' fields, or heavier crops embrown.
—— Nor, Bassus, though capricious Fortune grace
Thus with her smiles a lowbred, lowborn race,
Will e'er thy friend, for that, let Envy plow
One careful furrow on his open brow;
Give crooked age upon his youth to steal,
Defraud his table of one generous meal;
Or, stooping o'er the dregs of mother wine,
Touch, with suspicious nose, the sacred sign.
But inclinations vary: — and the Power
That beams, ascendant, on the natal hour,
Even Twins produces of discordant souls,
And tempers wide asunder as the poles.
The one on birthdays, and on those alone,
Prepares (but with a forecast all his own)
On tunny-pickle, from the shops, to dine,
And dips his withered pot-herbs in the brine;
Trembles the pepper from his hands to trust,
And sprinkles, grain by grain, the sacred dust.
The other, large of soul, exhausts his hoard,
While yet a stripling, at the festive board.
To USE my fortune, Bassus, I intend:
Nor, therefore, deem me so profuse, my friend,
So prodigally vain, as to afford
The costly turbot for my freedmen's board;
Or so expert in flavors, as to show
How, by the relish, thrush from thrush I know.
"Live to your means" — 'tis wisdom's voice you hear —
And freely grind the produce of the year:
What scruples check you? Ply the hoe and spade,
And lo! another crop is in the blade.
True; but the claims of duty caution crave.
A friend, scarce rescued from the Ionian wave,
Grasps a projecting rock, while in the deep
His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep:
I see him stretched, desponding, on the ground,
His tutelary gods all wrecked around,
His bark dispersed in fragments o'er the tide,
And sea-mews sporting on the ruins wide.
Sell, then, a pittance ('tis my prompt advice)
Of this your land, and send your friend the price;
Lest, with a pictured storm, forlorn and poor,
He ask cheap charity from door to door.

"But then, my angry heir, displeased to find
His prospects lessened by an act so kind,
May slight my obsequies; and, in return,
Give my cold ashes to a scentless urn;
Reckless what vapid drugs he flings thereon,
Adulterate cassia, or dead cinnamon! —
Can I (bethink in time) my means impair,
And with impunity provoke my heir?
— Here Bestius rails — "A plague on Greece," he cries.
"And all her pedants! — there the evil lies;
For since their mawkish, their enervate lore,
With dates and pepper, cursed our luckless shore,
Luxury has tainted all; and plowmen spoil
Their wholesome barley-broth with luscious oil."
Heavens! can you stretch (to fears like these a slave)
Your fond solicitude beyond the grave?
Away! — But thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art,
Step from the crowd, and let us talk apart.
Hearest thou the news? Cæsar has won the day,
(So, from the camp, his laureled missives say,)
And Germany is ours! The city wakes,
And from her altars the cold ashes shakes. —
Lo! from the imperial spoils, Cæsonia brings
Arms, and the martial robes of conquered kings,
To deck the temples; while, on either hand,
Chariots of war and bulky captives stand
In long array. I, too, my joy to prove,
Will to the emperor's Genius, and to Jove,
Devote, in gratitude for deeds so rare,
Two hundred well-matched fencers, pair by pair.
Who blames — who ventures to forbid me? You?
Woe to your future prospects! if you do.
— And, sir, not this alone; for I have vowed
A supplemental largess to the crowd,
Of corn and oil. What! muttering still? draw near
And speak aloud, for once, that I may hear.
"My means are not so low that I should care
For that poor pittance you may leave your heir."
Just as you please: but were I, sir, bereft
Of all my kin; no aunt, no uncle left;
No nephew, niece; were all my cousins gone,
And all my cousins' cousins, every one,
Aricia soon some Manius would supply,
Well pleased to take that "pittance," when I die.

"Manius! a beggar of the first degree,
A son of earth, your heir!" Nay, question me,
Ask who my grandsire's sire? I know not well,
And yet, on recollection, I might tell;
But urge me one step further — I am mute:
A son of earth, like Manius, past dispute.
Thus his descent and mine are equal proved,
And we at last are cousins, though removed.
But why should you, who still before me run,
Require my torch ere yet the race be won?
Think me your Mercury: Lo! here I stand,
As painters represent him, purse in hand:
Will you, or not, the proffered boon receive,
And take, with thankfulness, whate'er I leave?
Something, you murmur, of the heap is spent.
True: as occasion called it freely went;
In life 'twas mine: but death your chance secures,
And what remains, or more or less, is yours.
Of Tadius' legacy no questions raise,
Nor turn upon me with a grandsire-phrase,
"Live on the interest of your fortune, boy;
To touch the principal is to destroy."
"What, after all, may I expect to have?"
Expect! — Pour oil upon my viands, slave,
Pour with unsparing hand! shall my best cheer
On high and solemn days be the singed ear
Of some tough, smoke-dried hog, with nettles drest;
That your descendant, while in earth I rest,
May gorge on dainties, and, when lust excites,
Give to patrician beds his wasteful nights?
Shall I, a napless figure, pale and thin,
Glide by, transparent, in a parchment skin,
That he may strut with more than priestly pride,
And swag his portly paunch from side to side?
Go, truck your soul for gain! buy, sell, exchange;
From pole to pole in quest of profit range.
Let none more shrewdly play the factor's part;
None bring his slaves more timely to the mart;
Puff them with happier skill, as caged they stand,
Or clap their well-fed sides with nicer hand.
Double your fortune — treble it — yet more —
'Tis four, six, tenfold what it was before:
O bound the heap. You, who could yours confine,
Tell me, Chrysippus, how to limit mine!

A SELF-MADE MAN.

By PETRONIUS ARBITER.

(From "Trimalchio's Banquet," in the "Saturæ.")

[Petronius "Arbiter" (of manners or literary taste) is absolutely unknown as a personality by any direct evidence; but indirect evidence of a strong kind identifies him with a C. Petronius (called by Pliny the Elder "T. Petronius") put to death by Nero for conspiracy: a dashing, artistic profligate and dandy, the model for all the "bloods" of his time, who, when Nero ordered him to commit suicide, held a gay banquet as his farewell, broke a beautiful vase the emperor was supposed to covet, wrote and sent to Nero a list and denunciation of his crimes, and then opened his veins. The "Saturæ," believed to be his, is exactly of the type of "Gil Blas," for whose prototypes it furnished the model: the adventures of a young fellow without morals, seeking his fortune, used as a thread for humorous description of the seamy side of contemporary life. It is thus the father of the *picaresque* novel. There are gaps even in the fragment of it we possess, which have been conjecturally filled.]

It was now the third day, specified in the invitation we had received to Trimalchio's banquet; but as we had received some wounds, we thought it more advisable to abscond than to remain where we were. Therefore we hurried to our inn, went to bed, and, as our wounds were trifling, we dressed them with wine and oil.

One of our rogues, however, had been left on the ground, and we were afraid of a discovery. While then we were anxiously pondering how to get out of this scrape, we were startled by the sudden entrance of Agamemnon's servant. "What," said he, "do you not know who gives an entertainment to-day? It is Trimalchio, a most sumptuous man; he has a timepiece in his banqueting room, and a trumpeter on purpose to let him know, from time to time, how much of his span of life has gone by." So we dressed in haste, forgetting all our troubles, and told Giton, who had hitherto very willingly acted the part of a servant, to follow us to the bath. . . .

It would have taken too long to note every particular; so we entered the bath, and from the sweating room we passed at once, all reeking, into the chilling room. As for Trimalchio, after being sluiced with perfumes he was rubbed dry, not with towels, but with blankets of the softest and finest wool. Meanwhile three bath doctors were drinking Falernian in his presence; and as they brawled and spilled a good deal, Tri-

malchio told them it was the same wine he drank himself. Then they wrapped him in a scarlet mohair mantle, and put him into a litter, preceded by four richly bedizened footmen and a wheeled chair, in which sat his favorite, a withered, blear-eyed eunuch, uglier than his master. As Trimalchio was borne along, a musician walked beside him with two very small flutes, and, bending forward as if to whisper in his ear, he kept playing all the way. Satiated with wonder, we followed, and arrived with Agamemnon at the gate, on one of the pillars of which hung a tablet with this inscription: —

ANY SLAVE
WHO SHALL GO OUT OF DOORS WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S LEAVE,
SHALL RECEIVE
ONE HUNDRED LASHES.

At the entrance stood the porter dressed in green, with a cherry-colored sash, and engaged in picking peas in a silver dish; and over the door, in a golden cage, hung a party-colored magpie, who saluted the company as they entered. But, while I was staring open-mouthed at all I saw before, I had like to have fallen backwards, and broken my legs. For to the left as we entered, not far from the porter's lodge, an enormous chained dog was painted on the wall, with an inscription over it in capital letters: —

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

My companions laughed heartily; but my fright was soon over, and I continued to examine all the frescoes on the wall. There was a market of slaves with labels hung from their necks; and Trimalchio himself, with long hair, a caduceus in his hand, and led by Minerva, was making his entry into Rome. In another place was shown how he had learned to keep accounts, and how he had come to be made steward; and the painter, like an exact man, had been careful to explain everything by legends. At the end of the portico Mercury was lifting up the hero by the chin, and placing him aloft on a tribunal. Fortune stood by with her cornucopia, and the three Fates spinning a golden thread.

I noticed also in the portico a troop of running footmen exercising under the directions of a master. I saw besides a

large console in a corner, and in it a shrine, in which were deposited Lares of silver, a marble Venus, and a golden casket, no small one either, in which, they told us, were preserved the first shavings of Trimalchio's beard.

I asked the hall keeper what were the paintings in the middle of the portico. The Iliad and Odyssey, he replied, and the combats of gladiators given under Lænas.

We had no time to examine further, being now arrived at the banqueting hall, at the entrance of which sat the steward, receiving accounts. But what struck me most was to see the doorposts adorned with rods and axes, resting, as it were, on the brazen prow of a ship, whereon was inscribed: —

TO GAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO,
AN AUGUSTAL SEVIR,
CINNAMUS HIS STEWARD.

Below this inscription a lamp with two branches was suspended from the ceiling, and two tablets were fixed, one on either side of the door. One of these, if I remember rightly, bore this inscription: —

ON THE THIRTIETH AND THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER
OUR PATRON GAIUS SUPS ABROAD.

On the other was represented the course of the moon and the seven stars; and what days were lucky, what unlucky, with an embossed stud to distinguish the one from the other. . . .

A magnificent first course was served up, for we were all reclined except Trimalchio, for whom, after a new fashion, the chief place was reserved. On the table stood an ass in Corinthian metal, with two panniers containing olives, white on one side, black on the other; and flanked by two silver dishes, on the borders of which was engraved Trimalchio's name, with the weight of metal in each. There were also little salvers in the shape of bridges, on which were laid dormice, strewed over with honey and poppy seed; and smoking hot sausages on a silver gridiron, beneath which, by way of black and live coals, lay damsons and pomegranate grains.

We were in the midst of these dainties when Trimalchio himself was ushered in with a flourish of music, and was bolstered up on his couch with a number of little pillows, which set some indiscreet persons among us a-laughing. And well

they might, for his shaven pate poked out of a scarlet mantle which loaded his neck, and over the mantle he had put a napkin adorned with a laticlave, with fringes that hung on either side. He had also a large gilded ring on the little finger of his left hand, and on the last joint of the finger next it a smaller ring that seemed of pure gold, but starred with steel. And to let us see that these were not the whole of his bravery, he stripped his right arm, which was adorned with a golden bracelet, and an ivory circle fastened with a glistening plate of gold.

Picking his teeth with a silver pin, "My friends," said he, "I had no mind to come yet to table; but lest my absence should keep you waiting, I deprived myself of my amusement. You will allow me, however, to finish my game."

A boy followed him with a draught-board of juniper wood and crystal dice; and I noticed one surpassing piece of luxury, for instead of black and white pieces he had medals of silver and gold.

Meantime, whilst he was sweeping off his adversary's pieces, and we were still engaged with the first course, a machine was handed in with a basket on it, in which sat a hen carved of wood, her wings lying round and hollowed as if she was brooding. The musicians struck up, and two servants began immediately to search the straw under the hen, and drawing forth some peafowl's eggs distributed them among the guests.

At this Trimalchio turned towards us and said, "My friends, I gave orders that this hen should be set upon peafowl's eggs; but, by Hercules! I am afraid they are half hatched. However, we will try if they are yet eatable."

We took our spoons, each of which weighed at least half a pound, and began to break our paste eggs. For my part I had like to have thrown mine away, for it seemed to me to have a chicken in it; but hearing an old guest say, "There must be something good in this," I continued my search, and found a fine fat beccafico surrounded with yolk of egg, seasoned with pepper.

Trimalchio having now left off his play, had been helped to everything on the table, and announced in a loud voice that if any one wished for more honeyed wine he might have it. The signal was given by the music, and the first course was removed by a company of singers; but a dish falling in the hurry, a servant took it up, which Trimalchio observing, boxed his ears

and ordered him to throw it down again; and presently came the groom of the chambers with his broom, and swept away the silver dish with the rest of the litter.

He was followed immediately by two long-haired Ethiopians, with small leather bottles, such as are used for sprinkling the arena of the amphitheater; and they poured wine on our hands, for no one offered us water.

The master of the house, having been complimented on this piece of elegance, cried out, "Man is a lover of fair play." Then the old fellow gave orders that every man should have his own table; and, continued he, "we shall be less incommoded by heat when we are no longer crowded upon by these stinking servants."

At the same time there were brought in glass jars, close stopped with plaster, and with labels round their necks on which was written, —

Opimian Falernian, a hundred years old.[1]

Whilst we were reading the labels, Trimalchio ejaculated, "O dear! O dear! to think that wine should be longer-lived than we poor manikins. Well, since it is so, let us e'en drink till we can hold no more. There's life in wine. This is genuine Opimian, you may take my word for it. I did not put so good on my table yesterday, and I had much more respectable men than you to dine with me."

So we drank our wine and mightily extolled all the fine things set before us; when in came a servant with a silver skeleton, so artfully put together that its joints and backbone turned every way. Having cast it a few times on the table, and made it assume various postures, Trimalchio cried out: —

"Vain as vanity we are!
Swift life's transient flames decay!
What this is, we soon shall be;
Then be merry whilst you may."

* * * * * * *

The table being uncovered to a flourish of music, three white hogs were brought in with bells about their necks and muzzled; one of which, the nomenclator told us, was two years old,

[1] It would have been 160 to 170, if really dating from the Consul Opimius.

another three, and the third full grown. For my part, I took them for tumblers, and imagined the hogs were to perform some of those surprising feats practised in the ring; but Trimalchio put an end to our surmises. "Which of these," said he, "will you have dressed for supper? Cocks and pheasants and such bagatelles are jobs for country-bred cooks, but mine are in the habit of sending a calf boiled whole to table."

Immediately sending for one of his cooks, he ordered him, without waiting for our choice, to kill the largest hog; then raising his voice, "Of what decuria are you?" he asked.

"Of the fortieth," replied the slave.

"Were you bought," said he, "or born in my house?"

"Neither," said the cook, "but left you by Pansa's testament."

"See then that this is expeditiously dressed, or I shall have you turned down into the decuria of the farm servants."

And with this cogent admonition away went the cook with his charge to the kitchen.

Then smoothing the sternness of his countenance, Trimalchio turned to us and asked if we liked our wine. "If not," said he, "it shall be changed; but pray commend it by your drinking. By the bounty of the gods I do not buy it, but have everything good for the mouth growing on one of my manors which I never saw myself, but they tell me it borders on Terracina and Tarentum. I am thinking of adding Sicily to my little possessions, so that when I have a mind to pass over into Africa I may sail by my own coasts.

"But pray tell me, Agamemnon, what subject was it you declaimed on to-day? For though I do not plead myself, yet I have learned the rules for composing an oration. Don't imagine that I have disdained literature; I have three libraries, one Greek, the others Latin. Tell me, therefore, if you love me, the argument of your declamation."

Agamemnon began. "A poor man and a rich were at enmity —"

"What is a poor man?" said Trimalchio, cutting him short.

"Good, very good indeed," said Agamemnon; and then he began to unfold I know not what controversy. When he had done, Trimalchio decided the question offhand, in these terms: "If the fact is so, it admits of no controversy; if it is not so, there's an end of the matter."

This dilemma having been hailed with applause, he continued: "Pray, my dear friend Agamemnon, do you happen to

remember the twelve labors of Hercules, or the story of Ulysses, how the Cyclops put his thumb out of joint with a switch? I used to read these things in Homer when I was a boy. And the Sibyl, you know! I saw her myself at Cumæ, with my own eyes, hanging in a jar; and when the boys asked her, 'What would you, Sibyl?' she answered, 'I would die.'"

He was still running on when a very large hog was brought to table. We all wondered at the expedition which had been used, swearing a capon would not have been dressed in the time; and what increased our surprise was, that the hog appeared to be much larger than the boar which had been served up previously. "What," cried Trimalchio, looking closely at it, "are his guts not taken out? No, by Hercules, they are not! Call the cook, call the cook!"

The cook being brought before us, hung down his head, and excused himself, saying he had forgot. "Forgot?" cried Trimalchio; "why, the fellow talks as if it was only a pinch of pepper or cummin omitted. Strip him."

In a moment the poor cook was stripped and standing between two tormentors. We all interceded for him, saying such mistakes will happen occasionally; forgive him this time, but if ever he offends again, not one of us will say a good word for him. For my part, I felt mercilessly indignant against him, and could not help whispering to Agamemnon: "This must certainly be a most careless rascal. Forget to bowel a hog! By Hercules! I would not have forgiven him if he had served me so in the dressing of a fish."

Trimalchio seemed to think differently, for returning a pleasant look, "Come," said he, "you with the short memory, let us see if you can bowel him before us."

Then the cook, having put on his tunic again, took his knife, and with a trembling hand slashed the hog on both sides of the belly, and the apertures enlarging under the weight that pressed them, out tumbled a load of puddings and sausages. All the servants set up a spontaneous shout, and cried Felicity to Gaius. The cook too was presented with wine, a silver crown, and a drinking cup on a Corinthian salver, which Agamemnon narrowly viewing, "I am the only person," said Trimalchio, "who has the true Corinthian vessels. For my part, I am passionately fond of silver; and have several cups of the capacity of an urn, more or less, on which is to be seen how Cassandra killed her sons, and the dead boys

appear so natural you would take them to be real. I have a large goblet left by Romulus to my patron, on which is represented Dædalus shutting up Niobe in the Trojan horse. Also I have the fights of Hermeros and of Petronas on cups, all massive; for you must know I would not sell my judgment in these things for any money."

Here he was interrupted by the fall of a cup which a servant let slip out of his hands. Trimalchio looked over his shoulder at him, and said, "Go and kill yourself instantly, for you are careless." The slave hung his lip and implored pardon. "What is the use of your beseeching me," said Trimalchio, "as though I was very hard upon you? I only require you to secure yourself from being careless in future." But at last he forgave him at our entreaty; whereupon the pardoned slave ran round the table and cried, "Out of doors with the water, in with the wine!" We all took the jest, but more especially Agamemnon, who very well knew in what way to earn another invitation.

Trimalchio, meanwhile, hearing himself commended, drank on all the merrier, and being nearly tipsy, "Will none of you," said he, "invite my Fortunata to dance? I assure you she is capital at the cordax, no one better." Then, putting his hands to his forehead, he began to imitate Syrus, the comedian, all the servants singing out together, "By Jove, well done! well done, by Jove!" He would also have stepped out and danced, had not Fortunata whispered in his ear, and told him, I suppose, that such low diversions were unbecoming a man of his station. But his humor was most ridiculously unequal; for sometimes Fortunata, and sometimes his inclination, got the better, and he would certainly have danced, had he not been prevented by the entrance of his historiographer, who read aloud, as if he were reciting the public records of Rome: —

"On the seventh of the Calends of July, on Trimalchio's manor at Cumæ, were born thirty boys and forty girls. Five hundred thousand bushels of wheat were carried from the threshing-floor to the granary; and in his stalls were five hundred oxen who bore the yoke.

"The same day Mithridates, one of his slaves, was crucified for cursing the Genius of our patron Gaius.

"The same day were brought back into the treasury a hundred thousand sesterces, for which no proper investment could be found.

"The same day a fire broke out in Pompey's Gardens, which began in the night, in the house of Nasta, the bailiff."

"Eh, what?" cries Trimalchio; "when were Pompey's Gardens bought for me?"

"Last year," replied the historiographer, "and therefore they have not yet been brought to account."

Upon this Trimalchio flew into a rage: "And whatever lands shall be purchased for me in future," said he, "if I hear nothing of them within six months, let them never be carried to my account."

Then were read the orders of his ædiles, and the wills of his foresters, who with great eulogiums made Trimalchio their heir. The names of his bailiffs were also recited; how his cursitor had repudiated his freedwoman for having caught her in bed with the bath keeper, how his chamberlain had been banished to Baiæ; his steward indicted; and judgment given in the dispute between his grooms of the chamber. . . .

We all fell into a moralizing strain of talk on the precarious nature of human affairs. "You are right," said Trimalchio; "nor must an accident like this be allowed to pass without an impromptu." He called immediately for tablets, and without much racking his brains, read to us the following lines: —

> "Things fall out crosswise very oft,
> When least we think it; for aloft
> Sits Fortune, ruling our affairs;
> So let us drink and drown our cares."

This epigram gave rise to a conversation about poets, and for a long while the highest encomiums were bestowed on Morsinus the tragic writer, until Trimalchio, turning to Agamemnon, said, "Pray, master, what think you is the difference between Cicero and Publius? In my opinion the former was the more eloquent of the two, the latter the more genteel. What, for instance, can be better said than this? —

> "'Degenerate Rome grows weak through luxury;
> To please her appetite crammed peacocks die;
> For her their plumed Assyrian gold they spread;
> Capons and guinea fowls for her are fed;
> The stork itself, dear, kindly, long-legged thing,
> Shunner of winter, herald of the spring,
> Castanet-playing bird, poor foreign guest,
> Now in the cruel cauldron makes its nest.

Why have the Indian pearls such valued charms?
To deck the wife for some adulterer's arms?
Why prize you the carbuncle's mineral fire,
Or green pellucid emeralds so desire,
Unless to star your wanton females' pride?
Virtue's the only jewel for a bride.
Should wives to all the world their beauties bare,
Clad in gauze mists, in robes of textured air?'

"But what think you now," he continued, "is the most difficult calling, next to that of letters? I think it is the physician's, or the money-changer's: the physician's, because he knows what we poor bodies have got in our very insides, and when the fever fit will come upon us (though, by the way, I hate them like poison, for they are always physicking me); and the money-changer's, because he can spy out a piece of bronze through the silver that plates it.

"Of dumb brutes the ox and the sheep are the most laborious; to oxen we are indebted for the bread we eat, and to sheep for the wool that makes us so fine. Only think what a shame it is that any one should eat mutton and wear a tunic! As for bees, I take them to be divine creatures, for they spit up honey, though people do say they fetch it from Jove. That is why they sting, too, for there is no sweet without its sour." . . .

The troops presently entered, rattling their spears and shields. Trimalchio himself sat up on his couch, and whilst the Homerists were carrying on a dialogue in the usual pompous manner, he read aloud from a Latin book. Presently, during an interval of silence, he said, "Do you know what is the story they are acting?

"Diomede and Ganymede were two brothers, and Helen was their sister. Agamemnon carried her off, and palmed a hind on Diana in her stead. So Homer tells us how the Trojans and Tarentines fought together; but Agamemnon conquered, and married his daughter Iphigenia to Achilles, whereupon Ajax went mad, and will presently explain the argument to you."

When Trimalchio had done speaking, the great Homerists gave a great shout, and a boiled calf was brought in on a huge dish, with a helmet on its head, amid a great bustle of servants running to and fro. Ajax followed with his drawn sword, and

brandishing it like a madman, slashed right and left at the calf, picked up the pieces on the point of his blade, and presented them to the astonished guests.

We had not much time to admire a device so finely conceived and executed; for on a sudden the ceiling began to crack, and the whole room trembled. I jumped up in great alarm, fearing some tumbler might fall on my head; and the rest of the company looked up in no less astonishment to see what new wonder was sent down to us from the sky. And behold you, in a moment the beams of the ceiling opened, and from the dome above descended a great circle, hung all round with golden crowns, and alabaster pots filled with perfumes. Being invited to help ourselves to these presents, we cast our eyes down on the table, which was already covered with a fresh service of sweetmeats, among which stood an image of Priapus in pastry, supporting on his ample bosom apples of all sorts, and clusters of grapes in the usual way. . . .

We should never have seen the last of these insufferable stupidities, but for the arrival of the last course, consisting, in the first place, of thrushes in pastry stuffed with raisins and nuts. Then came quinces stuck over with prickles to resemble sea urchins. All this would have been tolerable but for another dish, so monstrously revolting that we would rather have perished of hunger than have touched it. At first we took it for a fat goose surrounded by fish and fowl of all sorts, until Trimalchio said, "Everything you see there is made out of one body."

I, being a man of great sagacity, immediately guessed what it might be, and whispered Agamemnon, "I shall be much surprised if all this is not made out of excrements, or at least of mud; I have seen such a fictitious banquet at Rome during the Saturnalia."

I had scarce done speaking when Trimalchio resumed: "So may I grow bigger in fortune, not in body, as my cook has made all this out of a hog. A more valuable fellow it would be impossible to find. Only say the word, he will make you a fish out of the belly, a wood pigeon out of the lard, a turtle-dove out of the gammon, and a hen out of the shoulder; and therefore he has received a very fine name, a conception of my own, for we call him Dædalus; and because he is a good fellow, I brought him from Rome a present of knives of Noric steel." And immediately he had the knives brought in, turned them

over and admired them, and was even so obliging as to allow us to try their edges on our cheeks.

Just then in rushed two servants who seemed as if they had quarreled at the fountain; at any rate they had pitchers still hanging from yokes on their shoulders. When Trimalchio gave his decision upon the point in dispute, neither would abide by his sentence, but each broke the other's pitcher with a stick. Amazed at the insolence of the drunken varlets, we stared with all our eyes at the combat, and saw oysters and scallops falling from the broken pitchers; and these were gathered up by a servant and carried round in a charger to the guests.

These elegant devices were matched by the ingenious cook, who brought in snails upon a silver gridiron, singing all the while in a cracked and horribly unpleasant voice. I am ashamed to relate what followed, it was such an unheard-of luxury. Long-haired boys brought in a rich perfume in a silver basin, with which they anointed our feet, having first bound them and our thighs and ankles with garlands of flowers. They also perfumed the wine vessels with the same ointment, and poured some of it melted into the lamps.

Fortunata had by this time taken it into her head to dance, and Scintilla was making more noise with her hands than with her tongue, when Trimalchio said, "I give you leave to come to the table, Philargyrus, and you, Carrio, though you are a champion of the green, and bid your bedfellow, Minophila, do the same."

In short, we were almost thrust off our couches, such was the throng of servants that suddenly invaded the room; and who should be placed above me but the ingenious cook who had made a goose out of a pig, all stinking of pickle and sauces? Nor was it enough for him to recline at table, but he must immediately begin to imitate Ephesus the tragedian; after which he offered his master a bet that at the next chariot races the green would win.

"My friends," cried Trimalchio, delighted at this challenge, "slaves, too, are men; they have sucked the same milk as we, though an ill fate has borne them down; however, without prejudice to myself, mine shall soon drink the water of the free. In a word, I enfranchise them all by my last will and testament.

"To Philargyrus I leave, moreover, a farm and his bed-

fellow ; to Carrio a block of houses, a twentieth, and a bed and bedding complete. As for my dear Fortunata, I make her my residuary legatee, and commend her to all my friends ; and all this I publicly declare, to the end that my family may love me as well now as they will when I am dead."

All the servants were loud in their expressions of gratitude to so good a master, when Trimalchio, no longer in the sportive mood, called for the copy of his will, and read it aloud from beginning to end, amid the sighs and sobs of the whole household. Then turning to Habinnas, "Tell me, my dear friend," he said, "are you building my monument as I directed? I earnestly entreat that at the feet of my statue you represent my little bitch, with garlands and boxes of perfumes, and all the fights of Petronas, that with your good help I may live after I am dead. Be sure, too, that it have a hundred feet frontage, and a depth of two hundred; for I desire that there be all sorts of fruit trees round my ashes, and vines in abundance ; since it is a great mistake to adorn houses for the living, and to bestow no care on those in which we must dwell so long. Therefore, above all things, I will have this inscription : —

THIS MONUMENT SHALL NOT DESCEND TO MY HEIR.

"Moreover, I will take care to provide by my will that my mortal remains receive no insult; for I will appoint one of my freedmen custodian of my tomb, that the rabble may not come and drop their wax about it. I beg too that you will carve the ships under full sail, and myself in my senatorial robes sitting on the tribunal, with five gold rings on my fingers, and throwing money out of a bag among the people; for you know I gave a public banquet and two gold denarii to every guest. Let there be shown, if it so please you, a banqueting hall; and let all the people be seen enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. On my right hand place my Fortunata's statue, holding a dove, and leading a little bitch in a string ; also my Cicaro ; also some large jars, close stopped, that the wine may not run out ; but you may sculpture one of them as broken, and a boy crying over it ; in the middle a horologe, that whoever wants to see what time of day it is, must, will he nill he, read my name. As for the epitaph, examine this carefully, and see if you think it will do : —

C. POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, ANOTHER MÆCENAS,
RESTS HERE.
THE RANK OF SEVIR WAS DECREED TO HIM IN HIS ABSENCE.
THOUGH HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN ALL THE DECURIÆ OF ROME,
YET HE WOULD NOT.
PIOUS, BRAVE, LOYAL,
HE RAISED HIMSELF FROM LITTLE,
LEFT BEHIND HIM THIRTY MILLIONS OF SESTERCES,
YET NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER.
MAYEST THOU PROSPER TOO.

When he had read this, Trimalchio began to shed a deluge of tears; Fortunata wept; Habinnas wept; in fine, all the servants, as if they had been invited to a funeral, filled the room with their lamentations. Nay, even I myself was beginning to cry, when Trimalchio exclaimed, "Since, then, we know we must die, why do we not make the most of life? If you'd be happy, let us fling ourselves into the bath. I will take upon myself to say none of you will repent it, for it is as hot as an oven."

"Surely, surely, said Habinnas, "of one day to make two, I desire nothing better!" and getting up barefoot he followed Trimalchio, who led the way in great glee.

"What say you?" said I, turning to Ascyltos; "as for me, if I see the bath, I shall faint at once."

"Let us assent," he replied, "and make our escape in the bustle when they are going to the bath."

I agreed. Giton lead the way through the portico and we reached the door, where a chained dog received us with such a terrible barking, that Ascyltos fell into the tank. I too, who was drunk, and who had been frightened by a painted dog, in trying to help him, fell in myself; we were rescued, however, by the porter, who quieted the dog, pulled us out, and laid us shivering on the dry ground. Giton had found out a very clever way to ransom himself from the dog, by throwing everything we had given him from the dinner to the barking brute, whose rage was stilled by this diversion. But when, shaking with cold, we asked the porter to let us out, "You are mistaken," he said, "if you suppose you can go out the same way you came in. No guest is ever let out the same gate; they come in at one and go out at another."

What could we do in this unfortunate dilemma, prisoners in this new kind of labyrinth, and now brought to such a pass as

even to wish for the bath? We therefore desired the porter to show us the way to it; and throwing off our clothes, which Giton spread to dry in the porch, we entered the bath, which was narrow and like a cooling cistern. Trimalchio stood upright in it, and not even there could he abstain from his filthy boasting; for nothing, he said, was more agreeable than to bathe without a crowd, and that the place had once been a bake-house. Lassitude compelled him at last to sit down, and tempered with the resonance of the bathroom, he opened his drunken mouth, turned it up to the ceiling, and began to murder the songs of Menecrates, as we were told by those who understood his jargon.

Some of the guests were running round the margin holding hands, giggling, and making a great uproar; others were trying to pick up a ring from the floor with their hands tied behind them, or kneeling down to bend back and kiss their toes. Whilst they were diverting themselves in this way, we descended into a hot bath prepared for Trimalchio, after which, having got rid of the fumes of our wine, we were conducted into another saloon, where Fortunata had set out a splendid repast in her own way. Over our heads hung lusters with little figures of fishermen in bronze; the tables were of massive silver, the cups of gilded pottery; and before us was a wine-bag, pouring out its contents in a stream.

"My friends," said Trimalchio, "this day a slave of mine has cut his first beard. He is a notable and thrifty lad, barring mischance. So let us moisten our clay, and make revel till daylight."

The words were hardly uttered when a cock crew, to the great discomfiture of Trimalchio, who immediately ordered wine to be thrown under the table, and the lamps to be sprinkled with it; besides which he shifted a ring to his right hand, and said, "It is not for nothing this trumpeter has sounded; for either there is sure to be a fire, or somebody will die in the neighborhood. Far from us be the omen! And so whoever brings me this prophet of evil shall have a present."

In a twinkling a cock was brought in, and Trimalchio ordering him to be fricasseed, he was torn up and put into a stewpan, by that most accomplished cook who a little before had manufactured fowls and fish; and whilst Dædalus was making the water boil, Fortunata pounded pepper in a box-wood mortar.

Having despatched this delicate dish, Trimalchio said to the servants, "What, have not you supped yet? Be off and let others take your places"; whereupon in came another set of servants, the outgoers crying, "Farewell, Gaius!" the incomers, "Hail, Gaius!" And here our mirth began to be disturbed; for a good-looking boy coming in with the last set of attendants, Trimalchio laid hold of him, and kissed him over and over again. Fortunata, that she might be even with her husband, and assert her lawful rights, began to load him with abuse, calling him a lump of dirt, an infamous man, that would not set bounds to his lechery; and she wound up by saying he was a dog.

Confounded and enraged at this attack, Trimalchio flung his cup at the head of Fortunata, who squalled as if her eye was knocked out, and clapped her trembling hands to her face. Scintilla too was all dismay, and sheltered her distressed friend in her bosom; and at the same time a servant officiously applied a pitcher full of cold water to her cheek, over which she leaned moaning and weeping.

"What!" cried Trimalchio, "could not this strumpet let me be? Though I took her from the kneading trough, and made her an honest woman; but now she swells like a frog, and beslavers her own bosom, the fagot! But so it is, one who is born in a garret does not dream of a palace. So help me my Genius! I will take the conceit out of this trolloping Cassandra. When I was not worth twopence, I might have married a fortune of ten millions of sesterces. You know it's no lie. It was no longer ago than yesterday that Agatho, the perfumer, took me aside, and says he to me, 'I advise you not to let your race die out'; but I, who wished to act like a good-natured man, and not to seem changeable, I have stuck a thorn in my own foot. Never mind: I'll warrant I'll make you wish you could dig me up with your nails; and that you may know this moment what you have done for yourself — Habinnas! I forbid you to put her statue on my tomb, that I may have none of her wrangling when I am dead; nay, that she may know I can plague her, I will not have her kiss my corpse."

After this thunderclap Habinnas began to entreat him to forget his anger. "There is none of us," said he, "but does amiss; we are not gods, but men." Scintilla spoke to the same purpose amidst her tears, and besought him by his Genius, and calling him Gaius, to be pacified.

Trimalchio could no longer refrain from tears. "I beseech you, Habinnas," said he, "as you hope to enjoy what you have got, if I have done any harm, spit in my face. I kissed the boy, it is true, not for his beauty, but because he is a hopeful, thrifty lad. He can say ten declamations by heart, reads his book at sight, has saved the price of his freedom out of his daily rations, and has got him out of his own money a little box stool and two drinking cups. Does he not deserve that I should prize him like the apple of my eye? But Fortunata will not have it so. That's your game, is it, bandy-legs? Take my advice, make much of what you have got, you she-kite! Don't provoke me, sweetheart; or maybe I'll let you see whose head is hardest. You know me; what I have once made up my mind to is as fixed as a ten-penny nail. — But let us think of the living.

"I entreat you, my friends, be merry. I myself was once as you are, but by my own merit I have come to be what you see me. It is the heart that makes the man, all the rest is but stuff. I buy well, I sell well; others will tell you a different story; but as for me, I am ready to burst with prosperity. What, crying still, you grunter? Wait a bit, and I will give you something to cry for in earnest." . . .

Then he opened a pot of spikenard, and rubbed us all with it, saying, "I hope it will delight me as much when I am dead as it does now that I am alive." Then ordering the wine vessels to be filled, "Imagine," said he, "that you are invited to my funeral feast."

The whole affair was becoming supremely disgusting, when Trimalchio, now beastly drunk, bethought him of a new interlude; for ordering in hornblowers, he stretched himself out as if he was lying in state, with many pillows under him, saying, "Now make believe I am dead, and say something handsome on the occasion."

The hornblowers sounded as at a funeral; in particular one servant of the undertaker, who seemed the most respectable man in the room, made such a noise that he roused the whole neighborhood. The watchmen of the district, thinking that Trimalchio's house was on fire, suddenly broke open the door, and rushed in with water and axes in their usual tumultuous manner; and we, availing ourselves of so favorable an opportunity, gave Agamemnon the slip, and fled as from a real conflagration.

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

By LUCAN.

(Translated by Nicholas Rowe.)

[Marcus Annæus Lucanus, the greatest Roman poet after the Augustan age, was nephew of Seneca, and born in Cordova, Spain, A.D. 39; son of a wealthy procurator (imperial revenue officer). Taken to Rome, he roused Nero's jealousy by his poetical superiority, or his fear by the republican sentiments of his verse, and was forbidden to recite in public; in revenge, or more probably from the same republicanism, he joined Piso's conspiracy, A.D. 65, and on its failure took his own life to avoid public execution. His chief work, and the only one which has survived, is the unfinished "Pharsalia," an epic of the downfall of the Roman republic; of great rhetorical energy, and in many places of high poetic quality. Some of the best judges, as Shelley and Southey, have ranked him above Virgil; Pope says he attains Virgil's level only in flashes; Quintilian says he "should be ranked rather among great orators than great poets." He was a great influence in molding the French drama.]

[Nicholas Rowe, poet and playwright, one of the Queen Anne group, friend of Addison and Steele, was born in 1673; wrote plays of which "The Fair Penitent" is a permanent classic from the character of Lothario, which has made that name the common term for a successful libertine, and was the model of Lovelace in "Clarissa Harlowe." His best work, however, is the translation here excerpted, which in force and fire is equal to the original. Rowe was also the first editor of Shakespeare, and poet laureate succeeding Nahum Tate. He died in 1718, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various masters bear:
Some seek the noblest Roman heart to wound
And some to err upon the guiltless ground;
While chance decrees the blood that shall be spilt,
And blindly scatters innocence and guilt.
But random shafts too scanty death afford,
A civil war is business for the sword:
Where face to face the parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime complete.
Firm in the front, with joining bucklers closed,
Stood the Pompeian infantry disposed;
So crowded was the space, it scarce affords
The power to toss their piles, or wield their swords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they stand,
With headlong wrath rush furious Cæsar's band;
In vain the lifted shield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted bosoms guards;
Through shields, through mail, the wounding weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each deadly blow;

Oh rage ill matched! Oh much unequal war;
Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear!
These, by cold, stupid piety disarmed;
Those by hot blood and smoking slaughter warmed.
Nor in suspense uncertain fortune hung,
But yields, o'ermastered by a power too strong.
And borne by fate's impetuous stream along.
From Pompey's ample wings, at length the horse
Wide o'er the plain extending take their course;
Wheeling around the hostile line they wind,
While lightly armed the shot succeed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the missile rage:
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heating bullets whistle through the sky:
Of feathered shafts, a cloud thick shading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows:
But driven by random aim they seldom wound;
At first they hide the heaven, then strew the ground;
While Roman hands unerring mischief send,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.
But Cæsar, timely careful to support
His wavering front against the first effort,
Had placed his bodies of reserve behind,
And the strong rear with chosen cohorts lined.
There, as the careless foe the fight pursue,
A sudden band and stable forth he drew;
When soon, oh shame! the loose barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken squadrons o'er the field,
And show, too late, that slaves attempt in vain,
The sacred cause of freedom to maintain.
The fiery steeds impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground;
Or on their friends with rage ungoverned turn,
And trampling o'er the helpless foot are borne.
Hence foul confusion and dismay succeed,
The victors murder, and the vanquished bleed:
Their weary hands the tired destroyers ply,
Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die.
Oh, that Emathia's ruthless guilty plain
Had been contented with this only stain;
With these rude bones had strewn her verdure o'er,
And dyed her springs with none but Asian gore!
But if so keen her thirst for Roman blood,
Let none but Romans make the slaughter good;

Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, or rebellious Gaul:
Let these alone survive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.
But fear on all alike her powers employed,
Did Cæsar's business, and like fate destroyed.
Prevailing still the victors held their course,
Till Pompey's main reserve opposed their force;
There, in his strength, the chief unshaken stood,
Repelled the foe, and made the combat good;
There in suspense th' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæsar's favoring goddess doubted long;
There no proud monarchs led their vassals on,
Nor eastern bands in gorgeous purple shone;
There the last force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots struggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty scene affords!
Sires, sons, and brothers, rush on mutual swords!
There every sacred bond of nature bleeds;
There met the war's worst rage, and Cæsar's blackest deeds.
But, oh! my muse, the mournful theme forbear
And stay thy lamentable numbers here;
Let not my verse to future times convey
What Rome committed on this dreadful day;
In shades and silence hide her crimes from fame,
And spare thy miserable country's shame.
But Cæsar's rage shall with oblivion strive,
And for eternal infamy survive.
From rank to rank, unwearied, still he flies,
And with new fires their fainting wrath supplies.
His greedy eyes each sign of guilt explore,
And mark whose sword is deepest dyed in gore;
Observe where pity and remorse prevail,
What arm strikes faintly, and what cheek turns pale.
Or while he rides the slaughtered heaps around,
And views some foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the gushing blood restrain,
And strive to keep the parting soul in pain.
As when Bellona drives the world to war,
Or Mars comes thundering in his Thracian car;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon shield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart;
The many shout, arms clash, the wounded cry,
And one promiscuous peal groans upward to the sky.

Nor furious Cæsar, on Emathia's plains
Less terribly the mortal strife sustains:
Each hand unarmed he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
Now with his voice, his gesture now, he strives,
Now with his lance the lagging soldier drives:
The weak he strengthens, and confirms the strong,
And hurries war's impetuous stream along,
"Strike home," he cries, "and let your swords erase
Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
Nor waste your fury on the vulgar band;
See! where the hoary, doting senate stand;
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty shall bleed at every wound."
The cursed destroyer spoke: and, at the word,
The purple nobles sunk beneath the sword:
The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
Illustrious names, for love of laws renowned,
The great Metelli and Torquati bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the state had so decreed,
And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead.
Say thou! thy sinking country's only prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's last hope;
What helm, oh Brutus! could amidst the crowd,
The sacred undistinguished visage shroud?
Where fought thy arm that day! But ah! forbear!
Nor rush unwary on the pointed spear;
Seek not to hasten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia wait:
Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this bloody plain,
To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the measure of his crimes complete;
As yet he has not every law defied,
Nor reached the utmost heights of daring pride.
Ere long thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripened by ambition for thy sword;
Then, thy grieved country vengeance shall demand,
And ask the victim at thy righteous hand.
But, oh! what grief the ruin can deplore;
What verse can run the various slaughter o'er!
For lesser woes our sorrows may we keep,
No tears suffice, a dying world to weep.
In differing groups ten thousand deaths arise,
And horrors manifold the soul surprise.

Here the whole man is opened at a wound,
And gushing bowels pour upon the ground:
Another through the gaping jaws is gored,
And in his utmost throat receives the sword:
At once, a single blow a third extends;
The fourth a living trunk dismembered stands.
Some in their breasts erect the javelin bear.
Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.
Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood.
Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.
There horrid brethen on their brethren prey;
One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.
While some detested son, with impious ire,
Lops by the shoulders close his hoary sire:
Ev'n his rude fellows damn the cursed deed,
And bastard-born the murderer aread.
No private house its loss lamented then,
But count the slain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian streams and Asiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
More than the world at once was given away,
And late posterity was lost that day:
A race of future slaves received their doom,
And children yet unborn were overcome.
How shall our miserable sons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign?
Did our base hands, with justice shall they say,
The sacred cause of liberty betray?
Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves;
Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves.
'Tis just; and fortune, that imposed a lord,
One struggle for their freedom might afford;
Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight,
And let them keep, or lose themselves their right.
But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome descried,
And saw the changing gods forsake her side.
Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
He viewed the universal ruin round,
In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
And in the fall of thousands felt his own.
Nor wished he, like most wretches in despair,
The world one common misery might share:
But with a generous, great, exalted mind,
Besought the gods to pity poor mankind,

To let him die, and leave the rest behind.
This hope came smiling to his anxious breast,
For this his earnest vows were thus address'd:
"Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
Or if this head suffices not alone,
My wife, my sons, your anger shall atone;
If blood the yet unsated war demand,
Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
At length behold me crushed beneath the weight:
Give then your long pursuing vengeance o'er,
And spare the world since I can lose no more."
So saying, the tumultuous field he crossed,
And warned from battle his despairing host.
Gladly the pains of death he had explored,
And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword:
Had he not feared th' example might succeed,
And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
Or did his swelling soul disdain to die,
While his insulting father stood so nigh?
Fly where he will, the gods shall still pursue,
Nor his pale head shall 'scape the victor's view.
Or else, perhaps, and fate the thought approved,
For her dear sake he fled, whom best he loved:
Malicious fortune to his wish agreed,
And gave him in Cornelia's sight to bleed.
Borne by his winged steed at length away,
He quits the purple plain and yields the day.
Fearless of danger, still secure and great,
His daring soul supports his lost estate;
Nor groans his breast nor swell his eyes with tears,
But still the same majestic form he wears.
An awful grief sat decent in his face,
Such as became his loss and Rome's disgrace:
His mind, unbroken, keeps her constant frame,
In greatness and misfortune still the same;
While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging sees him leave Pharsalia's field.
Now disentangled from unwieldy power,
O Pompey! run thy former honors o'er:
At leisure now review the glorious scene,
And call to mind how mighty thou hast been.
From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
And from thy thoughts exclude the murd'rous war:

Let the first gods bear witness on thy side,
Thy cause no more shall by the sword be tried.
Whether sad Afric shall her loss bemoan,
Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
The guilty bloodshed shall be all their own.
No more the much-loved Pompey's name shall charm
The peaceful world, with one consent, to arm;
Nor for thy sake, nor awed by thy command,
But for themselves, the fighting senate stand:
The war but one distinction shall afford,
And liberty or Cæsar be the word.
Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquished lot deplore,
But fly with pleasure from those seas of gore:
Look back upon the horror, guiltless thou,
And pity Cæsar, for whose sake they flow.
With what a heart, what triumph shall he come,
A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
Though misery thy banishment attends,
Though thou shalt die, by thy false Pharian friends:
Yet trust securely to the choice of heaven,
And know thy loss was for a blessing given;
Though slight may seem the warrior's shame and curse;
To conquer, in a cause like this, is worse.
And, oh! let every mark of grief be spared.
May no tear fall, no groan, no sigh be heard;
Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
And reverence thy fall ev'n as thy height of power,
Meanwhile survey th' attending world around.
Cities by thee possessed, and monarchs crowned:
On Afric, or on Asia, cast thy eye,
And mark the land where thou shalt choose to die.
Still greedy to possess the curs'd delight,
To glut his soul, and gratify his sight,
The last funereal honors he denies,
And poisons with the stench Emathia's skies. . . .
But, oh! relent, forget thy hatred past,
And give the wandering shades to rest at last.
Nor seek we single honors for the dead,
At once let nations on the pile be laid:
To feed the flame, let heapy forests rise,
Far be it seen to fret the ruddy skies,
And grieve despairing Pompey where he flies.
Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain
Strews with unburied carcasses the plain.
What is it to thy malice, if they burn,
Rot in the field, or molder in the urn?

The forms of matter all dissolving die,
And lost in nature's blending bosom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
These and the world one common lot shall have;
One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,
Shall waste yon azure heavens, this earth and sea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguished pass.
And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet know,
High as thine own can soar these souls shall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.
Death is beyond thy goddess fortune's power,
And parent earth receives whate'er she bore;
Nor will we mourn those Romans' fate, who lie
Beneath the glorious covering of the sky;
That starry arch forever round them turns,
A nobler shelter far than tombs or urns.
  But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence?
Does slaughter strike too strongly on thy sense?
Yet stay, yet breathe the thick, infectious steam,
Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted stream,
But see, they fly! the daring warriors yield!
And the dead heaps drive Cæsar from the field! . . .
  Oh fatal Thessaly! Oh land abhorred!
How have thy fields the hate of heaven incurred;
That thus the gods to the destruction doom,
And load thee with the curse of falling Rome!
Still to new crimes, new horrors dost thou haste,
When yet thy former mischiefs scarce were past.
What rolling years, what ages, can repay
The multitudes thy wars have swept away!
Though tombs and urns their numerous store should spread.
And long antiquity yield all her dead;
Thy guilty plains more slaughtered Romans hold,
Than all those tombs and all those urns enfold.
Hence bloody spots shall stain thy grassy green,
And crimson drops on bladed corn be seen:
Each plowshare some dead patriot shall molest,
Disturb his bones, and rob his ghost of rest.
Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own,
Were civil rage confined to thee alone:
No mariner his laboring bark should moor,
In hopes of safety, on thy dreadful shore;
No swain thy specter-haunted plain should know,
Nor turn thy blood-stained fallow with his plow:

No shepherd e'er should drive his flock to feed
Where Romans slain enrich the verdant mead:
All desolate should lie the land and waste,
As in some scorched or frozen region placed.
But the great gods forbid our partial hate
On Thessaly's distinguished land to wait;
New blood, and other slaughters, they decree,
And others shall be guilty too, like thee.
Munda and Mutina shall boast their slain,
Pachynus' waters share the purple stain,
And Actium justify Pharsalia's plain.

ON ANGER.

By SENECA.

[Lucius Annæus Seneca was born at Corduba, Spain, about B.C. 4 and became an eminent lawyer in Rome. In A.D. 41 he was banished to Corsica by Claudius at the instigation of Empress Messalina. Recalled after an exile of eight years, he was appointed by Agrippina joint tutor with Burrhus of the youthful Nero. The two secured good government in the early years of Nero's reign, but gradually lost their influence; and Seneca, charged with conspiracy, committed suicide by the emperor's order, A.D. 65. He was a leading exponent of the Stoic philosophy. His writings comprise: discourses on philosophy and morals, the most important being "On Anger"; "On Mercy," addressed to Nero; "On Giving and Receiving Favors"; over one hundred letters to Lucilius; "Investigations in Natural Science"; and eight tragedies, being the only complete specimens of Roman tragedies extant.]

We will now, my Novatus, attempt to do that which you so especially long to do, that is, to drive out anger from our minds, or at all events to curb it and restrain its impulses. This may sometimes be done openly and without concealment, when we are only suffering from a slight attack of this mischief, and at other times it must be done secretly, when our anger is excessively hot, and when every obstacle thrown in its way increases it and makes it blaze higher. It is important to know how great and how fresh its strength may be, and whether it can be driven forcibly back and suppressed, or whether we must give way to it until its first storm blow over, lest it sweep away with it our remedies themselves. We must deal with each case according to each man's character: some yield to entreaties, others are rendered arrogant and masterful by submission: we may frighten some men out of their anger, while some may be turned from their purpose by reproaches,

some by acknowledging oneself to be in the wrong, some by shame, and some by delay, a tardy remedy for a hasty disorder, which we ought only to use when all others have failed: for other passions admit of having their case put off, and may be healed at a later time; but the eager and self-destructive violence of anger does not grow up by slow degrees, but reaches its full height as soon as it begins. Nor does it, like other vices, merely disturb men's minds, but it takes them away, and torments them till they are incapable of restraining themselves and eager for the common ruin of all men; nor does it rage merely against its object, but against every obstacle which it encounters on its way. The other vices move our minds; anger hurls them headlong. If we are not able to withstand our passions, yet at any rate our passions ought to stand firm: but anger grows more and more powerful, like lightning flashes or hurricanes, or any other things which cannot stop themselves because they do not proceed along, but fall from above. Other vices affect our judgment, anger affects our sanity: others come in mild attacks and grow unnoticed, but men's minds plunge abruptly into anger. There is no passion that is more frantic, more destructive to its own self; it is arrogant if successful, and frantic if it fails. Even when defeated it does not grow weary, but if chance places its foe beyond its reach, it turns its teeth against itself. Its intensity is in no way regulated by its origin: for it rises to the greatest heights from the most trivial beginnings.

It passes over no time of life; no race of men is exempt from it: some nations have been saved from the knowledge of luxury by the blessing of poverty; some through their active and wandering habits have escaped from sloth; those whose manners are unpolished and whose life is rustic know not chicanery and fraud and all the evils to which the courts of law give birth: but there is no race which is not excited by anger, which is equally powerful with Greeks and barbarians, and is just as ruinous among law-abiding folk as among those whose only law is that of the stronger. Finally, the other passions seize upon individuals; anger is the only one which sometimes possesses a whole state. No entire people ever fell madly in love with a woman, nor did any nation ever set its affections altogether upon gain and profit. Ambition attacks single individuals; ungovernable rage is the only passion that affects nations. People often fly into a passion by troops;

men and women, old men and boys, princes and populace all act alike, and the whole multitude, after being excited by a very few words, outdoes even its exciter: men betake themselves straightway to fire and sword, and proclaim a war against their neighbors or wage one against their countrymen. Whole houses are burned with the entire families which they contain, and he who but lately was honored for his popular eloquence now finds that his speech moves people to rage. Legions aim their darts at their commander; the whole populace quarrels with the nobles; the senate, without waiting for troops to be levied or appointing a general, hastily chooses leaders, for its anger chases wellborn men through the houses of Rome, and puts them to death with its own hand. Ambassadors are outraged, the law of nations violated, and an unnatural madness seizes the state. Without allowing time for the general excitement to subside, fleets are straightway launched and laden with a hastily enrolled soldiery. Without organization, without taking any auspices, the populace rushes into the field guided only by its own anger, snatches up whatever comes first to hand by way of arms, and then atones by a great defeat for the reckless audacity of its anger. This is usually the fate of savage nations when they plunge into war: as soon as their easily excited minds are roused by the appearance of wrong having been done them, they straightway hasten forth, and, guided only by their wounded feelings, fall like an avalanche upon our legions, without either discipline, fear, or precaution, and willfully seeking for danger. They delight in being struck, in pressing forward to meet the blow, writhing their bodies along the weapon, and perishing by a wound which they themselves make.

"No doubt," you say, "anger is very powerful and ruinous: point out, therefore, how it may be cured." Yet, as I stated in my former books, Aristotle stands forth in defense of anger, and forbids it to be uprooted, saying that it is the spur of virtue, and that when it is taken away, our minds become weaponless, and slow to attempt great exploits. It is therefore essential to prove its unseemliness and ferocity, and to place distinctly before our eyes how monstrous a thing it is that one man should rage against another, with what frantic violence he rushes to destroy alike himself and his foe, and overthrows those very things whose fall he himself must share. What, then? can any one call this man sane, who, as though

caught up by a hurricane, does not go but is driven, and is the slave of a senseless disorder? He does not commit to another the duty of revenging him, but himself exacts it, raging alike in thought and deed, butchering those who are dearest to him, and for whose loss he himself will erelong weep. Will any one give this passion as an assistant and companion to virtue, although it disturbs calm reason, without which virtue can do nothing? The strength which a sick man owes to a paroxysm of disease is neither lasting nor wholesome, and is strong only to its own destruction. You need not, therefore, imagine that I am wasting time over a useless task in defaming anger, as though men had not made up their minds about it, when there is some one, and he, too, an illustrious philosopher, who assigns it services to perform, and speaks of it as useful and supplying energy for battles, for the management of business, and indeed for everything which requires to be conducted with spirit. Lest it should delude any one into thinking that on certain occasions and in certain positions it may be useful, we must show its unbridled and frenzied madness, we must restore to it its attributes, the rack, the cord, the dungeon, and the cross, the fires lighted round men's buried bodies, the hook that drags both living men and corpses, the different kinds of fetters, and of punishments, the mutilations of limbs, the branding of the forehead, the dens of savage beasts. Anger should be represented as standing among these her instruments, growling in an ominous and terrible fashion, herself more shocking than any of the means by which she gives vent to her fury.

There may be some doubt about the others, but at any rate no passion has a worse look. We have described the angry man's appearance in our former books, how sharp and keen he looks, at one time pale as his blood is driven inwards and backwards, at another with all the heat and fire of his body directed to his face, making it reddish-colored as if stained with blood, his eyes now restless and starting out of his head, now set motionless in one fixed gaze. Add to this his teeth, which gnash against one another, as though he wished to eat somebody, with exactly the sound of a wild boar sharpening his tusks: add also the cracking of his joints, the involuntary wringing of his hands, the frequent slaps he deals himself on the chest, his hurried breathing and deep-drawn sighs, his reeling body, his abrupt broken speech, and his trembling lips,

which sometimes he draws tight as he hisses some curse through them. By Hercules, no wild beast, neither when tortured by hunger, or with a weapon struck through its vitals, not even when it gathers its last breath to bite its slayer, looks so shocking as a man raging with anger. Listen, if you have leisure, to his words and threats: how dreadful is the language of his agonized mind! Would not every man wish to lay aside anger when he sees that it begins by injuring himself? When men employ anger as the most powerful of agents, consider it to be a proof of power, and reckon a speedy revenge among the greatest blessings of great prosperity, would you not wish me to warn them that he who is the slave of his own anger is not powerful, nor even free? Would you not wish me to warn all the more industrious and circumspect of men, that while other evil passions assail the base, anger gradually obtains dominion over the minds even of learned and in other respects sensible men? So true is that, that some declare anger to be a proof of straightforwardness, and it is commonly believed that the best-natured people are prone to it.

You ask me, whither does all this tend? To prove, I answer, that no one should imagine himself to be safe from anger, seeing that it rouses up even those who are naturally gentle and quiet to commit savage and violent acts. As strength of body and assiduous care of the health avail nothing against a pestilence, which attacks the strong and weak alike, so also steady and good-humored people are just as liable to attacks of anger as those of unsettled character, and in the case of the former it is both more to be ashamed of and more to be feared, because it makes a greater alteration in their habits. Now as the first thing is not to be angry, the second to lay aside our anger, and the third to be able to heal the anger of others as well as our own, I will set forth first how we may avoid falling into anger; next, how we may set ourselves free from it, and, lastly, how we may restrain an angry man, appease his wrath, and bring him back to his right mind.

We shall succeed in avoiding anger, if from time to time we lay before our minds all the vices connected with anger, and estimate it at its real value: it must be prosecuted before us and convicted: its evils must be thoroughly investigated and exposed. That we may see what it is, let it be compared with the worse vices. Avarice scrapes together and amasses riches for some better man to use: anger spends money; few can

indulge in it for nothing. How many slaves an angry master drives to run away or to commit suicide! how much more he loses by his anger than the value of what he originally became angry about! Anger brings grief to a father, divorce to a husband, hatred to a magistrate, failure to a candidate for office. It is worse than luxury, because luxury enjoys its own pleasure, while anger enjoys another's pain. It is worse than either spitefulness or envy; for they wish that some one may become unhappy, while anger wishes to make him so: they are pleased when evil befalls one by accident, but anger cannot wait upon Fortune; it desires to injure its victim personally, and is not satisfied merely with his being injured. Nothing is more dangerous than jealousy: it is produced by anger. Nothing is more ruinous than war: it is the outcome of powerful men's anger; and even the anger of humble private persons, though without arms or armies, is nevertheless war. Moreover, even if we pass over its immediate consequences, such as heavy losses, treacherous plots, and the constant anxiety produced by strife, anger pays a penalty at the same moment that it exacts one: it forswears human feelings. The latter urge us to love, anger urges us to hatred: the latter bid us do men good, anger bids us do them harm. Add to this that, although its rage arises from an excessive self-respect and appears to show high spirit, it really is contemptible and mean: for a man must be inferior to one by whom he thinks himself despised, whereas the truly great mind, which takes a true estimate of its own value, does not revenge an insult because it does not feel it. As weapons rebound from a hard surface, and solid substances hurt those who strike them, so also no insult can make a really great mind sensible of its presence, being weaker than that against which it is aimed. How far more glorious is it to throw back all wrongs and insults from oneself, like one wearing armor of proof against all weapons, for revenge is an admission that we have been hurt. That cannot be a great mind which is disturbed by injury. He who has hurt you must be either stronger or weaker than yourself. If he be weaker, spare him: if he be stronger, spare yourself.

There is no greater proof of magnanimity than that nothing which befalls you should be able to move you to anger. The higher region of the universe, being more excellently ordered and near to the stars, is never gathered into clouds, driven about by storms, or whirled round by cyclones: it is free from

all disturbance: the lightnings flash in the region below it. In like manner a lofty mind, always placid and dwelling in a serene atmosphere, restraining within itself all the impulses from which anger springs, is modest, commands respect, and remains calm and collected: none of which qualities will you find in an angry man: for who, when under the influence of grief and rage, does not first get rid of bashfulness? who, when excited and confused and about to attack some one, does not fling away any habits of shamefacedness he may have possessed? what angry man attends to the number or routine of his duties? who uses moderate language? who keeps any part of his body quiet? who can guide himself when in full career? We shall find much profit in that sound maxim of Democritus which defines peace of mind to consist in not laboring much, or too much for our strength, either in public or private matters. A man's day, if he is engaged in many various occupations, never passes so happily that no man or no thing should give rise to some offense which makes the mind ripe for anger. Just as when one hurries through the crowded parts of the city one cannot help jostling many people, and one cannot help slipping at one place, being hindered at another, and splashed at another, so when one's life is spent in disconnected pursuits and wanderings, one must meet with many troubles and many accusations. One man deceives our hopes, another delays their fulfillment, another destroys them: our projects do not proceed according to our intention. No one is so favored by Fortune as to find her always on his side if he tempts her often: and from this it follows that he who sees several enterprises turn out contrary to his wishes becomes dissatisfied with both men and things, and on the slightest provocation flies into a rage with people, with undertakings, with places, with fortune, or with himself. In order, therefore, that the mind may be at peace, it ought not to be hurried hither and thither, nor, as I said before, wearied by labor at great matters, or matters whose attainment is beyond its strength. It is easy to fit one's shoulder to a light burden, and to shift it from one side to the other without dropping it: but we have difficulty in bearing the burdens which others' hands lay upon us, and when overweighted by them we fling them off upon our neighbors. Even when we do stand upright under our load, we nevertheless reel beneath a weight which is beyond our strength.

Be assured that the same rule applies both to public and

private life: simple and manageable undertakings proceed according to the pleasure of the person in charge of them, but enormous ones, beyond his capacity to manage, are not easily undertaken. When he has got them to administer, they hinder him, and press hard upon him, and just as he thinks that success is within his grasp, they collapse, and carry him with them: thus it comes about that a man's wishes are often disappointed if he does not apply himself to easy tasks, yet wishes that the tasks which he undertakes may be easy. Whenever you would attempt anything, first form an estimate both of your own powers, of the extent of the matter which you are undertaking, and of the means by which you are to accomplish it: for if you have to abandon your work when it is half done, the disappointment will sour your temper. In such cases, it makes a difference whether one is of an ardent or of a cold and unenterprising temperament: for failure will rouse a generous spirit to anger, and will move a sluggish and dull one to sorrow. Let our undertakings, therefore, be neither petty nor yet presumptuous and reckless: let our hopes not range far from home: let us attempt nothing which if we succeed will make us astonished at our success.

Since we know not how to endure an injury, let us take care not to receive one: we should live with the quietest and easiest-tempered persons, not with anxious or with sullen ones: for our own habits are copied from those with whom we associate, and just as some bodily diseases are communicated by touch, so also the mind transfers its vices to its neighbors. A drunkard leads even those who reproach him to grow fond of wine; profligate society will, if permitted, impair the morals even of robust-minded men; avarice infects those nearest it with its poison. Virtues do the same thing in the opposite direction, and improve all those with whom they are brought in contact: it is as good for one of unsettled principles to associate with better men than himself as for an invalid to live in a warm country with a healthy climate. You will understand how much may be effected this way, if you observe how even wild beasts grow tame by dwelling among us, and how no animal, however ferocious, continues to be wild, if it has long been accustomed to human companionship: all its savageness becomes softened, and amid peaceful scenes is gradually forgotten. We must add to this, that the man who lives with quiet people is not only improved by their example, but also by the fact that he

finds no reason for anger and does not practice his vice: it will, therefore, be his duty to avoid all those who he knows will excite his anger. You ask, who these are: many will bring about the same thing by various means; a proud man will offend you by his disdain, a talkative man by his abuse, an impudent man by his insults, a spiteful man by his malice, a quarrelsome man by his wrangling, a braggart and liar by his vaingloriousness; you will not endure to be feared by a suspicious man, conquered by an obstinate one, or scorned by an ultra-refined one. Choose straightforward, good-natured, steady people, who will not provoke your wrath, and will bear with it. Those whose dispositions are yielding, polite, and suave will be of even greater service, provided they do not flatter, for excessive obsequiousness irritates bad-tempered men. One of my own friends was a good man indeed, but too prone to anger, and it was as dangerous to flatter him as to curse him. Cælius the orator, it is well known, was the worst-tempered man possible. It is said that once he was dining in his own chamber with an especially long-suffering client, but had great difficulty when thrown thus into a man's society to avoid quarreling with him. The other thought it best to agree to whatever he said, and to play second fiddle, but Cælius could not bear his obsequious agreement, and exclaimed, "Do contradict me in something, that there may be two of us!" Yet even he, who was angry at not being angry, soon recovered his temper, because he had no one to fight with. If, then, we are conscious of an irascible disposition, let us especially choose for our friends those who will look and speak as we do: they will pamper us and lead us into a bad habit of listening to nothing that does not please us, but it will be good to give our anger respite and repose. Even those who are naturally crabbed and wild will yield to caresses: no creature continues either angry or frightened if you pat him. Whenever a controversy seems likely to be longer or more keenly disputed than usual, let us check its first beginnings, before it gathers strength. A dispute nourishes itself as it proceeds, and takes hold of those who plunge too deeply into it; it is easier to stand aloof than to extricate oneself from a struggle.

Irascible men ought not to meddle with the more serious class of occupations, or, at any rate, ought to stop short of weariness in the pursuit of them; their mind ought not to be engaged upon hard subjects, but handed over to pleasing arts:

let it be softened by reading poetry, and interested by legendary history: let it be treated with luxury and refinement. Pythagoras used to calm his troubled spirit by playing upon the lyre; and who does not know that trumpets and clarions are irritants, just as some airs are lullabies and soothe the mind? Green is good for wearied eyes, and some colors are grateful to weak sight, while the brightness of others is painful to it. In the same way cheerful pursuits soothe unhealthy minds. We must avoid law courts, pleadings, verdicts, and everything else that aggravates our fault, and we ought no less to avoid bodily weariness; for it exhausts all that is quiet and gentle in us, and rouses bitterness. For this reason those who cannot trust their digestion, when they are about to transact business of importance always allay their bile with food, for it is peculiarly irritated by fatigue, either because it draws the vital heat into the middle of the body, and injures the blood and stops its circulation by the clogging of the veins, or else because the worn-out and weakened body reacts upon the mind: this is certainly the reason why those who are broken by ill health or age are more irascible than other men. Hunger also and thirst should be avoided for the same reason; they exasperate and irritate men's minds: it is an old saying that "a weary man is quarrelsome": and so also is a hungry or a thirsty man, or one who is suffering from any cause whatever: for just as sores pain one at the slightest touch, and afterwards even at the fear of being touched, so an unsound mind takes offense at the slightest things, so that even a greeting, a letter, a speech, or a question provokes some men to anger.

That which is diseased can never bear to be handled without complaining: it is best, therefore, to apply remedies to oneself as soon as we feel that anything is wrong, to allow oneself as little license as possible in speech, and to restrain one's impetuosity: now it is easy to detect the first growth of our passions: the symptoms precede the disorder. Just as the signs of storms and rain come before the storms themselves, so there are certain forerunners of anger, love, and all the storms which torment our minds. Those who suffer from epilepsy know that the fit is coming on if their extremities become cold, their sight fails, their sinews tremble, their memory deserts them, and their head swims: they accordingly check the growing disorder by applying the usual remedies: they try to pre-

vent the loss of their senses by smelling or tasting some drug ; they battle against cold and stiffness of limbs by hot fomentations ; or, if all remedies fail, they retire apart, and faint where no one sees them fall. It is useful for a man to understand his disease, and to break its strength before it becomes developed. Let us see what it is that especially irritates us. Some men take offense at insulting words, others at deeds: one wishes his pedigree, another his person, to be treated with respect. This man wishes to be considered especially fashionable, that man to be thought especially learned : one cannot bear pride, another cannot bear obstinacy. One thinks it beneath him to be angry with his slaves, another is cruel at home, but gentle abroad. One imagines that he is proposed for office because he is unpopular, another thinks himself insulted because he is not proposed. People do not all take offense in the same way ; you ought then to know what your own weak point is, that you may guard it with especial care.

It is better not to see or to hear everything : many causes of offense may pass by us, most of which are disregarded by the man who ignores them. Would you not be irascible ? then be not inquisitive. He who seeks to know what is said about him, who digs up spiteful tales even if they were told in secret, is himself the destroyer of his own peace of mind. Some stories may be so construed as to appear to be insults : wherefore it is best to put some aside, to laugh at others, and to pardon others. There are many ways in which anger may be checked ; most things may be turned into jest. It is said that Socrates, when he was given a box on the ear, merely said that it was a pity a man could not tell when he ought to wear his helmet out walking. It does not so much matter how an injury is done, as how it is borne ; and I do not see how moderation can be hard to practice, when I know that even despots, though success and impunity combine to swell their pride, have sometimes restrained their natural ferocity. At any rate, tradition informs us that once, when a guest in his cups bitterly reproached Pisistratus, the despot of Athens, for his cruelty, many of those present offered to lay hands on the traitor, and one said one thing and one another to kindle his wrath, he bore it coolly, and replied to those who were egging him on, that he was no more angry with the man than he should be with one who ran against him blindfold.

A large part of mankind manufacture their own grievances

either by entertaining unfounded suspicions or by exaggerating trifles. Anger often comes to us, but we often go to it. It ought never to be sent for: even when it falls in our way it ought to be flung aside. No one says to himself, "I myself have done or might have done this very thing which I am angry with another for doing." No one considers the intention of the doer, but merely the thing done: yet we ought to think about him, and whether he did it intentionally or accidentally, under compulsion or under a mistake, whether he did it out of hatred for us, or to gain something for himself, whether he did it to please himself or to serve a friend. In some cases the age, in others the worldly fortunes of the culprit may render it humane or advantageous to bear with him and put up with what he has done. Let us put ourselves in the place of him with whom we are angry: at present an overweening conceit of our own importance makes us prone to anger, and we are quite willing to do to others what we cannot endure should be done to ourselves. No one will postpone his anger: yet delay is the best remedy for it, because it allows its first glow to subside, and gives time for the cloud which darkens the mind either to disperse or at any rate to become less dense. Of these wrongs which drive you frantic, some will grow lighter after an interval, not of a day, but even of an hour: some will vanish altogether. Even if you gain nothing by your adjournment, still what you do after it will appear to be the result of mature deliberation, not of anger. If you want to find out the truth about anything, commit the task to time: nothing can be accurately discerned at a time of disturbance. Plato, when angry with his slave, could not prevail upon himself to wait, but straightway ordered him to take off his shirt and present his shoulders to the blows which he meant to give him with his own hand: then, when he perceived that he was angry, he stopped the hand which he had raised in the air, and stood like one in act to strike. Being asked by a friend who happened to come in, what he was doing, he answered: "I am making an angry man expiate his crime." He retained the posture of one about to give way to passion, as if struck with astonishment at its being so degrading to a philosopher, forgetting the slave, because he had found another still more deserving of punishment. He therefore denied himself the exercise of authority over his own household, and once, being rather angry at some fault, said, "Speusippus, will you please to correct that slave

with stripes; for I am in a rage." He would not strike him, for the very reason for which another man would have struck him. "I am in a rage," said he; "I should beat him more than I ought: I should take more pleasure than I ought in do ing so: let not that slave fall into the power of one who is not in his own power." Can any one wish to grant the power of revenge to an angry man, when Plato himself gave up his own right to exercise it? While you are angry, you ought not to be allowed to do anything. "Why?" do you ask? Because when you are angry there is nothing that you do not wish to be allowed to do.

Fight hard with yourself, and if you cannot conquer anger, do not let it conquer you: you have begun to get the better of it if it does not show itself, if it is not given vent. Let us conceal its symptoms, and as far as possible keep it secret and hidden. It will give us great trouble to do this, for it is eager to burst forth, to kindle our eyes, and to transform our face; but if we allow it to show itself in our outward appearance, it is our master. Let it rather be locked in the innermost recesses of our breast, and be borne by us, not bear us: nay, let us replace all its symptoms by their opposites; let us make our countenance more composed than usual, our voice milder, our step slower. Our inward thoughts gradually become influenced by our outward demeanor. With Socrates it was a sign of anger when he lowered his voice, and became sparing of speech; it was evident at such times that he was exercising restraint over himself. His friends, consequently, used to detect him acting thus, and convict him of being angry: nor was he displeased at being charged with concealment of anger. How much more needful is it for us to do this? let us beg all our best friends to give us their opinion with the greatest freedom at the very time when we can bear it least, and never to be compliant with us when we are angry. While we are in our right senses, while we are under our own control, let us call for help against so powerful an evil, and one which we regard with such unjust favor. Those who cannot carry their wine discreetly, and fear to be betrayed into some rash and insolent act, give their slaves orders to take them away from the banquet when they are drunk; those who know by experience how unreasonable they are when sick, give orders that no one is to obey them when they are in ill health. It is best to prepare obstacles beforehand for vices which are known.

DEATHS AND CHARACTERS OF GALBA, OTHO, AND VITELLIUS.

By TACITUS.

[For biographical sketch, see page 33.]

Otho's Conspiracy and Galba's Death.

Otho felt every motive that could inflame ambition. In quiet times he had nothing before him but despair; trouble and confusion were his only source of hope. His luxury was too great for the revenue of a prince, and his poverty scarcely endurable in a private citizen. He hated Galba and envied Piso. To these he added pretended fears, to give a color to his inordinate ambition.

The mind of Otho was not, like his body, soft and effeminate. His slaves and freedmen lived in a course of luxury unknown to private families. Aware of his attachment to such pleasures they painted to him in lively colors the joys of Nero's court. . . . These, if he dared nobly, they represented to him as his own; if he remained inactive, as the prize of others. The astrologers also inflamed his ardor: they announced great commotions, and to Otho a year of glory. These bodings were welcome to the ear of Otho: he considered them as the effect of science, and believed the whole with that natural credulity which receives the marvelous for reality. Ptolemy followed up his work: he now inspired the plan of treason, and Otho embraced it with avidity. The heart that has formed such a wish has no scruple about the means.

Whether this bold conspiracy was then first imagined, or prepared and settled long before, cannot now be known. It is, however, certain that Otho had been in the habit of courting the affections of the army, either with a view to the succession, or with a design to some bold step. On their march, in the lines, at their quarters, he made it his business to converse freely with all; he accosted the veterans by name, and, reminding them of their joint service under Nero, called them his brother soldiers; he renewed his acquaintance with some; he inquired after others, and with his interest and his purse was ready to be their friend. Mingling complaints, and with

malignant insinuation glancing at Galba, he omitted nothing that could fill the vulgar mind with discontent. . . .

On the eighteenth day before the calends of February, Galba assisted at a sacrifice in the temple of Apollo, when Umbricius the augur, after inspecting the entrails of the victims, announced impending treason and an enemy within the walls of Rome. Otho, who stood near the emperor, heard this prediction, but interpreted it in his own favor, pleased with omens that promised so well to his cause. In that moment Onomastus came to inform him that his builders and surveyors were waiting to talk with him on business. This, as had been concerted, was a signal that the conspirators were assembling, and ready to strike the decisive blow. Otho told such as wondered at his sudden departure that, being on the point of purchasing certain farmhouses, which from their age were thought to be out of repair, he had appointed workmen to examine the buildings before he concluded his bargain, and then walked off, supported by his freedman; and passing through the palace formerly belonging to Tiberius, went to the Velabrum, and thence to the golden milestone near the temple of Saturn. At that place a party of the prætorian soldiers, in number three and twenty, saluted him emperor. The sight of such an insignificant handful of men struck him with dismay; but his partisans drew their swords, and placing him in a litter, carried him off. They were joined in their way by an equal number, some of them accomplices in the treason; others in wonder and astonishment: some brandishing their swords, and shouting; others in silence, determined to see the issue before they took a decided part.

Julius Martialis, a military tribune, at that time commanded the guard in the camp. Either amazed at a treason so daring, or imagining that it extended wider, and dreading destruction if he attempted to oppose the torrent, he created a suspicion in many of a confederacy in guilt. The rest of the tribunes and centurions, in their solicitude for their immediate safety, lost all sense of honor and constancy. Such, in that alarming crisis, was the disposition of the camp: a few seditious incendiaries dared to attempt an act of the foulest treason; more wished to see it, and all were disposed to acquiesce.

Galba, in the meantime, ignorant of all that passed, continued in the temple, attentive to the sacred rites, and with his prayers fatiguing the gods of an empire now no longer his. Intelligence at length arrived that a senator (whom, no man

could tell) was being carried in triumph to the camp. Otho was soon after announced. At the same time the people poured in from every quarter, according as each fell in with him; some representing the danger as greater than it was, others lessening it, not even then forgetting their habitual flattery. A council was called. On deliberation, it was thought advisable to sound the dispositions of the cohort then on duty before the palace, but not by Galba in person. His authority was to be reserved entire, to meet more pressing necessities. Piso called the men together, and from the steps of the palace addressed them. . . .

During this harangue, the soldiers belonging to the guard withdrew from the palace. The rest of the cohort showed no sign of discontent; and as usual in a disturbed state of things, displayed their colors as a matter of course, and without any preconcerted design, rather than, as was imagined afterwards, with a concealed purpose of treachery and revolt. Celsus Marius was sent to use his influence with the forces from Illyricum. Orders were likewise given to Amulius Serenus and Domitius Sabinus to draw from the temple of Liberty the German soldiers there. The legion drafted from the marines was not to be trusted: they had seen, on Galba's entry into Rome, the massacre of their comrades; and the survivors, with minds exasperated, panted for revenge. At the same time, Cetrius Severus, Subrius Dexter, and Pompeius Longinus, three military tribunes, made the best of their way to the prætorian camp, to try if the mutiny, as yet in its early stage and not full grown, might be appeased by wholesome advice. Subrius and Cetrius were assailed with menaces. Longinus was roughly handled; the revolters took away his weapons, unwilling to listen to a man whom they considered as an officer promoted out of his turn, by the favor of Galba, and for that reason faithful to his prince. The marine legion, without hesitation, joined the prætorian malcontents. The chosen troops of the Illyrian army obliged Celsus to retire under a shower of darts. The veterans from Germany wavered for a long time, suffering as they still were from bodily weakness, though their minds were favorably disposed: for they had been sent by Nero to Alexandria, but being recalled they returned to Rome, worn out by toil and weakened by sickness during their voyage, and Galba had been particularly attentive in recruiting their strength.

The whole populace, in the meantime, with a crowd of slaves intermixed, crowded the palace, demanding, with dis-

cordant cries, vengeance on the head of Otho and his partisans, as though they were clamoring in the circus or amphitheater for some spectacle: without judgment or sincerity, for before the close of day, the same mouths were bawling as loudly as ever for the reverse of what they desired in the morning, but according to the established custom of courting with heedless shouts and unmeaning acclamation the reigning prince, whoever he may be. Galba, in the meantime, balanced between two opposite opinions, but finally adopted what seemed to him the more plausible advice. Piso, notwithstanding, was sent forward to the camp; but was hardly gone forth, when a rumor prevailed that Otho was slain in the camp. The report at first was vague and uncertain, but like all important lies, it was confirmed by men who averred that they were on the spot, and saw the blow given: the account gaining easy credence, what with those who rejoiced in it, and those who cared not to scrutinize it. It was afterwards thought to be a rumor, framed and encouraged by Otho's friends, who mingled in the crowd, and published a false report of good news, in order to entice Galba from his palace.

Then indeed not only the vulgar and ignorant multitude were transported beyond all bounds, but the knights and senators were hurried away with the torrent: they forgot their fears; they rushed to the emperor's presence; broke open the doors of the palace, and complaining that the punishment of treason was taken out of their hands, the men who, as it appeared soon after, were the most likely to shrink from danger, displayed their zeal with ostentation; lavish of words, yet cowards in their hearts. No man knew that Otho was slain, yet all averred it as a fact. In this situation, wanting certain intelligence, but overpowered by the consentient voice of mistaken men, Galba determined to go forth from his palace. He called for his armor, and finding himself too feeble from age and bodily constitution for the throng that gathered round him, he was supported in a litter. Before he left the palace, Julius Atticus, a soldier of the body-guard, accosted him with a bloody sword in his hand, crying aloud, "It was I that killed Otho." Galba answered, "Comrade, who gave you orders?" So signally was the spirit of the man adapted to repress the licentiousness of the soldiers; undismayed by their insolence, unseduced by their flattery.

Meanwhile, the prætorian guards with one voice declared for Otho. . . .

Galba, meanwhile, was borne in various directions according as the waving multitude impelled him. The temples and great halls round the forum were filled with crowds of sorrowing spectators. A deep and sullen silence prevailed: the very rabble was hushed: amazement sat on every face. Their eyes watched every motion, and their ears caught every sound. It was not a tumult — it was not the stillness of peace, but the silence of terrible anticipation and high-wrought resentment. Otho, however, received intelligence that the populace had recourse to arms, and thereupon ordered his troops to push forward with rapidity, and prevent the impending danger. At his command the Roman soldiers, as if marching to dethrone an eastern monarch, a Vologeses, or a Pacorus, and not their own lawful sovereign, advanced with impetuous fury to imbrue their hands in the blood of an old man, defenseless and unarmed. They entered the city — they dispersed the common people — trampled the Senate under foot — with swords drawn, and horses at full speed, they burst into the forum.

The prætorians no sooner appeared in sight, than the standard-bearer of the cohort still remaining with Galba (his name, we are told, was Atilius Vergilio) tore off the image of Galba, and dashed it on the ground: that signal given, the soldiers, with one voice, declared for Otho. The people fled in consternation: such as hesitated were attacked sword in hand. The men who carried Galba in a litter, in their fright, let him fall to the ground, near the Curtian lake. His last words, according as men admired or hated him, have been variously reported. According to some, he asked, in a suppliant tone, What harm had he done? and prayed for a few days, that he might discharge the donative due to the soldiers. Others assure us, that he promptly presented his neck to the assassin's stroke, and said with a firm voice, "Strike, if the good of the commonwealth requires it." To ruffians thirsting for blood, no matter what he said. By what hand the blow was given cannot now be known; some impute it to Terentius, a resumed veteran; others to Lecanius: a still more general tradition states, that Camurius, a common soldier of the fifteenth legion, killed him by cutting his throat, with his sword pressed against it. The rest tore his legs and arms with brutal rage, for his breast was covered with armor; and many wounds were inflicted, in a savage and ferocious spirit, upon the body as it lay headless. . .

From this time the soldiers had everything their own way. The prætorians chose their own præfect. As governor of Rome they named Flavius Sabinus, in accordance with the judgment of Nero, who had committed to him the same charge. The majority meant it as a compliment to Vespasian, his brother. Their next object was to abolish the fees exacted by the centurions for occasional exemptions from duty and for leave of absence; for they were an annual tribute out of the pockets of common men. A fourth part of every company was rambling about the country, or loitering in the very camp, provided the centurion received his perquisites. Nor was the soldier solicitous about the price: he purchased a right to be idle, and the means by which he enabled himself to defray the expense gave him no kind of scruple. By theft, by robbery, and by servile employments, he gained enough to purchase an exemption from military duties. Then, whoever had hoarded up a little money was, for that reason, harassed with labor and severity, till he purchased an exemption. By these extortions the soldier was impoverished, his industry moreover relaxed, and he returned to the camp poor instead of rich, and lazy instead of active. And so again another and another had his principles corrupted by poverty and irregularities similarly induced, whence they fell rapidly into sedition and dissension, and lastly into civil war. To remedy the mischief, and, at the same time, not to alienate the minds of the centurions, by giving up these fees as a bounty to the common soldiers, Otho undertook to pay an annual equivalent to the officers out of his own revenue. This reform was, no doubt, both wise and just. Good princes adopted it afterwards, and made it a settled rule in the military system.

Galba's body lay neglected for a long time, and, under license of the night, was molested by numberless indignities. It was at length conveyed by Argius, his former slave and steward, to the private gardens of his master, and there deposited in an humble manner. His mangled head was fixed on a pole by the rabble of the camp, near the tomb of Patrobius, a slave manumitted by Nero, and by Galba put to death. There it was found the following day, and added to the ashes of the body.

Such was the end of Servius Galba, in the seventy-third year of his age. He had, during the reign of five princes, enjoyed a series of prosperity, happier as a private citizen

than a prince. He was descended from a long line of ancestors. His wealth was great; his talents not above mediocrity. Free from vice, he cannot be celebrated for his virtues. He knew the value of fame, yet was neither arrogant nor vainglorious. Without rapacity, he was an economist of his own, and of the public treasure careful to a degree of avarice. To his friends and freedmen, when his choice was happily made, his passive submission was unobnoxious to censure; but when bad men surrounded him, his blindness bordered on criminality. The splendor of his birth, and the dangerous character of the times, formed a pretext for giving the appellation of wisdom to what in fact was sheer indolence. In the vigor of his days, he served with honor in Germany; as proconsul of Africa, he governed with moderation; and Hither Spain, when he was advanced in years, was administered with similar equity. While a private citizen, his merit was thought superior to his rank; and he would have been held by every one worthy to reign had he never reigned.

Battle of Bedriacum and Otho's Death.

The centre of Otho's army gave way, and fled with precipitation toward Bedriacum. A long space lay before them; the road was obstructed with heaps of slain: the slaughter, therefore, was the more dreadful. In civil wars, indeed, no prisoners are reserved for sale.

The army of Vitellius halted at the distance of five miles from Bedriacum, the generals not thinking it advisable on the same day to attempt the enemy's camp. A voluntary surrender was at the same time anticipated. But the soldiers, having gone forth prepared only as for battle, and unencumbered, their arms and their victory were their only defense. On the following day the inclination of the Othonians showing itself unequivocally, and even those who had been the fiercest being now disposed to relent, they sent a deputation to the enemy.

Otho, in the meantime, having taken his resolution, waited without trepidation for an account of the event. First, rumors of a melancholy character reached his ears; soon after, fugitives, who escaped from the field, brought sure intelligence that all was lost. The fervor of the soldiers stayed not for the voice of the emperor; they bade him summon up his best resolution: there were forces still in reserve, and in their prince's cause

they were ready to suffer and dare the utmost. Nor was this the language of flattery : impelled by a kind of frenzy, and like men possessed, they were all on fire to go to the field and restore the state of their party. The men who stood at a distance stretched forth their hands in token of their assent, while such as gathered round the prince clasped his knees ; Plotius Firmus being the most zealous. This officer commanded the prætorian guards. He implored his master not to abandon an army devoted to his interest ; a soldiery who had undergone so much in his cause. "It was more magnanimous," they said, "to bear up against adversity, than to shrink from it : the brave and strenuous sustained themselves upon hope, even against the current of fortune ; the timorous and abject only allowed their fears to plunge them into despair." While uttering these words, accordingly as Otho relaxed or stiffened the muscles of his face, they shouted or groaned. Nor was this spirit confined to the prætorians, the peculiar soldiers of Otho; the detachment sent forward by the Mœsian legions brought word that the same zeal pervaded the coming army, and that the legions had entered Aquileia. Whence it is evident that a fierce and bloody war, the issue of which could not have been foreseen by the victors or the vanquished, might have been still carried on.

Otho himself was averse to any plans of prosecuting the war. He talked with his friends, addressing each in courteous terms, according to his rank, his age, or dignity, and endeavored to induce all, the young in an authoritative tone, the old by entreaties, to depart without loss of time, and not aggravate the resentment of the conqueror by remaining with him. His countenance serene, his voice firm, and endeavoring to repress the tears of his friends as uncalled for, he ordered boats or carriages for those who were willing to depart. Papers and letters, containing strong expressions of duty toward himself, or ill will toward Vitellius, he committed to the flames. He distributed money in presents, but not with the profusion of a man quitting the world. Then, observing his brother's son, Salvius Coccеianus, in the bloom of youth, and distressed and weeping, he even comforted him, commending his duty, but rebuking his fears: "Could it be supposed that Vitellius, finding his own family safe, would refuse, inhumanly, to return the generosity shown to himself? By hastening his death," he said, "he should establish a claim upon his clemency ; since, not in the extremity of despair, but at a time when the army was clamoring for an-

other battle, he had made his death an offering to his country. For himself, he had gained ample renown, and left to his family enough of luster. After the Julian race, the Claudian, and the Servian, he was the first who carried the sovereignty into a new family. Wherefore he should cling to life with lofty aspirations, and neither forget at any time that Otho was his uncle, nor remember it overmuch."

After this, his friends having all withdrawn, he reposed awhile. When lo ! while his mind was occupied with the last act of his life, he was diverted from his purpose by a sudden uproar. The soldiers, he was told, were in a state of frenzy and riot, threatening destruction to all who offered to depart, and directing their fury particularly against Verginius, whom they kept besieged in his house, which he had barricaded. Having reproved the authors of the disturbance, he returned, and devoted himself to bidding adieu to those who were going away, until they had all departed in security. Toward the close of day he quenched his thirst with a draught of cold water, and then ordered two poniards to be brought to him. He tried the points of both, and laid one under his head. Having ascertained that his friends were safe on their way, he passed the night in quiet, and, as we are assured, even slept. At the dawn of day, he applied the weapon to his breast, and fell upon it. On hearing his dying groans, his freedmen and slaves, and with them Plotius Firmus, the prætorian præfect, found that with one wound he had dispatched himself. His funeral obsequies were performed without delay. This had been his earnest request, lest his head should be cut off and be made a public spectacle. He was borne on the shoulders of the prætorian soldiers, who kissed his hands and his wound, amidst tears and praises. Some of the soldiers slew themselves at the funeral pile: not from any consciousness of guilt, nor from fear; but in emulation of the bright example of their prince, and to show their affection. At Bedriacum, Placentia, and other camps, numbers of every rank adopted that mode of death. A sepulchre was raised to the memory of Otho, of ordinary structure, but likely to endure.

Such was the end of Otho, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. The features of his character have been already delineated. By two actions, one atrocious and detestable, the other great and magnanimous, he earned an equal degree of honor and infamy among posterity.

The Close of Vitellius's Reign.

The army of Vespasian, quitting Narnia, were passing the Saturnalian holidays at Ocriculum, quite at their ease. To wait for the arrival of Mucianus, was the ostensible reason for this ill-timed delay. Motives of a different nature were imputed to Antonius. There were those who suspected him of having lingered there with a fraudulent intent, in consequence of letters of Vitellius, in which he offered him the consulship, his daughter, who was marriageable, and a rich dowry. Others treated it as mere invention, a contrivance to gratify Mucianus. Some were of opinion that it was the deliberate plan of all the generals to alarm the city with the appearance of war, rather than to carry it into Rome; since the strongest cohorts had abandoned Vitellius, and as all his resources were cut off, it was thought he would abdicate. But all was defeated, at first by the temerity, and in the end by the irresolution, of Sabinus, who, having rashly taken up arms, was not able, against so small a force as three cohorts, to defend the Capitol, a fortress of unequaled strength, and capable of resisting the shock of powerful armies.

Antonius, in the night time, moved along the Flaminian road, and arrived at the Red Rocks when the mischief was done. There he heard that Sabinus was murdered; that the Capitol was burnt; that the city was in consternation; in fact, nothing but bad news. Word was also brought that the populace, joined by the slaves, had taken up arms for Vitellius. At the same time the cavalry, under Petilius Cerealis, met with a defeat. Advancing incautiously, and with precipitation, as against vanquished troops, they were received by a body of infantry and cavalry intermixed. The battle was fought at a small distance from Rome, amidst houses and gardens and zig-zag ways, well known to the Vitellians, but creating alarm and confusion in men unacquainted with them. Nor did now the cavalry under Cerealis act with unanimity. They had among them a party of those who laid down their arms at Narnia, who waited to see the issue. Tullius Flavianus, who commanded a squadron of Vespasian's horse, was taken prisoner. The rest fled with scandalous precipitation; the conquering troops pursuing them only as far as Fidenæ.

The success of the Vitellians in this engagement inspired the partisans at Rome with new courage. The populace had

recourse to arms. A few were provided with regular shields; the rest snatched up whatever weapons fell in their way, and with one voice demanded the signal for the attack. Vitellius thanked them, and bade them press forward in defense of the city. He then convened the senate; when ambassadors to the armies were chosen, to propose, in the name of the commonwealth, an agreement and pacification. . . . The Vestal virgins went out with letters from Vitellius addressed to Antonius. He requested a postponement of the contest for a single day. If he allowed an interval for reflection, it would afford facilities for settling matters. The virgins were permitted to depart with every mark of honor. An answer in writing was sent to Vitellius, informing him, that by the murder of Sabinus, and the destruction of the Capitol, negotiations for the settlement of the war were put out of the question.

Antonius, however, called an assembly of the soldiers, and in a soothing speech endeavored to induce them to encamp at the Milvian bridge, and enter Rome the next day. His reason for delay was, lest the soldiery, with feelings excited by the late battle, should give no quarter to the people or the senate, nor respect the temples and shrines of the gods. But they looked with suspicion on every postponement of their victory, as proceeding from hostility to them. At the same time colors glittering on the hills, though followed by an undisciplined rabble, gave the appearance of a hostile army. The mob was put to flight by a cavalry charge; and the Vitellian soldiers, themselves also ranged in three columns, came on. Many engagements took place before the walls, with various success, but for the most part favorable to Vespasian's men, who had the advantage in the talent of their leaders. That party only that had wheeled round to the left of the city, through slippery and narrow passes, toward the Sallustian gardens, were roughly handled. The Vitellians, standing on the walls of the gardens, repulsed them with stones and javelins as they approached, for the best part of the day; but at length Vespasian's cavalry forced their way through the Collinian gate, and took them in the rear. A fierce battle was also fought in the field of Mars. Their good fortune and reiterated success gave the Flavians the victory. The Vitellians fought under the impulse of despair alone; and though dispersed, they rallied again within the walls of the city.

The people were present as spectators of the combatants; and, as in a theatrical contest, encouraged now this side, and,

when a change took place, the other, with shouts and plaudits. Whenever one or other side gave way, and the men took shelter in shops, or ran for refuge into any houses, by demanding to have them dragged forth and put to death, they secured to themselves a larger share of plunder; for while the soldiers were intent on blood and slaughter, the plunder fell to the rabble. The city exhibited one entire scene of ferocity and abomination; in one place, battle and wounds; in another, bathing and revelry. Rivers of blood and heaps of bodies at the same time; and by the side of them harlots and women that differed not from harlots — all that unbridled passion can suggest in the wantonness of ease — all the enormities that are committed when a city is sacked by its relentless foes — so that you would positively suppose that Rome was at one and the same time frantic with rage and dissolved in sensuality. Before this period regular bodies of armed men had met in conflict within the city, twice when Sylla, and once when Cinna conquered. Nor was there less of cruelty on those occasions; but now there prevailed a reckless indifference alien from human nature; nay, even pleasures were not intermitted, no not for an instant. As if the occurrence formed an accession to the delight of the festive season, they romped, they enjoyed themselves, without a thought about the success of their party, and rejoicing amidst the afflictions of their country.

The greatest exertions were required in storming the camp, which the bravest of the Vitellians still clung to as their last hope; and therefore, with the more diligent heed, the conquerors, and with especial zeal the old prætorian cohorts, applied at once whatever means had been discovered in the capture of the strongest cities; shells, engines, mounds, and firebrands; exclaiming that all the fatigues and dangers they had undergone in so many battles were consummated in that effort, that their city was restored to the senate and people of Rome, and to the gods their temples; that the camp was the peculiar glory of the soldier — there was his country, there his household gods. They must either carry it forthwith, or pass the night under arms. On the other hand, the Vitellians, though inferior in numbers, and less favored by fortune, sought to mar the victory, to delay the pacification, stained their hearths and altars with their blood, clung to those endearing objects which the vanquished might never more behold. Many, exhausted, breathed their last upon the towers and battlements; the few that remained tore open the gates, in a solid mass rushed

in upon the victors, and fell, to a man, with honorable wounds, facing the enemy; such was their anxiety, even in death, to finish their course with credit. Vitellius, seeing the city conquered, was conveyed in a litter, by a private way at the back of the palace, to his wife's house on Mount Aventine, with intent, if he could lie concealed during the day, to fly for refuge to his brother and the cohorts at Tarracina.

Straightway, from his inherent fickleness, and the natural effects of fright, — since, as he dreaded everything, whatever course he adopted was the least satisfactory, — he returned to his palace, and found it empty and desolate; even his meanest slaves having made their escape, or shunning the presence of their master. The solitude and silence of the scene alarmed him; he opened the doors of the apartments, and was horror-struck to see all void and empty. Exhausted with this agonizing state of doubt and perplexity, and concealing himself in a wretched hiding place, he was dragged forth by Placidus, the tribune of a cohort. With his hands tied behind him, and his garment torn, he was conducted, a revolting spectacle, through crowds insulting his distress, without a friend to shed a tear over his misfortunes. The unseemliness of his end banished all sympathy. Whether one of the Germanic soldiers who met him intended for him the stroke he made, and if he did, whether from rage or to rescue him the quicker from the mockery to which he was exposed; or whether he aimed at the tribune, is uncertain: he cut off the ear of the tribune and was immediately dispatched.

Vitellius was pushed along, and with swords pointed at his throat, forced to raise his head, and expose his countenance to insults: one while they made him look at his statues tumbling to the ground; frequently to the rostrum, or the spot where Galba perished; and lastly, they drove him to Gemoniæ, where the body of Flavius Sabinus had been thrown. One expression of his was heard, that spoke a spirit not utterly fallen, when to a tribune who insulted him in his misery he observed, that nevertheless he had been his emperor. He died soon after under repeated wounds. The populace, with the same perversity of judgment that had prompted them to honor him while living, assailed him with indignities when dead.

He was born at Luceria. He had completed his fifty-seventh year. He rose to the consulship, to pontifical dignities, and a name and rank amongst the most eminent citizens, without

personal merit, obtaining all from the splendid reputation of his father. The men who conferred the imperial dignity upon him did not so much as know him. By impotence and sloth he gained the affections of the army, to a degree in which few have attained them by worthy means. Frankness and generosity, however, he possessed: qualities which, unless duly regulated, become the occasions of ruin. He imagined that friendships could be cemented, not by a uniform course of virtue, but by profuse liberality; and therefore earned them rather than cultivated them.

THE LAST DAYS OF VITELLIUS.

By G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

(From "The Gladiators.")

[George John Whyte-Melville, English novelist, was born near St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1821; educated at Eton, and became a major in the army, serving in the Crimean War; was killed by a fall from his horse, in 1878. He attained great popularity as a novelist of country-gentleman and sporting life, and writer of songs of the hunting field, and some historical novels, as "The Gladiators," "Sarchedon," etc. His first novel was "Digby Grand" (1853); others are: "Tilbury Nogo," "General Bounce," "Kate Coventry," "Holmby House," "Good for Nothing," "The Brookes of Bridlemere," "Cerise," "Bones and I," "M or N," "Satanella," "Uncle John," "Katerfelto," "Sister Louise," "Black but Comely."]

The German Guard.

All was in confusion at the palace of the Cæsars. The civil war that had now been raging for several hours in the capital, the tumults that pervaded every quarter of the city, had roused the alarm, and to a certain extent the vigilance, of such troops as still owned allegiance to Vitellius. But late events had much slackened the discipline for which Roman soldiers were so famous, and that could be but a spurious loyalty which depended on amount of pay and opportunities for plunder, which was accustomed moreover to see the diadem transferred from one successful general to another at a few months' interval. Perhaps his German guards were the only soldiers of Vitellius on whom he could place any reliance; but even these had been reduced to a mere handful by slaughter and desertion, while the few who remained, though unimpeachable in their fidelity, were wanting in every quality

that constitutes military efficiency, except the physical strength and desperate courage they brought with them from the North.

They were, however, the Emperor's last hope. They occupied palace gardens to-night, feeding their bivouac fires with branches from its stately cedars, or uprooting its exotic shrubs to hurl them crackling in the blaze. The Roman citizens looking on their gigantic forms moving to and fro in the glare, shuddered and whispered, and pointed them out to each other as being half men, half demons, while a passing soldier would raise his eagle crest more proudly, relating how those were the foes over whom the legions had triumphed, and would turn forthwith into a wine shop to celebrate his prowess at the expense of some admiring citizen in the crowd.

One of these German mercenaries may be taken as a sample of the rest. He was standing sentry over a narrow wicket that afforded entrance to the palace gardens, and was the first obstacle encountered by Esca, after the latter had hastened from the Esquiline to give intelligence of the design against Cæsar's life.

Leaning on his spear, with his tall frame and large muscles thrown into strong relief by the light of the bivouac fire behind him, he brought to the Briton's mind many a stirring memory of his own warlike boyhood, when by the side of just such champions, armed in such a manner, he had struggled, though in vain, against the discipline and the strategy of the invader.

Scarcely older than himself, the sentry possessed the comely features and the bright coloring of youth, with a depth of chest and squareness of shoulder that denoted all the power of mature manhood. He seemed indeed a formidable antagonist for any single foe, and able to keep at bay half a score of the finest men who stood in the front rank of the legions. He was clad in a long white garment of linen, reaching below the knee, and fastened at the neck by a single clasp of gold; his shield and helmet too, although this was no state occasion, but one on which he would probably be massacred before morning, were of the same metal, his spearhead and sword of the finest tempered steel. The latter, especially, was a formidable weapon. Considerably longer than the Roman's, which was only used for the thrust at close quarters, it could deal sweeping blows that would cleave a headpiece or lop a limb, and

managed lightly as a riding wand by the German's powerful arm, would hew fearful gaps in the ranks of an enemy, if their line wavered, or their order was in any degree destroyed.

Notwithstanding the warlike nature of his arms and bearing, the sentry's face was fair and smooth as a woman's; the flaxen down was scarcely springing on his chin, and the golden locks escaped beneath his helmet, and clustered in curls upon his neck. His light blue eye, too, had a mild, and rather vacant expression as it roved carelessly around; but the Romans had long ago learned that those light blue eyes could kindle into sparks of fire when steel was crossed, could glare with invincible hatred and defiance even when fixed in death.

Esca's heart warmed to the barbarian guardsman with a feeling of sympathy and kindred. The latter sentiment may have suggested the plan by which he obtained entrance to the palace, for the difficulty of so doing had presented itself to him in brighter colors every moment as he approached. Pausing, therefore, at a few paces from the sentry, who leveled his spear and challenged when he heard footsteps, the Briton unbuckled his sword and cast it down between them, to indicate that he claimed protection and had no intention of offense.

The other muttered some unintelligible words in his own language. It was obvious that he knew no Latin and that their conversation must be carried on by signs. This, however, rather smoothed than enhanced the difficulty; and it was a relief to Esca that the first impulse of the German had not been to alarm his comrades and resort to violence.

The latter seemed to entertain no apprehension from any single individual, whether friend or foe, and looked, moreover, with favorable eyes on Esca's appearance, which bore a certain family likeness to that of his own countrymen. He suffered him therefore to approach his post, questioning him by signs, to which the Briton replied in the same manner, perfectly ignorant of their meaning, but with a fervent hope that the result of these mysterious gestures might be his admission within the wall.

Under such circumstances the two were not likely to arrive at a clear understanding. After a while the German looked completely puzzled, and passed the word in his own language to a comrade within hearing, apparently for assistance. Esca heard the sound repeated in more than one voice, till it died

away under the trees; there was obviously a strong chain of sentries round Cæsar's palace.

In the mean time the German would not permit Esca to approach within spear's length of his post, though he kept him back good-humoredly with the butt end of that weapon, nor would he suffer him to pick his sword up and gird it round his waist again — making nevertheless, all the while, signs of cordiality and friendship; but though Esca responded to these with equal warmth, he was no nearer the inside than at first.

Presently the heavy tramp of armed men smote his ear, and a centurion, accompanied by half a dozen soldiers, approached the wicket. These bore a strong resemblance, both in form and features, to the sentry who had summoned them; but their officer spoke Latin, and Esca, who had gained a little time to mature his plan, answered the German centurion's questions without hesitation.

"I belong to your own division," said he, "though I come from farther north than your troop, and speak a different dialect. We were disbanded but yesterday, by a written order from Cæsar. It has turned out to be a forgery. We have been scattered through half the wine shops in Rome, and a herald came round and found me drinking, and bade me return to my duty without delay. He said we were to muster somewhere hereabouts, that we should find a post at the palace, and could join it till our own officers came back. I am but a barbarian, I know little of Rome, but this is the palace, is it not? and you are a centurion of the German guard?"

He drew himself up as he spoke with military respect, and the officer had no hesitation in believing his tale, the more so that certain of Cæsar's troops had lately been disbanded at a time when their services seemed to be most in requisition. Taking charge of Esca's weapon, he spoke a few words in his own language to the sentry, and then addressed the Briton.

"You may come to the main guard," said he. "I should not mind a few more of the same maniple. We are likely to want all we can get to-night."

As he conducted him through the gardens, he asked several questions concerning the strength of the opposing party, the state of the town, and the general feeling of the citizens towards Vitellius, all which Esca parried to the best of his abilities, hazarding a guess where he could, and accounting for his ignorance where he could not, on the plea that he had spent

his whole time since his dismissal in the wine shops — an excuse which the centurion's knowledge of the tastes and habits of his division caused him to accept without suspicion of its truth.

Arrived at the watch fire, Esca's military experience, slight as it had been, was enough to apprise him of the imminent dangers that threatened the palace in the event of an attack. The huge Germans lounged and lay about in the glare of the burning logs, as though feast, and song, and revelry were the objects for which they were mustered. Wine was flowing freely in large flagons, commensurate to the noble thirst of these Scandinavian warriors; and even the sentries, leaving their posts at intervals, as caprice or indolence prompted, strode up to the watch fire, laughed a loud laugh, drained a full beaker, and walked quietly back again, none the worse, to their beat. All hailed a new comrade with the utmost glee, as a further incentive to drink; and although Esca was pleased to find that none but their centurion was familiar with Latin, and that he was consequently free from much inconvenient cross-examination, it was obvious that there was no intention of letting him depart without pledging them in deep draughts of the rough and potent Sabine wine.

With youth, health, and a fixed resolve to keep his wits about him, the Briton managed to perform this part of a soldier's duty to the satisfaction of his entertainers. The moments seemed very long, but whilst the Germans were singing, drinking, and making their remarks upon him in their own language, he had time to think of his plans. To have declared at once that he knew of a plot against Cæsar, and to call upon the centurion to obtain his admittance to the person of the Emperor, would, he was well aware, only defeat his own object, by throwing suspicion on himself as a probable assassin, and confederate of the conspirators. To put the officer on the alert, would cause him, perhaps, to double his sentries, and to stop the allowance of wine in course of consumption; but Esca saw plainly that no resistance from within the palace could be made to the large force his late master would bring to bear upon it. The only chance for the Emperor was to escape. If he could himself reach his presence, and warn him personally, he thought he could prevail upon him to fly. This was the difficulty. A monarch in his palace is not visible to every one who may wish to see him, even when his own safety is concerned; but Esca

had already gained the interior of the gardens, and that success encouraged him to proceed.

The Germans, though believing themselves more vigilant than usual (to such a low state the boasted discipline of Cæsar's bodyguard had fallen), were confused and careless under the influence of wine, and their attention to the newcomer was soon distracted by a fresh chorus and a fresh flagon. Esca, under pretense that he required repose, managed to withdraw himself from the glare of the firelight, and borrowing a cloak from a ruddy comrade with a stentorian voice, lay down in the shadow of an arbutus, and affected profound repose. By degrees, coiling himself along the sward like a snake, he slipped out of sight, leaving his cloak so arranged as to resemble a sleeping form, and sped off in the direction of the palace, to which he was guided by numerous distant lights.

Some alarm had evidently preceded him even here. Crowds of slaves, both male and female, chiefly Greeks and Asiatics, were pouring from its egresses and hurrying through the gardens in obvious dismay. The Briton could not but remark that none were empty-handed, and the value of their burdens denoted that those who now fled had no intention ever to return. They took little notice of him when they passed, save that a few of the more timid, glancing at his stalwart figure, turned aside and ran the swifter; while others, perceiving that he was unarmed, for he had left his sword with the Germans, shot at him some contemptuous gesture or ribald jest, which they thought the barbarian would not understand in time to resent.

Thus he reached the spacious front of the palace, and here, indeed, the trumpets were sounding, and the German guard forming, evidently for resistance to an attack. There was no mistaking the expression of the men's faces, nor the clang of their heavy weapons. Though they filled the main court, however, a stream of fugitives still poured from the side doors, and through one of these, the Briton determined he would find no difficulty in effecting an entrance. Glancing at the fine men getting under arms with such businesslike rapidity, he thought how even that handful might make such a defense as would give Cæsar time to escape, either at the back of the palace, or, if that were invested, disguised as one of the slaves who were still hurrying off in motley crowds; and notwithstanding his newborn feelings, he could not help, from old association, wish-

ing that he might strike a blow by the side of these stalwart guardsmen, even for such a cause as theirs.

Observing a door opening on a terrace which had been left completely undefended, Esca entered the palace unopposed, and roamed through hall after hall without meeting a living creature. Much of value had already been cleared away, but enough remained to have excited the cupidity of the richest subject in Rome. Shawls, arms, jewels, vases, statues, caskets, and drinking cups were scattered about in a waste of magnificent confusion, while in many instances, rapacious ignorance had carried off that which was comparatively the dross, and left the more precious articles behind. Esca had never even dreamed of such gorgeous luxury as he now beheld. For a few minutes his mind was no less stupefied than his eye was dazzled, and he almost forgot his object in sheer wonder and admiration; but there was no time to be lost, and he looked about in vain for some clew to guide him through this glittering wilderness to the presence of the Emperor.

The rooms seemed endless, opening one into another, and each more splendid than the last. At length he heard the sound of voices, and darting eagerly forward, found himself in the midst of half a dozen persons clad in robes of state, with garlands on their heads, reclining round the fragments of a feast, a flagon or two of wine, and a golden cornucopia of fruit and flowers.

As he entered, these started to their feet, exclaiming, "They are upon us!" and huddled together in a corner, like a flock of sheep when terrified by a dog. Observing, however, that the Briton was alone and unarmed, they seemed to take courage, and a fat figure thrusting itself forward, exclaimed in one breath, "He is not to be disturbed! Cæsar is busy. Are the Germans firm?"

His voice shook and his whole frame quivered with fear; nevertheless Esca recognized the speaker. It was his old antagonist Spado, a favorite eunuch of the household, in dire terror for his life, yet showing the one redeeming quality of fidelity to the hand that fed him.

His comrades kept behind him, taking their cue from his conduct as the bellwether of the flock, yet trusting fervently his wisdom would counsel immediate flight.

"I know you," said Esca, hurriedly. "I struck you that night in anger. It is all over now. I have come to save your lives, all of you, and to rescue Cæsar."

"How?" said Spado, ignoring his previous injuries in the alarm of the hour. "You can save us? You can rescue Cæsar? Then it *is* true. The tumult is grown to a rebellion! The Germans are driven in, and the game is lost!"

The others caught up their mantles, girded themselves, and prepared for instant flight.

"The guard can hold the palace for half an hour yet," replied Esca, coolly. "But the Emperor must escape. Julius Placidus will be here forthwith, at the head of two hundred gladiators, and the Tribune means to murder his master as surely as you stand trembling there."

Ere he had done speaking, he was left alone in the room with Spado. The Tribune's character was correctly appreciated, even by the eunuchs of the palace, and they stayed to hear no more; but Spado only looked blankly in the Briton's face, wringing his fat hands, and answered to the other's urgent appeals, "His orders were explicit. Cæsar is busy. He must not be disturbed. He said so himself. Cæsar is busy!"

The Business of Cæsar.

Thrusting Spado aside without ceremony, and disregarding the eunuch's expostulations in obedience to the orders he had received, Esca burst through a narrow door, tore down a velvet curtain, and found himself in the private apartment of the Emperor. Cæsar's business was at that moment scarcely of an urgency to weigh against the consideration of Cæsar's life. Vitellius was reclining on a couch, his dress disordered and ungirt, a garland of roses at his feet, his heavy face, of which the swollen features had lost all their early comeliness, expressing nothing but sullen torpid calm; his eye fixed on vacancy, his weak nerveless hands crossed in front of his unwieldy person, and his whole attitude that of one who had little to occupy his attention, save his own personal indulgence and comfort.

Yet for all this, the mind was busy within that bloated form. There are moments in existence, when the past comes back to us day by day, and incident by incident, shining out in colors vivid and lifelike as the present. On the eve of an important crisis, during the crisis itself if we are not permitted to take an active part in it but compelled to remain passive, the mere sport of its contingencies, for the few minutes that succeed a complete demolition of the fabric we have been build-

ing all our lives, we become possessed of this faculty, and seem, in a strange dreamlike sense, to live our time over again.

For the last few days, even Vitellius had awoke to the conviction that his diadem was in danger, for the last few hours he had seen cause to tremble for his life; nevertheless, none of the usual habits of the palace had been altered; and even when Primus, the successful general of his dangerous rival, Vespasian, occupied the suburbs, his reverses did but elicit from the Emperor a call for more wine and a heartless jest.

To-day he must have seen clearly that all was lost, yet the supper to which he sat down with half a dozen favorite eunuchs was no less elaborate than usual, the wine flowed as freely, the Emperor ate as enormously, and when he could eat no more, retired to pass his customary half hour in perfect silence and repose, nor suffered the important process of digestion to be disturbed by the fact that his very gates must ere midnight be in possession of the enemy.

Nevertheless, as if in warning of what was to come, the pageant of his life seemed to move past his half-closed eyes; and who shall say how vain and empty such a pageant may have appeared even to the besotted glutton, who, though he had the address to catch the diadem of the Cæsars, when it was thrown to him by chance, knew but too well that he had no power to retain it on his head, when wrested by the grasp of force. Though feeble and worn out, he was not old, far short of threescore years, yet what a life of change and turmoil and vicissitudes his had been!

Proconsul of Africa, favorite of four emperors, it must have been a certain versatility of talent, that enabled him to rule such an important province with tolerable credit, and yet retain the good graces of successive tyrants, resembling each other in nothing save incessant caprice. An informer with Tiberius; a pander to the crimes, and a proselyte to the divinity, of mad Caligula; a screen for Messalina's vices, and an easy adviser to her easy and timid lord; lastly, everything in turn with Nero — chariot driver, singer, parasite, buffoon, and in all these various parts preserving the one unfailing characteristic of a consummate and systematic debauchee.

It seemed but yesterday that he had thrown the dice with Claudius, staking land and villas as freely as jewels and gold, losing heavily to his imperial master; and, though he had to

borrow the money at high usury, quick-witted enough to perceive the noble reversion he had thus a chance of purchasing.

It seemed but yesterday that he flew round the dusky circus, grazing the goal with practiced skill, and, by a happy dexterity, suffering Caligula to win the race so narrowly, as to enhance the pleasure of imperial triumph.

It seemed but yesterday that he sang with Nero, and flattered the monster by comparing him with the sirens, whose voices charmed mariners to their destruction.

And now was it all over? Must he indeed give up the imperial purple and the throne of blazing gold? — the luxurious banquets and the luscious wines? He shuddered and sickened while he thought of a crust of brown bread and a pitcher of water. Nay, worse than this, was he sure his life was safe? He had seen death often — what Roman had not? But at his best, in the field, clad in corselet and headpiece, and covered with a buckler, he had thought him an ugly and unwelcome visitor.

Even at Bedriacum, when he told his generals as he rode over the slain, putrefying on the ground, that "a dead enemy smelt sweet, and the sweeter for being a citizen," he remembered now that his gorge had risen while he spoke. He remembered, too, the German bodyguard that had accompanied him, and the faithful courage with which his German levies fought. There were a few of them in the palace yet. It gave him confidence to recollect this. For a moment the soldier spirit kindled up within, and he felt as though he could put himself at the head of those blue-eyed giants, lead them into the very center of the enemy, and die there like a man. He rose to his feet, and snatched at one of the weapons hanging for ornament against the wall, but the weak limbs failed, the pampered body asserted itself, and he sank back helpless on the couch.

It was at this moment that Esca burst so unceremoniously into the Emperor's presence.

Vitellius did not rise again, less alarmed, perhaps, than astonished. The Briton threw himself upon his knees, and touched the broad crimson binding of the imperial gown.

"There is not a moment to lose!" said he. "They are forcing the gates. The guard has been driven back. It is too late for resistance; but Cæsar may yet escape if he will trust himself to me."

Vitellius looked about him, bewildered. At that moment a shout was heard from the palace gardens, accompanied by a rush of many feet, and the ominous clash of steel. Esca knew that the assailants were gladiators. If they came in with their blood up, they would give no quarter.

"Cæsar must disguise himself," he insisted earnestly. "The slaves have been leaving the palace in hundreds. If the Emperor would put on a coarse garment and come with me, I can show him the way to safety; and Placidus, hastening to this apartment, will find it empty."

With all his sensual vices, there was yet something left of the old Roman spirit in Vitellius, which sparkled out in an emergency. After the first sudden surprise of Esca's entrance, he became cooler every moment. At the mention of the Tribune's name he seemed to reflect.

"Who are you?" said he, after a pause; "and how came you here?"

Short as had been his reign he had acquired the tone of royalty; and he could even assume a certain dignity, notwithstanding the urgency of his present distress.

In a few words Esca explained to him his danger, and his enemies.

"Placidus," repeated the Emperor, thoughtfully, and as if more concerned than surprised; "then there is no chance of the design failing; no hope of mercy when it has succeeded. Good friend! I will take your advice. I will trust you, and go with you where you will. If I am an Emperor to-morrow, you will be the greatest man in Rome."

Hitherto he had been leaning indolently back on the couch. Now he seemed to rouse himself for action, and stripped the crimson-bordered gown from his shoulders, the signet ring from his hand. "They will make a gallant defense," said he, "but if I know Julius Placidus, he will outnumber them ten to one. Nevertheless they may hold him at bay with their long swords till we get clear of the palace. The gardens are dark and spacious; we can hide there for a time, and take an opportunity of reaching my wife's house on Mount Aventine; Galeria will not betray me, and they will never think of looking for me there."

Speaking thus coolly and deliberately, but more to himself than his companion, Cæsar, divested of all marks of splendor in his dress and ornaments, stripped to a plain linen garment,

turning up his sleeves and girding himself the while, like a slave busied in some household work requiring activity and dispatch, suffered the Briton to lead him into the next apartment, where, deserted by his comrades, and sorely perplexed between a vague sense of duty and a strong inclination to run away, Spado was pacing to and fro in a ludicrous state of perturbation and dismay.

Already the noise of fighting was plainly distinguished in the outer court. The gladiators, commanded by Hippias and guided by the treacherous Tribune, had overpowered the main body of the Germans who occupied the imperial gardens, and were now engaged with the remnant of these faithful barbarians at the very doors of the palace.

The latter, though outnumbered, fought with the desperate courage of their race. The Roman soldier, in his cool methodical discipline, was sometimes puzzled to account for that frantic energy which acknowledged no superiority either of position or numbers, which seemed to gather a fresher and more stubborn courage from defeat; and even the gladiators, men whose very livelihood was slaughter, and whose weapons were never out of their hands, found themselves no match for these large savage warriors in the struggle of a hand-to-hand combat, — recoiled more than once in baffled rage and astonishment from the long swords, and the blue eyes, and the tall forms that seemed to tower and dilate in the fierce revelry of battle.

The military skill of Placidus, exercised before many a Jewish rampart, and on many a Syrian plain, had worsted the main body of the Germans by taking them in flank. Favored by the darkness of the shrubberies, he had contrived to throw a hundred practiced swordsmen unexpectedly on their most defenseless point. Surprised and outnumbered, they retreated nevertheless in good order, though sadly diminished, upon their comrades at the gate. Here the remaining handful made a desperate stand, and here Placidus, wiping his bloody sword upon his tunic, whispered to Hippias, "We must put Hirpinus and the supper party in front! If we can but carry the gate, there are a score of entrances into the palace. Remember! we give no quarter, and we recognize no one."

Whilst the chosen band who had left the Tribune's table were held in check by the guard, there was a moment's respite, during which Cæsar might possibly escape. Esca, rapidly calculating the difficulties in his own mind, had resolved to hurry

him through the most secluded part of the gardens into the streets, and so running the chance of recognition which in the darkness of night, and under the coarse garb of a household slave, was but a remote contingency, to convey him by a circuitous route to Galeria's house, of which he knew the situation, and where he might be concealed for a time without danger of detection. The great obstacle was to get him out of the palace without being seen. The private door by which he had himself entered, he knew must be defended, or the assailants would have taken advantage of it ere this, and he dared not risk recognition, to say nothing of the chances of war, by endeavoring to escape through the midst of the conflict at the main gate. He appealed to Spado for assistance.

"There is a terrace at the back here," stammered the eunuch; "if Cæsar can reach it, a pathway leads directly down to the summer house in the thickest part of the gardens; thence he can go between the fish ponds straight to the wicket that opens on the Appian Way."

"Idiot!" exclaimed the Emperor, angrily, "how am I to reach the terrace? There is no door, and the window must be a man's height at least from the ground."

"It is your only chance of life, illustrious!" observed Esca, impatiently. "Guide us to the window, friend," he added, turning to Spado, who looked from one to the other in helpless astonishment, "and tear that shawl from the couch; we may want it for a rope to let the Emperor down."

A fresh shout from the combatants at the gate, while it completely paralyzed the eunuch, seemed to determine Vitellius. He moved resolutely forward, followed by his two companions, Spado whispering to the Briton, "You are a brave young man. We will all escape together, I—I will stand by you to the last!"

They needed but to cross a passage and traverse another room. Cæsar peered over the window sill into the darkness below, and drew back.

"It is a long way down," said he. "What if I were to break a limb?" Esca produced the shawl he had brought with him from the adjoining apartment, and offered to place it under his arms and round his body.

"Shall I go first?" said Spado. "It is not five cubits from the ground."

But the Emperor thought of his brother Lucius and the

cohorts at Terracina. Could he but gain the camp there he would be safe, nay more, he could make head against his rival; he would return to Rome with a victorious army; he would retrieve the diadem and the purple, and the suppers at the palace once more.

"Stay where you are!" he commanded Spado, who was looking with an eager eye at the window. "I will risk it. One draught of Falernian, and I will risk it and begone."

He turned back towards the banqueting room, and while he did so another shout warned him that the gate was carried, and the palace in possession of the conspirators.

Esca followed the Emperor, vainly imploring him to fly. Spado, taking one more look from the window ere he risked his bones, heard the ring of armor and the tramp of feet coming round the corner of the palace, on the very terrace he desired to reach. White and trembling, he tore the garland from his head and gnawed its roses with his teeth in the impotence of his despair. He knew the last chance was gone now, and they must die.

The Emperor returned to the room where he had supped, seized a flagon of Falernian, filled himself a large goblet which he half emptied at a draught, and set it down on the board with a deep sigh of satisfaction. The courtyard had been taken at last, and the palace surrounded. Resistance was hopeless, and escape impossible. The Germans were still fighting, indeed, within the rooms, disputing inch by inch the glittering corridors and the carved doorways and the shining polished floors, now more slippery than ever with blood. Pictures and statues seemed to look down in calm amazement at thrust and blow and death grapple, and all the reeling confusion of mortal strife. But the noise came nearer and nearer; the Germans, falling man by man, were rapidly giving ground. Esca knew the game was lost at last, and he turned to his companions in peril with a grave and clouded brow.

"There is nothing for it left," said he, "but to die like men. Yet if there be any corner in which Cæsar can hide," he added, with something of contempt in his tone, "I will gain him five minutes more of life, if this glittering toy holds together so long."

Then he snatched from the wall an Asiatic javelin, all lacquered and ornamented with gold, cast one look at the others, as if to bid them farewell, and hurried from the room.

Spado, a mass of shaking flesh, and tumbled garments and festive ornaments strangely out of keeping with his attitude, cowered down against the wall, hiding his face in his hands; but Vitellius, with something akin even to gratification on his countenance, returned to the half-emptied cup, and raising it to his lips, deliberately finished his Falernian.

At Bay.

It was not in Esca's nature to be within hearing of shrewd blows and yet abstain from taking part in the fray.

His recent sentiments had indeed undergone a change that would produce timely fruit; and neither the words of the preacher in the Esquiline, nor the example of Calchas, nor the sweet influence of Mariamne, had been without their effect. But it was ingrained in his very character to love the stir and tumult of a fight. From a boy his blood leaped and tingled at the clash of steel. His was the courage which is scarcely exercised in the tide of personal conflict, and must be proved rather in endurance than in action — so naturally does it force itself to the front when men are dealing blow for blow.

His youth, too, had been spent in warfare, and in that most ennobling of all warfare which defends home from the aggression of an invader. He had long ago learned to love danger for its own sake, and now he experienced besides a morbid desire to have his hand on the Tribune's throat, so he felt the point and tried the shaft of his javelin with a thrill of savage joy, while, guided by the sounds of combat, he hurried along the corridor to join the remnant of the faithful German Guard.

Not a score of them were left, and of these scarce one but bled from some grievous wound. Their white garments were stained with crimson, their gaudy golden armor was hacked and dinted, their strength was nearly spent, and every hope of safety gone; but their courage was still unquenched, and as man after man went down, the survivors closed in and fought on, striking desperately with their faces to the foe.

The Tribune and his chosen band, supported by a numerous body of inferior gladiators, were pressing them sore. Placidus, an expert swordsman, and in no way wanting physical courage, was conspicuous in the front. Hippias alone seemed to vie with the Tribune in reckless daring, though Hirpinus, Eumolpus, Lutorius, and the others were all earning their wages

with scrupulous fidelity, and bearing themselves according to custom, as if fighting were the one business of their lives.

When Esca reached the scene of conflict, the Tribune had just closed with a gigantic adversary. For a minute they reeled in the death grapple, then parted as suddenly as they met, the German falling backward with a groan, the Tribune's blade as he brandished it aloft dripping with blood to the very hilt. "Euge!" shouted Hippias, who was at his side, parrying at the same moment, with consummate address, a sweeping sword cut, dealt at him from the dead man's comrade. "That was prettily done, Tribune, and like an artist!"

Esca, catching sight of his enemy's hated face, dashed in with the bound of a tiger, and taking him unawares, delivered at him so fierce and rapid a thrust as would have settled accounts between them, had Placidus possessed no other means of defense than his own skillful swordsmanship; but the fencing master, whose eye seemed to take in all the combatants at once, cut through the curved shaft of the Briton's weapon with one turn of his short sword, and its head fell harmless on the floor. His hand was up for a deadly thrust when Esca found himself felled to the ground by some powerful fist, while a ponderous form holding him down with its whole weight, made it impossible for him to rise.

"Keep quiet, lad," whispered a friendly voice in his ear; "I was forced to strike hard to get thee down in time. Faith! the Master gives short warning with his thrusts. Here thou'rt safe, and here I'll take care thou shalt remain till the tide has rolled over us, and I can pass thee out unseen. Keep quiet! I tell thee, lest I have to strike thee senseless for thine own good."

In vain the Briton struggled to regain his feet; Hirpinus kept him down by main force. No sooner had the gladiator caught sight of his friend, than he resolved to save him from the fate which too surely threatened all who were found in the palace, and with characteristic promptitude used the only means at his disposal for the fulfillment of his object.

A moment's reflection satisfied Esca of his old comrade's good faith. Life is sweet, and with the hope of its preservation came back the thought of Mariamne. He lay still for a few minutes, and by that time the tide of fight had rolled on, and they were left alone.

Hirpinus rose first with a jovial laugh. "Why, you went

down, man," said he, "like an ox at an altar. I would have held my hand a little — in faith I would — had there been time. Well, I must help thee up, I suppose, seeing that I put thee down. Take my advice, lad, get outside as quick as thou canst. Keep the first turning to the right of the great gate, stick to the darkest part of the gardens, and run for thy life!"

So speaking, the gladiator helped Esca to his feet, and pointed down the corridor, where the way was now clear. The Briton would have made one more effort to save the Emperor, but Hirpinus interposed his burly form, and finding his friend so refractory, half led, half pushed him to the door of the palace. Here he bade him farewell, looking wistfully out into the night, as though he would fain accompany him.

"I have little taste for the job here, and that's the truth," said he, in the tone of a man who has been unfairly deprived of some expected pleasure. "The Germans made a pretty good stand for a time, but I thought there were more of them, and that the fight would have lasted twice as long. Good luck go with thee, lad, I shall perhaps never see thee again. Well, well, it can't be helped. I have been bought and paid for, and must go back to my work."

So, while Esca, hopeless of doing any more good, went his way into the gardens, Hirpinus reëntered the palace to follow his comrades, and assist in the search for the Emperor.

He was somewhat surprised to hear loud shouts of laughter echoing from the end of the corridor. Hastening on to learn the cause of such strangely timed mirth, he came upon Rufus lying across the prostrate body of a German, and trying hard to stanch the blood that welled from a fatal gash inflicted by his dead enemy, ere he went down.

Hirpinus raised his friend's head, and knew it was all over.

"I have got it," said Rufus, in a faint voice; "my foot slipped and the clumsy barbarian lunged in over my guard. Farewell, old comrade! Bid the wife keep heart. There is a home for her at Picenum, and — the boys — keep them out of the Family. When you close with these Germans, — disengage — at half distance, and turn your wrist down with the — old — thrust, so as to ——"

Weaker and weaker came the gladiator's last syllables, his head sank, his jaw dropped, and Hirpinus, turning for a farewell look at the comrade with whom he had trained, and toiled,

and drunk, and fought, for half a score of years, dashed his hand angrily to his shaggy eyelashes, for he saw him through a mist of tears.

Another shout of laughter, louder still and nearer, roused him to action. Turning into the room whence it proceeded, he came upon a scene of combat, nearly as ludicrous as the last was pitiful.

Surrounded by a circle of gladiators, roaring out their applause and holding their sides with mirth, two most unwilling adversaries were pitted against each other. They seemed, indeed, very loath to come to close quarters, and stood face to face with excessive watchfulness and caution.

In searching for the Emperor, Placidus and his myrmidons had scoured several apartments without success. Finding the palace thus unoccupied, and now in their own hands, the men had commenced loading themselves with valuables, and prepared to decamp with their plunder, each to his home, as having fulfilled their engagement, and earned their reward. But the Tribune well knew that if Vitellius survived the night, his own head would be no longer safe on his shoulders, and that it was indispensable to find the Emperor at all hazards; so, gathering a handful of gladiators round him, persuading some and threatening others, he instituted a strict search in one apartment after another, leaving no hole nor corner untried, persuaded that Cæsar must be still inside the palace, and consequently within his grasp.

He entertained, nevertheless, a lurking mistrust of treachery, roused by the late appearance of Euchenor at supper, which was rather strengthened than destroyed by the Greek's unwillingness to engage in personal combat with the Germans. Whilst he was able to do so, the Tribune had kept a wary eye upon the pugilist, and had indeed prevented him more than once from slipping out of the conflict altogether. Now that the Germans were finally disposed of, and the palace in his power, he kept the Greek close at hand with less difficulty, jeering him, half in jest and half in earnest, on the great care he had taken of his own person in the fray.

Thus, with Euchenor at his side, followed by Hippias, and some half-dozen gladiators, the Tribune entered the room in which the Emperor had supped, and from which a door, concealed by a heavy curtain, led into a dark recess originally intended for a bath. At the foot of this curtain, half lying,

half sitting, groveled an obese, unwieldy figure, clad in white, which moaned and shook and rocked itself to and fro, in a paroxysm of abject fear.

The Tribune leapt forward with a gleam of diabolical triumph in his eyes. The next instant his face fell, as the figure, looking up, presented the scared features of the bewildered Spado.

But even in his wrath and disappointment Placidus could indulge himself with a brutal jest.

"Euchenor," said he, "thou hast hardly been well blooded to-night. Drive thy sword through this carrion, and draw it out of our way."

The Greek was only averse to cruelty, when it involved personal danger. He rushed in willingly enough, his blade up, and his eyes glaring like a tiger's; but the action roused whatever was left of manhood in the victim, and Spado sprang to his feet with the desperate courage of one who has no escape left.

Close at his hand lay a Parthian bow, one of the many curiosities in arms that were scattered about the room, together with a sandalwood quiver of puny painted arrows.

"Their points are poisoned," he shouted; "and a touch is death!"

Then he drew the bow to its full compass, and glared about him like some hunted beast brought to bay.

Euchenor, checked in his spring, stood rigid as if turned to stone. His beautiful form indeed, motionless in that life-like attitude, would have been a fit study for one of his own country's sculptors; but the surrounding gladiators, influenced only by the ludicrous points of the situation, laughed till their sides shook, at the two cowards thus confronting each other.

"To him, Euchenor!" said they, with the voice and action by which a man encourages his dog at its prey. "To him, lad! Here's old Hirpinus come to back thee. He always voted thee a cur. Show him some of thy mettle now!"

Goaded by their taunts, Euchenor made a rapid feint, and crouched for another dash. Terrified and confused, the eunuch let the bowstring escape from his nerveless fingers, and the light gaudy arrow, grazing the Greek's arm and scarcely drawing blood, fell, as it seemed, harmless to the floor between his feet.

Again there was a loud shout of derision, for Euchenor, dropping his weapon, applied this trifling scratch to his mouth; ere the laugh subsided, however, the Greek's face contracted and turned pale. With a wild yell he sprang bolt upright, raising his arms above his head, and fell forward on his breast, dead.

The gladiators, leaping in, passed half a dozen swords through the eunuch's body, almost ere their comrade touched the floor.

Then Lutorius and Eumolpus, tearing down the curtain, disappeared in the dark recess behind. There was an exclamation of surprise, a cry for mercy, a scuffling of feet, the fall of some heavy piece of furniture, and the two emerged again, dragging between them, pale and gasping, a bloated and infirm old man.

"Cæsar is fled!" said he, looking wildly round. "You seek Cæsar?"

Then, perceiving the dark smile on the Tribune's face, and abandoning all hope of disguise, he folded his arms with a certain dignity that his coarse garments and disordered state could not wholly neutralize, and added: —

"I *am* Cæsar! Strike! since there is no mercy and no escape!"

The Tribune paused an instant and pondered. Already the dawn was stealing through the palace, and the dead upturned face of Spado looked gray and ghastly in the pale cold light. Master of the situation, he did but deliberate whether he should slay Cæsar with his own hand, thus bidding high for the gratitude of his successor, or whether, by delivering him over to an infuriated soldiery, who would surely massacre him on the spot, he should make his death appear an act of popular justice, in the furtherance of which he was himself a mere dutiful instrument.

A few moments' reflection on the character of Vespasian decided him to pursue the latter course. He turned to the gladiators, and bade them secure their prisoner.

Loud shouts, and the tramp of many thousand armed feet, announced that the disaffected legions were converging on the palace, and had already filled its courtyard with masses of disciplined men, ranged under their eagles in all the imposing precision and the glittering pomp of war. The increasing daylight showed their serried files, extending far beyond the gate,

over the spacious gardens of the palace, and the cold morning breeze unfurled a banner here and there, on which were already emblazoned the initials of the new Emperor, "Titus Flavius Vespasian Cæsar."

As Vitellius, with his hands bound, led between two gladiators, passed out of the gate which at midnight had been his own, one of these gaudy devices glittered in the rising sun before his eyes. Then his whole frame seemed to collapse, and his head sank upon his breast, for he knew that the bitterness of death had indeed come at last.

But it was no part of the Tribune's scheme that his victim's lineaments should escape observation. He put his own sword beneath the Emperor's chin, and forced him to hold his head up while the soldiers hooted and reviled, and ridiculed their former lord.

"Let them see thy face," said the Tribune, brutally. "Even now thou art still the most notorious man in Rome."

Obese in person, lame in gait, pale, bloated, disheveled, and a captive, there was yet a certain dignity about the fallen Emperor, while he drew himself up, and thus answered his enemy: —

"Thou hast eaten of my bread and drunk from my cup. I have loaded thee with riches and honors. Yesterday I was thine Emperor and thy host. To-day I am thy captive and thy victim. But here, in the jaws of death, I tell thee that not to have my life and mine empire back again, would I change places with Julius Placidus the Tribune!"

They were the last words he ever spoke, for while they paraded him along the Sacred Way, the legions gathered in and struck him down, and hewed him in pieces, casting the fragments of his body into the stream of Father Tiber, stealing calm and noiseless by the walls of Rome. And though the faithful Galeria collected them for decent interment, few cared to mourn the memory of Vitellius the glutton; for the good and temperate Vespasian reigned in his stead.

JOSEPHUS ON THE JEWISH WAR.

[Flavius Josephus, Jewish statesman and historian, was the son of a priest by a descendant of the Asmonean princes, and was born at Jerusalem, 37 A.D. He was early a distinguished scholar and a leader of the Pharisees; was sent as delegate to Nero at twenty-six; was governor of Galilee when the last rising against the Roman government took place, and was captured at the siege of Jotapata; made terms for himself with the Romans, and accompanied their army at the siege of Jerusalem. He then lived at Rome till after 97 A.D. He wrote the "History of the Jewish War"; "Jewish Antiquities"; a pamphlet, "Against Apion," in defense of his countrymen; and his autobiography.]

The Siege of Jotapata.

Jotapata is almost all of it a precipice, having on all sides of it but one ravines immensely deep, so that those who try to look down find their sight fail them before it reaches the bottom. It is only to be got at on the north side, where the city is built on the mountain, as it ends obliquely at a plain. Josephus had surrounded this mountain with a wall when he fortified the city, that its summit might not be able to be seized upon by the enemies. The city is covered all round with other mountains, and is invisible till one comes just upon it. Such was the strong situation of Jotapata.

Vespasian, therefore, being put on his mettle by the natural strength of the place, as well as the bold defense of the Jews, resolved to prosecute the siege with vigor. To this end he called the commanders that were under him to a council of war, and consulted with them as to the assault. And when it was resolved to raise a bank against that part of the wall which was accessible, he sent his whole army abroad to collect materials. So when they had cut down all the trees near the city, and had got together a great heap of stones besides the wood they had cut down, some of them spread fascines over their works, to avoid the effects of the darts that were shot from above at them, under cover whereof they kept on forming their bank, and so were hurt little or nothing by the darts that were thrown upon them from the wall, while others pulled the neighboring hillocks to pieces, and perpetually brought them earth; so nobody was idle, as they were busy three sorts of ways. But the Jews cast great stones from the walls and all sorts of darts upon the fascines which protected the men, and their noise, though they did not reach them, was so terrible that it was some impediment to the workmen.

Vespasian then put into position all round the city the en-

gines for throwing stones and darts (the number of which was in all a hundred and sixty), and bade the engineers shoot at those that were upon the wall. Then simultaneously the catapults hurled lances with a great noise, and stones of the weight of a talent were thrown by the engines for hurling stones, and fire and a vast multitude of arrows, which not only made the walls difficult of access to the Jews, but also reached the parts within the walls. For the mass of the Arabian archers, as well as all those that threw darts and slung stones, hurled their shot at the same time as the engines. However, the others did not lie still when they could not fight the Romans from the higher ground. For they then made sallies, like robbers, in bands, and tore away the fascines that covered the workmen, and struck them when they were thus unprotected ; and when those workmen gave way, they shoveled away the earth that composed the bank, and burnt the woodwork of it and the fascines, till Vespasian perceived that the intervals between the works caused this damage, for these intervals gave the Jews opportunity to attack the Romans. So he united the fascines, and at the same time concentrated all his army close to them, which prevented these sallies of the Jews.

And when the bank was now raised, and brought very close to the battlements, Josephus thought it would be strange if he could make no counter contrivance for the city's preservation ; so he got together his workmen, and ordered them to build the wall higher. And when they said that it was impossible to build while they were being pelted with so many darts, he invented the following shelter for them. He bade them fix stakes, and stretch over them the raw hides of oxen just killed, that these hides, by yielding and hollowing themselves when the stones were thrown at them, might receive them, and the other darts would slide off them, and fire that was thrown would be quenched by the moisture that was in them. And these he set over the workmen, and under them they went on with their work in safety, and raised the wall higher both by day and night, till it was twenty cubits higher. He also built frequent towers upon the wall, and fitted to it strong battlements. This greatly discouraged the Romans, who thought by now they would have already got inside the city, and they were at once dismayed at Josephus' contrivance and at the courage of the citizens.

And Vespasian was irritated at the great subtlety of this stratagem, and at the boldness of the men of Jotapata. For

taking heart again upon the building of this wall, they made fresh sallies upon the Romans, and had every day conflicts with them in bands, together with all such contrivances as robbers make use of, as plundering all that came to hand, as also setting fire to all the Roman works; till Vespasian made his army leave off fighting them, and resolved to sit down before the city, and to starve it into a surrender, supposing that they would either be forced to petition him for mercy by want of provisions, or, if they should have the courage to hold out till the last extremity, that they would perish by famine: and he concluded he should conquer them the more easily in fighting, if he left them alone for a time, and then fell upon them when they were weakened by famine. But he gave orders that they should guard all the outlets from the city.

Now the besieged had plenty of corn and indeed of all other things within the city, but they wanted water, because there was no fountain in the city, the people there being supplied with rain water. But it is a rare thing in that country if ever to have rain in summer. And as the siege was at this season, they were in great distress for some contrivance to satisfy their thirst, and they chafed as if already entirely in want of water. For Josephus, seeing that the city abounded with other necessaries, and that the men were of good courage, and wishing to protract the siege longer than the Romans expected, ordered their drink to be given them by measure. But they deemed this scanty distribution of water by measure a thing harder than the want of it; and their not being able to drink as much as they would stimulated still more their desire for drinking, and they were as much disheartened thereby as if they were come to the last degree of thirst. Nor were the Romans ignorant of the condition they were in; for where they stood opposite them above the wall, they could see them running together, and taking their water by measure, which made them throw their javelins there, the place being within their reach, and kill a great many of them.

And Vespasian hoped that their cisterns of water would in no long time be emptied, and that they would be forced to deliver up the city to him. But Josephus, being minded to frustrate his hope, commanded a great many to wet their clothes, and hang them out upon the battlements, till the entire wall was of a sudden all wet with the running down of the water. At this the Romans were discouraged and in consternation, seeing them able to throw away in sport so much

water, when they supposed them not to have enough to drink. And the Roman general despaired of taking their city by famine, and even betook himself again to arms and force, which was what the Jews greatly desired. For as they despaired of safety for either themselves or their city, they preferred death in battle to death by hunger and thirst.

However, Josephus contrived another stratagem, besides the foregoing one, to get plenty of what they wanted. Through a certain ravine that was almost inaccessible, and so was neglected by the soldiers, Josephus sent out certain persons along the western parts of it, and by them sent letters to whom he pleased of the Jews that were outside the city, and procured from them in abundance whatever necessaries they wanted in the city. He ordered them also to creep along generally when near the watch as they returned to the city, and to cover their backs with fleeces, that if any one should observe them by night, they might be believed to be dogs. This was done till the watch perceived their contrivance, and surrounded the ravine. . . .

[Josephus] with his bravest men made a sally, and dispersed the enemies' outposts, and ran as far as the Roman camp itself, and pulled the coverings of their tents upon their bank to pieces, and set fire to their works. And he never left off fighting in the same manner either the next day or the day after that, or for a considerable number of both days and nights.

Upon this Vespasian, as he saw the Romans distressed by these sallies (for they were ashamed to be put to flight by the Jews, and when at any time they made the Jews run away, their heavy armor would not let them pursue them far, and the Jews, when they had done any mischief, before they could be hurt themselves, still retired into the city), ordered his armed men to avoid their attacks, and not fight it out with men in desperation, for nothing was more courageous than despair, and their violence would be quenched when they saw they failed of their purposes, as fire was quenched when it wanted fuel. He said also that it became the Romans to gain their victories as cheaply as they could, since they did not fight for their existence, but only to enlarge their dominions. So he repelled the Jews most by the Arabian archers, and Syrian slingers and stone throwers. Nor was there any intermission of the numerous engines that hurled missiles. Now the Jews suffered greatly by these engines and gave way before them, but when they threw stones or javelins a great distance,

then the Jews came to close quarters and pressed hard upon the Romans, and fought desperately, without sparing either soul or body, one detachment relieving another by turns when it was tired out.

Now Vespasian, looking upon himself as besieged in turn by these sallies of the Jews and the long time the siege lasted, as his banks were now not far from the walls, determined to apply his battering-ram. This is a vast beam of wood like the mast of a ship; its fore part is armed with a thick piece of iron at the head of it, which is so carved as to be like the head of a ram, whence its name is taken. This ram is slung in the air by its middle by ropes, and is hung, like the balance in a pair of scales, from another beam, and braced by strong beams on both sides of it. When this is pulled backward by a great number of men, and then with united force thrust forward by the same men, it batters walls with the iron part which is prominent. Nor is there any tower so strong, or walls so broad, if they resist its first battery, but are forced to yield to it at last. This was the experiment which the Roman general betook himself to, as he was eagerly bent upon taking the city, for he found lying in the field so long to be to his disadvantage, as the Jews would never be quiet. So the Romans brought their catapults and other engines for galling an enemy nearer to the walls, that they might reach such as were upon the walls who endeavored to frustrate their attempts, and threw stones and javelins at them, and the archers and slingers in like manner came closer to the wall. This brought matters to such a pass that none of the Jews durst man the walls, and then other Romans brought forward the battering-ram, that was cased with wickerwork all over, and in the upper part was covered by skins, and this both for the security of themselves and it. Now the wall was shaken at the very first stroke of this battering-ram, and a terrible clamor was raised by the people within the city, as if they were already taken.

Now when Josephus observed this ram frequently battering the same place, and saw that the wall would quickly be thrown down by it, he resolved to elude for a while the force of that contrivance. So he gave orders to fill sacks with chaff, and to let them down before the place where they saw the ram always battering, that the stroke might be turned aside, or that the place might feel less of the stroke in consequence of the yielding nature of the chaff. This very much delayed the

Romans, because, let them remove their battering-ram to what part they pleased, those that were on the walls also removed their sacks, and placed them opposite the strokes it made, insomuch that the wall was not at all injured in consequence of the resistance that the sacks made, till the Romans made a counter contrivance of long poles, and by tying scythes at their ends cut off the sacks. Now when the battering-ram thus became effective again, and the wall (having been but newly built) was giving way, Josephus and those about him had thenceforward recourse to fire to defend themselves. So they took whatever materials they had that were dry, and made a sally three ways, and set fire to the machines and wickerwork and banks of the Romans. And they could not well come to their assistance, being at once in consternation at the Jews' boldness, and being prevented by the flames from coming to their aid. For the materials being dry, and bitumen and pitch and brimstone also being among them, the fire spread quicker than one would think, and what cost the Romans a great deal of labor was in one hour consumed. . . .

Those who were with Josephus, though they fell one after another, being struck by the darts and stones which the engines threw at them, could not for all that be driven from the wall, but attacked with fire and iron weapons and stones those who were propelling the ram under the protection of the wickerwork: though they could do little or nothing, but fell themselves perpetually, because they were seen by those whom they could not see. For the light of their own fire shone about them, and made them as visible a mark to the enemy as they were in the daytime, while the enemy's engines could not be seen at a great distance, and so what was thrown at them could not well be avoided. For the force with which these engines threw stones and darts made them wound many at a time, and the whizzing stones that were cast by the engines carried away the battlements, and broke off the corners of the towers. Indeed, no body of men could be so strong as not to be overthrown to the last rank by the size of the stones. . . . The whir of the instruments and the noise of the missiles was more terrible still. Dire too was the noise the dead bodies made when they were knocked down one after another on the walls, and dreadful was the clamor which the women raised within the city, which was echoed back by the cries of those outside who were being slain; and the whole space of ground whereon

they fought ran with blood, and the wall might have been climbed up to over dead bodies. The mountains also contributed to increase the noise by their echoes, nor was there on that night anything wanting that could terrify either the ear or eye. And very many of those that fought nobly at Jotapata fell, and very many were wounded, and the morning watch was come ere the wall yielded to the machines employed against it, though it had been battered without intermission ; and those within covered their bodies with their armor and built up again what was thrown down of the wall, before those scaling machines were laid to the wall by which the Romans were to ascend into the city.

In the morning Vespasian mustered together his army to take the city, after a little rest from the fatigues of the night. And as he wished to draw off those that checked him from the places where the wall had been thrown down, he made the most courageous of his cavalry dismount from their horses, and placed them in three files opposite these breaches in the wall, defended by their armor on every side, and with poles in their hands, that so they might begin the ascent as soon as the machines for such ascent were laid to the wall. And behind these he placed the flower of his foot, and he ordered the rest of the horse to deploy from the walls over all the hills to prevent any from escaping out of the city when it should be taken; and behind these he placed the archers all round, and commanded them to have their arrows ready to shoot. He gave the same commands to the slingers, and to those that managed the engines, and bade others bring ladders and apply them to those parts of the wall that were uninjured, that those who tried to hinder their ascent might leave off guarding the breaches in the wall, while the rest of the besieged might be overpowered by the darts cast at them, and yield an entrance into the city.

But Josephus, seeing through Vespasian's plan, set the old men and those that were tired out at the sound part of the wall, as not at all likely to be hurt there, but set the most efficient of his soldiers at the place where the wall was broken down, and in front of them all six men by themselves, among whom he himself shared in the post of greatest danger. He also gave orders that when the legions made a shout they should stop their ears, that they might not be dismayed at it, and also that, to avoid the shower of the enemies' darts, they should bend down on their knees, and cover themselves with their shields, and retreat a little backwards for a while, till the

archers should have emptied their quivers ; and that, when the Romans should lay their machines for ascending the walls, they should leap out, and with their own instruments meet the enemy, and that every one should strive to do his best, not to defend his own city, as if it were possible to be preserved, but to revenge it, as if it was already destroyed ; and that they should try and picture before their eyes how their old men would be slain, and their children and wives killed immediately by the enemy ; and that they should beforehand spend all their fury on account of the calamities coming upon them, and pour it out on the perpetrators of them.

Thus did Josephus dispose of both his bodies of men. As for the useless part of the citizens, the women and children, when they saw their city surrounded by a triple line (for none of the former guards were withdrawn for battle), and their enemies with swords in their hands at the breaches in the wall, as also the hilly country above them shining with arms, and the darts ready and poised in the hands of the Arabian archers, they made a final wail at their capture, as if their ruin was not only imminent, but had actually come upon them already. But Josephus ordered the women to be shut up in their houses, lest they should unnerve the courage of the men by pity, and commanded them to hold their peace, and threatened them if they did not, and went himself to the breach, where his position was allotted. As to those who brought up ladders to the other places, he took no notice of them, but earnestly waited for the expected shower of arrows.

And now the trumpeters of all the Roman legions sounded together, and the army raised a terrible shout, and as a shower of darts were hurled at a preconcerted signal, the air was darkened by them. But Josephus' men remembered the orders he had given them ; they stopped their ears at the shouts, and protected their bodies against the darts ; and as for the scaling engines that were laid to the wall, the Jews sallied out at them, before those that should have used them were got upon them. And now, on the ascending of the soldiers, there was a great hand-to-hand fight, and much valor both of hands and soul was exhibited, while the Jews earnestly endeavored, in the extreme danger they were in, not to show less courage than those who, without being in danger, fought so stoutly against them, nor did they leave struggling with the Romans till they either fell down dead themselves, or killed

their antagonists. But as the Jews grew weary with defending themselves continually, and had not enough men to relieve them, so on the side of the Romans fresh men still succeeded those that were tired, and still new men quickly got upon the scaling engines in the room of those that were thrust down, encouraging one another, and joining side to side, and protecting themselves with their shields over their heads, so that they became an invincible body, and as they pushed back the Jews with their whole line, as though they were but one body, they began already to get upon the wall.

Then did Josephus in this utmost distress take for his counselor necessity (which is very clever in invention when it is sharpened by despair), and gave orders to pour scalding oil upon those whose shields protected them. Whereupon they soon got it ready, for many brought it and in great quantities, and poured it on all sides upon the Romans, and threw down upon them the vessels as they were still hissing from the heat of the fire. This so burnt the Romans, that it dispersed their compact body, who now tumbled down from the wall in dreadful pain, for the oil easily ran down their whole bodies from head to foot under their full armor, and fed upon their flesh like fire, its fat and unctuous nature rendering it soon heated and slowly cooled. And as the men were incumbered with their helmets and breastplates, they could in no way get free from this burning, and could only leap and roll about in pain, as they fell off their gangways. And as they thus were beaten back, and retired to their own party, who still pressed them forward, they became an easy prey to those that wounded them from behind.

However, in this ill success of the Romans, their courage did not fail them; nor did the Jews want prudence to oppose them. For the Romans, although they saw their own men thrown down and in a miserable condition, yet were they vehemently bent against those that poured the oil upon them: while every one reproached the man before him as a coward, and one that hindered him from exerting himself; and while the Jews made use of another stratagem to prevent their ascent and poured boiling fenugreek upon the boards, in order to make them slip and fall down. By which means neither could those that were coming up, nor those that were going down, stand on their feet. But some of them fell backward upon the machines on which they ascended, and were trodden upon.

Many of them fell down upon the bank they had raised; and when they had fallen upon it were slain by the Jews. For when the Romans could not keep their feet, the Jews, being freed from fighting hand to hand, had leisure to throw their darts at them. So the general called off those soldiers in the evening that had suffered so sorely: of whom the number of the slain was not a few; while that of the wounded was still greater. But of the people of Jotapata no more than six men were killed; although more than three hundred were carried off wounded.

Hereupon Vespasian comforted his army upon occasion of what happened. And as he found them angry indeed, but rather wanting somewhat to do than any further exhortations, he gave orders to raise the bank still higher, and to erect three towers each fifty feet high: and that they should cover them with plates of iron on every side, that they might be both firm by their weight, and not easily liable to be set on fire. These towers he set upon the banks, and placed upon them such as could shoot darts and arrows, with the lighter engines for throwing stones and darts also: and besides these he set upon them the stoutest men among the slingers, who, not being visible by reason of the height they stood upon and the battlement that protected them, might throw their weapons at those that were upon the wall and were easily seen by them. Hereupon the Jews, not being easily able to escape those darts that were thrown down upon their heads, nor to avenge themselves on those whom they could not see, and perceiving that the height of the towers was so great that a dart which they threw with their hand could hardly reach it, and that the iron plates about them made it very hard to come at them by fire, left the walls and sallied out of the city, and fell upon those that shot at them. And thus did the people of Jotapata resist the Romans; while a great number of them were every day killed, without their being able to retort the evil upon their enemies. Nor could they keep them out of the city without danger to themselves. . . .

But the people of Jotapata still held out manfully, and bore up under their miseries beyond all that could be hoped for. On the forty-seventh day of the siege the banks cast up by the Romans were become higher than the wall. On which day a certain deserter went to Vespasian, and told him, how few were left in the city, and how weak they were, and that they

had been so worn out with perpetual watching, and as perpetual fighting, that they could not now oppose any force that came against them, and that they might be taken by stratagem if any one would attack them: for that about the last watch of the night, when they thought they might have some rest from the hardships they were under, and when a morning sleep used to come upon them, as they were thoroughly weary, he said the watch used to fall asleep. Accordingly his advice was, that they should make their attack at that hour. But Vespasian had a suspicion about this deserter; as knowing how faithful the Jews were to one another, and how much they despised any punishments that could be inflicted on them. He also knew that one of the people of Jotapata had undergone all sorts of torments; and though they made him pass through a fiery trial of his enemies in his examination, yet would he inform them nothing of the affairs within the city; and as he was crucified, smiled at them. However, the probability there was in the relation itself partly confirmed the truth of what the deserter told them; and they thought he might probably speak truth. However, Vespasian thought they should be no great sufferers if the report were false. So he commanded them to keep the man in custody; and prepared the army for taking the city.

According to this resolution, they marched without noise, at the hour that had been told them, to the wall. And it was Titus himself that first got upon it, with one of his tribunes, Domitius Sabinus, and a few of the fifteenth legion along with him. So they cut the throats of the watch, and entered the city very quietly. After these came Cerealis the tribune, and Placidus, and led on those that were under them. Now when the citadel was taken, and the enemy were in the very midst of the city, and when it was already day, yet the capture of the city was not known by those that held it. For a great many of them were fast asleep; and a great mist which then by chance fell upon the city, hindered those that got up from distinctly seeing the case they were in, till the whole Roman army was gotten in, and they were raised up only to find the miseries they were under; and as they were slaying they perceived the city was taken. And for the Romans, they so well remembered what they had suffered during the siege, that they neither spared nor pitied any; but drove the people down the precipice from the citadel, and slew them as they drove them down. At which time the difficulties of the place hindered those that were

still able to fight from defending themselves; for as they were distressed in the narrow streets, and could not keep their feet sure along the precipice, they were overpowered with the crowd of those that came fighting them down from the citadel. This incited a great many, even of those chosen men that were about Josephus, to kill themselves with their own hands. For when they saw that they could kill none of the Romans, they resolved to prevent being killed by the Romans; and got together in great numbers in the utmost parts of the city, and killed themselves.

However, such of the watch as at the first perceived they were taken, and ran away as fast as they could, went up into one of the towers on the north side of the city, and for a while defended themselves there. But as they were encompassed with a multitude of enemies, they tried to use their right hands when it was too late; and at length they cheerfully offered their necks to be cut off by those that stood over them. And the Romans might have boasted that the conclusion of that siege was without blood on their side, if there had not been a centurion, Antonius, who was slain at the taking of the city. His death was occasioned by the following treachery. There was one of those that were fled into the caverns, which were a great number, who desired that this Antonius would give him his hand for his security, and would assure him that he would preserve him, and give him his assistance in getting up out of the cavern. Accordingly, he incautiously reached him his right hand; when the other man prevented him, and stabbed him under his loins with a spear, and killed him instantly.

On this day it was that the Romans slew all the multitude that appeared openly. But on the following days they searched the hiding places, and fell upon those that were under ground, and in the caverns. And went thus through every age, excepting the infants, and the women; and of these there were gathered together as captives twelve hundred. And as for those that were slain at the taking of the city, and in the former fights, they were numbered to be forty thousand. So Vespasian gave order that the city should be entirely demolished, and all the fortifications burnt down. And thus was Jotapata taken, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Nero, on the first day of the month Panemus or Tamuz (A.D. 67).

THE GLORIES OF DOMITIAN'S REIGN.

By JUVENAL.

(The Fourth Satire: Translation of William Gifford.)

[DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS, the most powerful satirical poet of the world, was probably born about A.D. 50, under Claudius, and died at above eighty, under Hadrian. He was a rhetorician and lawyer, and poured out in his later years, when he could do so in safety after Domitian's death in A.D. 96, the fury which the shameless social corruption and political profligacy and barbarity of the times excited in him. The graphic incidents of his life are few and very uncertain: he seems to have been of provincial birth, of the middle class, and a struggling professional man in Rome for many years.]

AGAIN Crispinus comes! and yet again,
And oft, shall he be summoned to sustain
His dreadful part: — the monster of the times,
Without ONE virtue to redeem his crimes!
Diseased, emaciate, weak in all but lust,
And whom the widow's sweets alone disgust.
  Avails it, then, in what long colonnades
He tires his mules? through what extensive glades
His chair is borne? what vast estates he buys,
What splendid domes that round the Forum rise?
Ah, no! — Peace visits not the guilty mind,
Least his, who incest to adultery joined,
And stained thy priestess, Vesta; — whom, dire fate!
The long dark night and living tomb await.
  Turn we to slighter vices: — yet had these,
In others, Seius, Titius, whom you please,
The Censor roused; for what the good would shame,
Becomes Crispinus, and is honest fame.
But when the actor's person far exceeds,
In native loathsomeness, his loathsom'st deeds,
Say, what can satire? For a fish that weighed
Six pounds, six thousand sesterces he paid!
As those report, who catch, with greedy ear,
And magnify the mighty things they hear.
Had this expense been meant, with well-timed skill,
To gull some childless dotard of a Will;
Or bribe some rich and fashionable fair,
Who flaunts it in a close, wide-windowed chair;
'Twere worth our praise: — but no such plot was here.
'Twas for HIMSELF he bought a treat so dear!
This, all past gluttony from shame redeems,
And even Apicius poor and frugal seems.

What! You, Crispinus, brought to Rome, erewhile,
Lapt in the rushes of your native Nile,
Buy scales, at such a price! you might, I guess,
Have bought the fisherman himself for less;
Bought, in some countries, manors at this rate,
And, in Apulia, an immense estate!
How gorged the emperor, when so dear a fish,
Yet, of his cheapest meals, the cheapest dish,
Was guttled down by this impurpled lord,
Chief knight, chief parasite, at Cæsar's board,
Whom Memphis heard so late, with ceaseless yell,
Clamoring through all her streets — "Ho! shads to sell!"
Pierian Maids, begin: — but, quit your lyres,
The fact I bring no lofty chord requires:
Relate it, then, and in the simplest strain,
Nor let the poet style you Maids, in vain.
When the last Flavius, drunk with fury, tore
The prostrate world, which bled at every pore,
And Rome beheld, in body as in mind,
A baldpate Nero rise, to curse mankind;
It chanced that, where the fane of Venus stands,
Reared on Ancona's coast by Grecian hands,
A turbot, wandering from the Illyrian main,
Fill'd the wide bosom of the bursting seine.
Monsters so bulky, from its frozen stream,
Mæotis renders to the solar beam,
And pours them, fat with a whole winter's ease,
Through the bleak Euxine, into warmer seas.
The mighty draught the astonished boatman eyes,
And to the Pontiff's table dooms his prize:
For who would dare to sell it? who to buy?
When the coast swarmed with many a practised spy,
Mud-rakers, prompt to swear the fish had fled
From Cæsar's ponds, ingrate! where long it fed,
And thus recaptured, claimed to be restored
To the dominion of its ancient lord!
Nay, if Palphurius may our credit gain,
Whatever rare or precious swims the main,
Is forfeit to the crown, and you may seize
The obnoxious dainty, when and where you please.
This point allowed, our wary boatman chose
To give — what, else, he had not failed to lose.
Now were the dogstar's sickly fervors o'er,
Earth, pinched with cold, her frozen livery wore;

The old began their quartan fits to fear,
And wintry blasts deformed the beauteous year,
And kept the turbot sweet: yet on he flew,
As if the sultry South corruption blew. —
And now the lake, and now the hill he gains,
Where Alba, though in ruins, still maintains
The Trojan fire, which, but for her, were lost,
And worships Vesta, though with less of cost.
The wondering crowd, that gathered to survey
The enormous fish, and barred the fisher's way,
Satiate, at length retires; the gates unfold! —
Murmuring, the excluded senators behold
The envied dainty enter: — On the man
To great Atrides pressed, and thus began.
"This, for a private table far too great,
Accept, and sumptuously your Genius treat:
Haste to unload your stomach, and devour
A turbot, destined to this happy hour.
I sought him not; — he marked the toils I set,
And rushed, a willing victim, to my net."
Was flattery e'er so rank! yet he grows vain,
And his crest rises at the fulsome strain.
When, to divine, a mortal power we raise,
He looks for no hyperboles in praise.
But when was joy unmixed? no pot is found,
Capacious of the turbot's ample round:
In this distress, he calls the chiefs of state,
At once the objects of his scorn and hate,
In whose pale cheeks distrust and doubt appear,
And all a tyrant's friendship breeds of fear.
Scarce was the loud Liburnian heard to say,
"He sits," ere Pegasus was on his way;
Yes: — the new bailiff of the affrighted town
(For what were prefects more?) had snatched his gown,
And rushed to council: from the ivory chair,
He dealt out justice with no common care;
But yielded oft to those licentious times,
And where he could not punish, winked at crimes.
Then old, facetious Crispus tript along,
Of gentle manners, and persuasive tongue.
None fitter to advise the lord of all,
Had that pernicious pest, whom thus we call,
Allowed a friend to soothe his savage mood,
And give him counsel, wise at once and good.

But who shall dare this liberty to take,
When, every word you hazard, life's at stake?
Though but of stormy summers, showery springs —
For tyrants' ears, alas! are ticklish things.
So did the good old man his tongue restrain;
Nor strove to stem the torrent's force in vain.
Not one of those, who, by no fears deterred,
Spoke the free soul, and truth to life preferred.
He temporized — thus fourscore summers fled,
Even in that court, securely, o'er his head.
Next him, appeared Acilius hurrying on,
Of equal age, — and followed by his son;
Who fell, unjustly fell, in early years,
A victim to the tyrant's jealous fears:
But long ere this were hoary hairs become
A prodigy, among the great, at Rome;
Hence, had I rather owe my humble birth,
Frail brother of the giant brood, to earth.
Poor youth! in vain the ancient sleight you try;
In vain, with frantic air, and ardent eye,
Fling every robe aside, and battle wage
With bears and lions, on the Alban stage.
All see the trick: and, spite of Brutus' skill,
There are who count him but a driveler still;
Since, in his days, it cost no mighty pains
To outwit a prince, with much more beard than brains.
Rubrius, though not, like these, of noble race,
Followed with equal terror in his face;
And, laboring with a crime too foul to name,
More, than the pathic satirist, lost to shame.
Montanus' belly next, and next appeared
The legs, on which that monstrous pile was reared.
Crispinus followed, daubed with more perfume,
Thus early! than two funerals consume.
Then bloodier Pompey, practiced to betray,
And hesitate the noblest lives away.
Then Fuscus, who in studious pomp at home,
Planned future triumphs for the Arms of Rome.
Blind to the event! those arms, a different fate,
Inglorious wounds, and Dacian vultures, wait.
Last, sly Veiento with Catullus came,
Deadly Catullus, who, at beauty's name
Took fire, although unseen: a wretch, whose crimes
Struck with amaze even those prodigious times.

A base, blind parasite, a murderous lord,
From the bridge-end raised to the council board:
Yet fitter still to dog the traveler's heels,
And whine for alms to the descending wheels!
None dwelt so largely on the turbot's size,
Or raised with such applause his wondering eyes;
But to the left (O, treacherous want of sight)
He poured his praise; — the fish was on the right!
Thus would he at the fencers' matches sit,
And shout with rapture, at some fancied hit;
And thus applaud the stage machinery, where
The youths were rapt aloft, and lost in air.
Nor fell Veiento short: — as if possest
With all Bellona's rage, his laboring breast
Burst forth in prophecy; "I see, I see
The omens of some glorious victory!
Some powerful monarch captured! — lo, he rears,
Horrent on every side, his pointed spears!
Arviragus hurled from the British car:
The fish is foreign, foreign is the war."
Proceed, great seer, and what remains untold,
The turbot's age and country, next unfold;
So shall your lord his fortunes better know,
And where the conquest waits and who the foe.
The emporer now the important question put,
"How say ye, Fathers, SHALL THE FISH BE CUT?"
"O, far be that disgrace," Montanus cries;
"No, let a pot be formed, of amplest size,
Within whose slender sides the fish, dread sire,
May spread his vast circumference entire!
Bring, bring the tempered clay, and let it feel
The quick gyrations of the plastic wheel: —
But, Cæsar, thus forewarned, make no campaign,
Unless your potters follow in your train!"
Montanus ended; all approved the plan,
And all, the speech, so worthy of the man!
Versed in the old court luxury, he knew
The feasts of Nero, and his midnight crew;
Where oft, when potent draughts had fired the brain,
The jaded taste was spurred to gorge again. —
And, in my time, none understood so well
The science of good eating: he could tell,
At the first relish, if his oysters fed
On the Rutupian, or the Lucrine bed;

And from a crab or lobster's color, name
The country, nay, the district, whence it came.
Here closed the solemn farce. The Fathers rise,
And each, submissive, from the presence hies: —
Pale, trembling wretches, whom the chief, in sport,
Had dragged, astonished, to the Alban court;
As if the stern Sicambri were in arms,
Or the fierce Catti threatened new alarms;
As if ill news by flying posts had come,
And gathering nations sought the fall of Rome!
O! that such scenes (disgraceful at the most)
Had all those years of cruelty engrost,
Through which his rage pursued the great and good,
Unchecked, while vengeance slumbered o'er their blood!
And yet he fell! — for when he changed his game,
And first grew dreadful to the vulgar name,
They seized the murderer, drenched with Lamian gore,
And hurled him, headlong, to the infernal shore!

THE LIBYAN DRAGON.

By SILIUS ITALICUS.

[Silius Italicus, a Roman orator and poet, was born A.D. 25, died A.D. 101. He was a noted advocate, and a politician who perhaps secured his own head under Nero by acting as his tool in the mock trials that slew many eminent citizens. In the year of Nero's death (A.D. 69) he was consul. Says Pliny the Younger: "He conducted himself wisely and courteously as the friend of the luxurious and cruel Vitellius; he won repute by his proconsulship of Asia, and obliterated by the praiseworthy use he made of his leisure the stain he had incurred during his active exertions in former days." He then retired to private life. He was a passionate devotee of art and literature, a patron and collector; he bought the estates, at Tusculum and Naples, of Horace and Virgil, whom he worshiped, and passed his later years near Virgil's tomb. He was a Stoic, and, true to his creed, cheerfully starved himself to death when attacked by an incurable disease. Epictetus considered him the most philosophic spirit of his time. His surviving work is the epic poem "Punica," treating of the Second Punic War in Virgil's manner.]

Where Bragada's slow river scarce contains
Its shrinking current, midst the Libyan plains, —
And yet no stream more daringly expands
Its vent'rous waters o'er those burning sands, —
There, pleased, we drink, or, by the river's edge,
Sit, tired, but happy, in the cooling sedge.

Fast by the bank, a dark'ning grove defies
The sultry warfare of those burning skies,
A wood of gloomy shadow, and of hue.
As if by Styx's hellish waves it grew,
From the deep arches of those antique trees,
Borne on the flagging pinions of the breeze,
A horrid odor strikes, and through the screen
Of blackened trees a cave is darkly seen,
With downward windings struggling deep, to shun
The piercing glances of the tyrant sun.
Here, horror to relate! a monster fell,
Born in the spite of Earth, was found to dwell;
Nor eye hath witnessed nor tradition told
Of such a serpent, coiled in such a fold;
There, dark, in many a loathsome knot he lay,
Sullying the splendor of the outer day.
Around the shore are scattered fragments seen,
That tell where many a bloody feast hath been, —
The lion hath been there his thirst to slake;
His bones beneath the whitening sunbeams bake.
The timid antelope, whom quenchless heat
Hath driv'n to venture near the dark retreat,
His slender limbs are crushed. — The venomous breath
Brings down the vulture, hovering near — to death.
Gorged with repast, and tired with slaughter, then
Sluggish he lies, and heaves within his den,
And sleeps a deathlike sleep; and, should he feel
The waking thirst of such a murd'rous meal,
Mound-like he lies across the river's course,
And dams the current with resistless force,
Through the vext stream his restless folds are spread,
The further bank supports his scaly head.

Thoughtless of such a danger, we explore —
My friends and I — the melancholy shore.
We breathe — we know not why — a passing prayer,
To ev'ry unknown Power presiding there.
And fearful, though unconscious of the cause,
We enter on the cavern's yawning jaws.
Lo! from its entrails a Tartarian breath
Is volumed forth — and in the gale is death;
It rushes forth more angry than the East,
When all his caverned fury is released;
And, then, methought I heard a deeper sound,
With less of earth, but rising through the ground —

The rock on which we trod, I felt to move,
And darker shadows swept along the grove.

Vast as those Titan giants erst who strove,
Sons of the earth, against the rule of Jove,
Vaster than that which erst Alcides strake,
Amid the flags of the Lernæan lake,
The ringed monster roused him from his lair,
And breathed a sickness on the tainted air.
We fly; and panting with our headlong fear,
Strive, in faint shouts, to make our comrades hear,
In vain — tremendous hissings load the wind,
And we can feel the monster's breath behind.
Havens, whom dread almost of sight bereaves,
Clings to a tree, and hides amid the leaves;
When lo! mine eyes beheld the serpent clasp
The black and quivering oak, with spiral grasp,
And, in gigantic circles winding round,
Tear from its roots and level with the ground,
— A mossy tower — I saw it bend and break —
I heard the final crash and smothered shriek.
Aquinus, just as hapless, tried the wave,
Nor found his differing choice avail to save;
Seized in the middle of the stream, his blood
Tinged with a deeper stain, that faithless flood —
Half drowned — half crushed — it hath no life for him —
The monster hath entombed him, limb by limb.
Alone I scaped — and told, as wretches tell,
Saved from some horrid chance, what hap befell.
Then sudden fury seized our leader's breast,
To wreak full vengeance on this hateful pest;
In rage he draws his blade, and with him go,
Both horse and foot, to see the reptile foe;
There the speared horsemen march — the bowmen here —
The huge Balista moves far in the rear,
And turrets, wheeled t' approach a hostile walls —
Prepared to stand, whatever may befall.
Hard hoofs, and ceaseless shoutings shake the ground,
Till the wide cave reëchoes with the sound;
But all give back, and all are silent when
The rousèd snake rolls slowly from his den.
He eyes us — and his eyes shoot keener fires;
Louder and louder his hot breath expires —
High in the air his restless head he's flung,
And seems to lick it with protruded tongue.

But when the startling trumpets ring, at length
He twists him sudden, in convulsive strength,
As suddenly the massive folds subside,
And, at full length, and with the lightnings' glide
In all his ire, he rushes on the line —
Then wheel the horses round, the shouts decline —
The broken cohorts mix — and midst the press,
Is the fell snake in all his ghastliness.
Above the tottering standards — crossing spears —
Writhing, with sudden leap, his crest he rears,
And down he comes resistless, dire as fate,
And man and horse are crushed beneath the weight.
Then, on a thought, he flies, as in disdain,
And with strange swiftness bounds along the plain,
Then nears the troops again, and, from his track,
Standard, and steed, and phalanx, all give back.
Our leader foams, and cries, "What, will ye fly
A serpent's pow'r, ye youth of Italy?
Is Rome's best chivalry o'ermatched to wake
And scotch the fury of one Libyan snake?
If all your strength has found a sudden death,
Struck with the blast of that pestiferous breath;
Or, if the reptile's eye your valor awes —
Or ye wax faint to see his bloody jaws,
Alone your general ventures, through the storm,
Of sand and stench, on this portentous worm." —

He said, nor paused, but, with determined force,
Drove at the twisting snake his shrinking horse;
And, straining to the task his sinews, sped
A whizzing javelin at the monster's head.
Deep in that hideous head, the weapon stood,
And a loud shout proclaimed the following blood.
The maddened monster spins in rage to feel
The pang and shock of the encumb'ring steel;
And blindly dashes, with tremendous force,
In dizzy circles, round the frighted horse;
Nor joy, nor peril Regulus confounds,
Firm he eludes the foe's successive bounds,
And, with an apt and strongly stiffened rein,
Makes many a turn, elusive, on the plain —
To Marus, then, when greater were afraid,
'Twas granted to afford his leader aid.
This hand, in all that warlike host, was found
The readiest to inflict a second wound;

Deep in that body, ringed with many a joint,
I plunged, in desperate strength, my steely point,
Just as the terrors of that forked tongue
Above the charger's fault'ring haunches hung,
And the lost rider deemed his fate was near,
And felt the poison hissing in his ear.
Struck with fresh pain, and stopped in his intent,
On me the reptile's open mouth is bent, —
But now the cohort launches dart on dart,
Barb follows barb, and smart succeeds to smart.
Still with new pangs the baffled monster burns,
Convulsive writhes, and threatens all, by turns,
Till the discharged Balista maims, at length,
And breaks th' array of his enormous strength;
Then the crushed spine refuses to supply
The vengeance threatened by the burning eye,
And the raised head twists in increasing pain,
And the tired mouth breathes hissings, now in vain.

Then were the reptile's volumed entrails riven
By the Phalarica, — and strongly driven,
By the unerring archer, venturing nigh,
A shaft is buried deep in either eye.
With many a gasp the eddying air he draws,
And belches back envenomed from his jaws;
In vain, — with swords and heavy poles they wound
His writhing tail, and pin it to the ground,
Till the huge beam from the vast engine sped
With final bruise, quells the still threat'ning head;
Then all his length he stretches on the shore, —
And slowly gasps — and dying — moves no more.
— But from the mournful River there arose
A sound, as of the voice of many woes, —
Along the waves it came, that grove beside,
And there — within that darksome cavern — died;
Ah! too prophetic of our future doom,
Of sad mischances and of ills to come!
For when upon those sullen waters crept
That wail of death, and all their Naiads wept,
'Twas no vain augury — as thou canst tell,
O son of Regulus — alas! too well.

EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

(Translations by various hands; in part made for this work.)

[Marcus Valerius Martialis, one of the earliest professional men of letters in Rome, — that is, literary workers with no support but their pens, — was born at Bilbilis in Spain, of native blood, A.D. 40 or 41; went to Rome before A.D. 65 under Nero, and remained there till A.D. 98, having seen Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan succeed one another. Titus and Domitian patronized him most, making him a knight and tribune, but giving him little material help. In return Martial heaped laudations on Domitian, at a time when he was perpetrating year-long massacres of the best citizens in frenzied panic; but after the tyrant was himself slaughtered, heaped equally unmeasured execrations on his memory. Nerva and Trajan, however, detested the obscenity of much of his work, and would do nothing for him. In 98 he returned to his native town, married a wealthy lady, and remained three years; but returned to Rome in 101, and died probably the next year. He early became celebrated all over the Roman world for his brief but brilliant skits on life and society, and continued a literary Bohemian, acquainted with all the leading lights of his day, living mainly on the doles of rich patrons, and evidently from hand to mouth. His "Epigrams" are invaluable as portraits, though largely sordid and often dirty portraits, of one of the worst ages in human history.]

A Censor out of Place.

Since you knew how licentious are gay Flora's rites,
The lewd games and the boisterous crowd she invites,
Why, Cato the Sour, did you come to the rout?
Did you enter to just turn around and go out?

The Author to His Book.

In the booksellers' windows you long to be shown,
Little book, though my desk be entirely your own.
You know not our critics have nice judging eyes,
And, believe me, the town is prodigiously wise.
Men are loud both their censure and scorn to disclose;
Young and old, even children, all turn up their nose.
While you fondly expect on Fame's pinions to rise,
'Tis a blanket will toss you, my book, to the skies.
But you, that your master may cease to condemn,
Nor your sallies be quenched any more by his phlegm,
Are ambitious to leave me, and largely to roam.
Go, fly; — but you might have been safer at home.

Apology to Domitian.

Cæsar, whene'er you take in hand my books,
Awe of the world! lay by your sterner looks.

On your own triumphs have buffooneries broke,
Nor need a captain shame to take a joke.
With the same brow, I pray, look on my verse,
As Thymele's leg-dance or Latinus' farce.
May harmless jests no censorship endure:
Free are my verses, but my life is pure.

The Emperor's Reply.

I give you sea-fights, you give me a skit:
No doubt you'd have me float both you and it.

The Harder Part.

That you, like Thrasea or like Cato great,
Pursue their maxims but decline their fate,
Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart, —
More to my wish you act a Roman's part.
I like not him who fame by death retrieves:
Give me the man who merits praise, and lives.

To an Ambitious Dandy.

You wish, Cotta, to be at once pretty and great;
But a pretty man, Cotta, a small man we rate.

Only the Present Our Own.

Thou, whom (if faith or honor recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember, you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more.
Defer not, what no future time insures:
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and trouble for you stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away.
Then seize it fast; embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late, then live to-day.

Philip Sober Repudiates Philip Drunk.

Last night I had invited you to sup with me to-day —
After some fifty cups, no doubt, we each had stowed away.
You took me at my drunken word, and thought your fortune made;
The precedent is dangerous, and makes me sore afraid:
I hate, Procillus, drinking with rememberers by trade.

Another "Dr. Fell." (See Catullus.)

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; I can only say this, I do not love thee.

The following lines, in imitation of this epigram, or of Catullus, were made by some Oxford wit on Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford, who died in 1686: —

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I'm sure I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

Ostentatious Sorrow.

Gellia ne'er mourns her father's loss,
When no one's by to see,
But yet her soon commanded tears
Flow in society.
To weep for praise is but a feignèd moan:
He grieves most truly, that does grieve alone.

On the Brothers Lucanus and Tullus.

Fraternal love in such strong currents runs,
That, were your fate like that of Leda's sons,
This were the single, but the generous, strife,
Which for the other first should yield his life:
He first would cry, who first should breath resign,
"Live thou, dear brother, both thy days and mine."

A Living Ideal.

If there be any man fit to be numbered among one's few choice friends, a man such as the honesty of past times and ancient renown would readily acknowledge; if any man thoroughly imbued with the accomplishments of the Athenian and Latin Minervas, and exemplary for true integrity; if there be any man who cherishes what is right, and admires what is honorable, and asks nothing of the gods but what all may hear; if there be any man sustained by the strength of a great mind, — may I die if that man is not Decianus.

On Envious Men.

I.

You who make wry faces at every other's good,
Reading even my verses with acid in your blood,

Gnawed by jealous misery, envy whom you may —
Nobody will envy you, whatever you display.

II.

I ne'er begged riches from the gods before,
Well pleased with what I had, and to be poor:
But, want, now get thee hence: Heaven grant me store.
Whence comes this sudden new desire of pelf?
I'd fain see envious Zoilus hang himself.

A Petition for Friendship.

If yet one corner in thy breast
Remains, good Fuscus, unpossessed
(For many a friend, I know, is thine),
Give me to boast that corner mine.
Nor thou the honored place I sue
Refuse to an acquaintance new.
The oldest friend of all thy store
Was once, 'tis certain, nothing more.
It matters not how late the choice,
If but approved by reason's voice!
Then let thy sole inquiry be,
If thou canst find such worth in me
That, constant as the years are rolled,
Matures new friendship into old.

Self-Praise is Self-Detraction.

You are pretty — we know it; and young — it is true;
And rich — who denies it? Your one foe is — you.
'Tis your self-praise, Fabulla, fore'er on your tongue,
Makes you seem neither wealthy, nor pretty, nor young.

The Doting Lover.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk:
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
"I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

To a Jealous Husband.

Your wife's the plainest piece a man can see:
No soul would touch her, whilst you left her free:
But since to guard her you employ all arts,
The rakes besiege her. — You're a man of parts!

On a Dead-Beat.

Lend Linus what he asks? You'd best refuse,
And *give* him half. That's quite enough to lose.

On Novius, a Miser.

(Paraphrase by Swift.)

My neighbor Hunks's house and mine
Are built so near they almost join;
The windows too project so much,
That through the casements we may touch.
Nay, I'm so happy, most men think,
To live so near a man of chink,
That they are apt to envy me
For keeping such good company:
But he's as far from me, I vow,
As London is from good Lord Howe;
For when old Hunks I chance to meet,
Or one or both must quit the street.

Thus he who would not see old Roger
Must be his neighbor — or his lodger.

pitaph on Alcimus.

Dear boy! whom, torn in early youth away,
The light turf covers in Labicum's way,
Receive no tomb hewn from the Parian cave
By useless toil to molder o'er the grave;
But box and shady palms shall flourish here,
And softest herbage green with many a tear.
Dear boy! these records of my grief receive,
These simple honors that will bloom and live;
And be, when Fate has spun my latest lin-.
My ashes honored, as I honor thine!

To Criticasters.

I.

Lælius, you score my verse and hide your own·
Publish what you write, or let mine alone.

II.

Velox, you call my skits too long real epigrams to be;
But you write nothing when you write — the soul of brevity.

III.

You, Cosconius, who think my epigrams long, may possibly be expert at greasing carriage-wheels. With like judgment, you would think the Colossus too tall, and might call Brutus's boy too short. Learn something which you do not know: two pages of Marsus and the learned Pedo often contain only one epigram. Those compositions are not long, in which there is nothing to retrench; but you, Cosconius, write even distichs that are too long.

Out of Debt.

You owe nothing, Sextus; Sextus,
You owe nothing, it is true:
Only he owes money, Sextus,
Who can pay it when it's due.

No News is Good News.

Nævia won't answer my note; —
She will not grant me my boon.
But I'm sure that she read what I wrote:
That means that she *will* grant it soon.

Litigation Costs.

The judge wants money, and the counsel too:
Pay your debt, Sextus, I should counsel you.

On Men with Foul Breath.

I.

Hormus, letting your drinking-cup be used by none beside
Is merely a proof of humanity, and not in the least of pride.

II.

Postumus, kisses you give to some,
Some have your hand to shake:
"Which will you have?" you say to me — "come":
The hand is the one I'll take.

III.

No matter how often you ask me who this is
I speak of as Postumus, I shall not tell:
Why should I have the folly to anger the kisses
With power to avenge themselves only too well?

Good-will Only for Emergencies.

"If harsh Fortune should overwhelm you with some terrible accusation, I will attend you in mourning habit, and more pale than a person accused. If he should order you to depart under condemnation from your native land, I will go, through seas, through mountains, your companion in exile." She gives you riches. "Are they the common property of us both?" Will you give me half? "It is a large sum." Candidus, will you give me anything? You will, then, share with me in misfortune only: but if heaven with smiling countenance shows you favor, you will enjoy your happiness, Candidus, alone.

To a Wary Flirt.

Galla, each that asks you the favors in your store
Always gains a promise, and never any more.
If you mean forever by contraries to go,
Galla, for the future I beg you to say "No."

To a Dinner-Hunter.

Angling for a dinner, Selius, every line
Of your verse or speeches, puts you to the blush:
"How delicious!" "Charming!" "Exquisite!" "Divine!"
There now, Selius, now you've earned your victuals, hush!

Generous with Advice.

I asked a thousand-dollar loan one day; —
No breaking matter even to give away.
'Twas to an old acquaintance I applied, —
Rich, with vast income, and (expense beside)
A surplus hard to invest in prudent wise.
He says, "Turn lawyer: you'll get rich and rise."
Give, Caius, what I ask: it's not advice.

A Useful Gulf.

Would you know what profit my Nomentan estate
Brings to me, Linus? The profitable fate
Of not seeing you, Linus, comes from my estate.

To a Dirty Fellow.

Zoilus, why do you dirty the bath by dipping your legs in the flow?
It could only be made more dirty, Zoilus, by plunging your head in too.

The Inexorable Choice.

You wish to be treated with deference, Sextus: I wished to love you. I must obey you: you shall be treated with deference, as you desire. But if I treat you with deference, I shall not love you.

To a Bilk.

You laugh, well-dressed Zoilus, at my threadbare gown;
'Tis indeed threadbare, Zoilus, but then 'tis my own.

A Legacy without Funds.

Five pounds of silver Marius has left you from his hoards:
The man whom you gave nothing to has given you — some words.

Not Deceived.

You invite me, Nasica, only when you know
I'm engaged and cannot come:
Excuse me, pray, I'm engaged just now —
Engaged to dine at home.

To a Brutal Master.

Why do you maim your slave, Ponticus, by cutting out his tongue? Do you not know that the public says what he cannot?

Tit for Tat.

A gallon of snow-cooled water,[1] in a wickered demijohn,
Is my Christmas gift to you this year: an inappropriate one?
If you grumble at a summer's gift amid December's chill,
Retaliate with a summer suit — I shall not take it ill.

To Classicus, in Disparagement of Difficult Poetic Trifles.

Because I neither delight in verse that may be read backward, nor reverse the effeminate Sotades; because nowhere in my writings, as in those of the Greeks, are to be found echoing verses, and the handsome Attis does not dictate to me a soft and enervated Galliambic strain; I am not on that account, Classicus, so very bad a poet. What if you were to order Ladas against his will to mount the narrow ridge of the petaurum? It is absurd to make one's amusements difficult; and labor expended on follies is childish. Let Palæmon write verses for admiring crowds: I would rather please select ears.

[1] To cool wine.

The Same Tricks of the Trade.

"But where is Volume One," you ask, "since this is Volume Two?" —
If that is modester than this, why, what am I to do?
Still, if you'd rather have this first, it's easy to be done:
Turn, Regulus, to the title-page, and simply cancel one [I].

On a Rival.

Cinna is called a writer — of squibs against me, it is said:
No man can be called a writer, whose writings are never read.

Disinherited by Having the Property to Squander.

Your sire, Philomusus, they say,
  Allowed you twelve hundred a year;
And paid it as so much a day,
  Or each day you'd have been in arrear.
Your vice needed regular food;
  For you cared not a straw, to his sorrow,
That to-day's blindly prodigal mood
  Involved destitution to-morrow.
But now he has left you his all,
  And is dead, you are facing the truth —
Philomusus, you're what one must call
  An outright disinherited youth.

A Feast of the Dead.

The perfumes you gave to your guests at the yesterday evening treat
Were excellent, truly enough; but you gave them nothing to eat.
To be scented and starved at once is a queer entertainment indeed:
That is my definition of corpses — embalmed and unable to feed.

Master and Slave.

A slave, branded on the forehead by his master, saved him when proscribed. Thus, while the master's life was preserved, his infamy was perpetuated.

Well-Regulated Tempers.

My rich friends, you know nothing save how to put yourselves into a passion. It is not a nice thing for you to do, but it suits your purpose. Do it.

To Jealously Exacting Friends.

I.

Such attentions as you receive from a new and lately made friend, Fabianus, you expect to receive also from me. You expect that I should constantly run in deshabille to salute you at the dawn of day, and that your litter should drag me through the middle of the mud; that, worn out, I should follow you at four o'clock or later to the baths of Agrippa, while I myself wash in those of Titus. Is this my reward after twenty winters' service, Fabianus, that I am ever to be in my apprenticeship to your friendship? Is this what I have gained, Fabianus, by my worn-out toga, — and this too my own, — that you do not consider me to have yet earned my discharge?

II.

You demand from me, without end, the attentions due from a client. I go not myself, but send you my freedman. "It is not the same," you say. I will prove that it is much more. I can scarcely follow your litter, he will carry it. If you get into a crowd, he will keep it off with his elbow: my sides are weak and unsuited to such labor. Whatever statement you may make in pleading, I should hold my tongue; but he will roar out for you the thrice-glorious "bravo!" If you have a dispute with any one, he will heap abuse upon your adversary with a stentorian voice: modesty prevents me from using strong language. "Well, then, will you show me," say you, "no attention as my friend?" Yes, Candidus, every attention which my freedman may be unable to show.

The Poet in Times of Personal Patronage.

I.

Do you wish to know the reason, Ligurinus, that no one willingly meets you; that wherever you come, everybody takes flight, and a vast solitude is left around you? You are too much of a poet. This is an extremely dangerous fault. The tigress aroused by the loss of her whelps, the viper scorched by the midday sun, or the ruthless scorpion, are less objects of terror than you. For who, I ask, could undergo such calls upon his patience as you make? You read your verses to me, whether I am standing, or sitting, or running, or about private business. I fly to the hot baths, there you din my ears; I seek the cold bath, there I cannot swim for your noise; I hasten to dinner, you stop me on my way; I sit down to dinner, you drive me from my seat; wearied, I fall asleep, you rouse me from my couch. Do you wish to see how much evil you occasion? — You, a man just, upright, and innocent, are an object of fear.

II.

Whether Phœbus fled from the table and supper of Thyestes, I do not know: I flee from yours, Ligurinus. It is certainly a splendid one, and well furnished with excellent dishes; but nothing pleases me when you recite. I do not want you to put upon table turbots or a mullet of two pounds' weight, nor do I wish for mushrooms or oysters: what I want is your silence.

III.

The reason you ask us to dinner, Ligurinus, is no other than this, that you may recite your verses. I have just put off my shoes, when forthwith in comes an immense volume among the lettuces and sharp sauce. Another is handed while the first course is lingering on the table; then comes a third before even the second course is served. During a fourth course you recite; and again during a fifth. Why, a boar, if so often placed upon table, is unsavory. If you do not hand over your accursed poems to the mackerel sellers, Ligurinus, you will soon dine alone.

To Faustinus.

Yonder, Faustinus, where the Capene Gate drips with large drops, and where the Almo cleanses the Phrygian sacrificial knives of the Mother of the Gods, where the sacred meadow of the Horatii lies verdant, and where the temple of the Little Hercules swarms with many a visitor, Bassus was taking his way in a well-packed chariot, carrying with him all the riches of a favored country spot. There you might have seen cabbages with noble hearts, and both kinds of leeks, dwarf lettuces, and beet-roots not unserviceable to the torpid stomach. There also you might have seen an osier ring, hung with fat thrushes; a hare, pierced by the fangs of a Gallic hound; and a sucking pig, that had never yet crushed bean. Nor did the running footman go idly before the carriage, but bore eggs safely wrapped in hay. Was Bassus going to town? No; he was going to his country seat.

To Chloe.

I could do without your face, and your neck, and your hands, and your limbs, and your bosom, and other of your charms. Indeed, not to fatigue myself with enumerating each of them, I could do without you, Chloe, altogether.

(Moore's Paraphrase.)

I could resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er its splendor used to thrill me;

And even that cheek of roseate hue —
To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However much I've raved about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learned to fast,
That sooth, my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last —
To do without you altogether.

An Indefensible Fraud.

A crafty innkeeper at Ravenna lately cheated me. I asked him for wine and water: he sold me pure wine.

(Warton's Version.)

A landlord of Bath put upon me a queer hum:
I asked him for punch, and the dog gave me *mere rum*.[1]

To Cinna.

Whatever favor you ask, presuming Cinna, you call nothing: if you ask for nothing, Cinna, I refuse you nothing.

To Arrogant Rich Men.

I.

Because you purchase slaves at a hundred and often two hundred thousand sesterces; because you drink wines stored in the reign of Numa; because your not over-large stock of furniture cost you a million; because a pound weight of wrought silver costs you five thousand; because a golden chariot becomes yours at the price of a whole farm; because your mule cost you more than the value of a house, — do you imagine that such expenses are the proof of a great mind, Quintus? You are mistaken, Quintus; they are the extravagances of a small mind.

II.

You never say, "Good day!" first, Nævolus: but content yourself with returning the salute, though even the crow is often in the habit of saying it first. Why do you expect this from me, Nævolus?

[1] The original pun: *merum* = pure wine.

I pray you, tell me. For I consider, Nævolus, you are neither better than I am, nor have precedence of me in the eyes of the world. Both Cæsars have bestowed upon me praise and rewards, and have given me the rights of a father of three children. I am read by many; and fame has given me a name known throughout the cities of the earth, without waiting for my death. There is something, too, in this that Rome has seen me a tribune, and that I sit in those seats whence Oceanus excludes you. I suspect that your servants are not even as numerous as the Roman citizens that Cæsar has made at my request. But you are a debauchee, Nævolus, and play your part excellently in that capacity. Yes, now you take precedence of me, Nævolus; you have decidedly the advantage. Good day to you.

III.

When fortune smiles on you, Nævolus, you're the most hateful of men;
When you are in trouble, Nævolus, none is more pleasing again.
When thriving, you answer nobody's bow, you look down on all that you meet;
You seem to think every man living a slave, unworthy your stopping to greet.
But when you're in trouble, oh, then, what a change! rich presents are one man's share;
At another's levee, as your patron and lord, you make your respects and your prayer;
All are asked to your house. — Never, Nævolus, be without burdens and care.

IV.

"Coranus owes me a hundred thousand sesterces, Mancinus two hundred thousand, Titius three hundred thousand, Albinus six hundred thousand, Sabinus a million, and Seranus another million; from my lodging-houses and farms I receive three millions, from my Parmesan flocks six hundred thousand." Such are the words, Afer, that you daily din into my ear; and I know them better than my own name. You must pay me something, to enable me to bear this. Dispel my daily nausea with a round sum: I cannot listen to your catalogue, Afer, for nothing.

V.

I am, I confess, Callistratus, and have always been, poor; yet I am not an obscure or unknown knight, but am read throughout the world, and people say of me, "That is he!" and what death has awarded to but few has become mine during my lifetime. But you

have halls, resting upon a hundred columns; your coffers with difficulty contain the wealth which you have gained as a freedman; vast farms in Egyptian Syene are yours; and Gallic Parma shears for you innumerable flocks. Such are you and I; but what I am you cannot be; what you are, any one of the multitude may be.

To the Modest Matron.

Thus far this book [Book III] is written entirely for you, chaste matron. Do you ask for whom the sequel is written? For myself. The gymnasium, the warm baths, the race course, are here; you must retire. We lay aside our garments; spare yourself the sight of us in that state. Here at last, after her wine and crowns of roses, Terpsichore is intoxicated, and, laying aside all restraint, knows not what she says. She names no longer in doubtful guise, but openly, that deity whom triumphant Venus welcomes to her temple in the sixth month of the year; whom the bailiff stations as protector in the midst of his garden, and at whom all modest maidens gaze with hand before t. e face. If I know you well, you were laying down the long book from weariness; now you will read diligently to the end.

Good Wishes for a Marriage.

Claudia Peregrina, Rufus, is about to be married to my friend Pudens. Be propitious, Hymen, with thy torches. As fitly is precious cinnamon united with nard, and Massic wine with Attic honey. Nor are elms more fitly wedded to tender vines; nor does the lotus more love the waters, or the myrtle the river's bank. Mayest thou always hover over their couch, fair Concord, and may Venus ever be auspicious to a couple so well matched. In after years may the wife cherish her husband in his old age; and may she, when grown old, not seem so to her husband.

To Silius Italicus.

Silius, glory of the Castalian sisters, who exposest, in mighty song, the perjuries of barbaric rage, and compellest the perfidious pride of Hannibal and the faithless Carthaginians to yield to our great Scipios; lay aside for a while thy austere gravity, and while December, sporting with attractive games, resounds on every side with the boxes of hazard, and plays at tropa with fraudulent dice, accord some indulgence to my muse, and read not with severe but with cheerful countenance my little books, abounding with jocular pleasantries. Just so perhaps might the tender Catullus venture to send his sparrow to the great Virgil.

On a Rich Atheist.

Selius asserts there's neither God nor heaven;
And thinks sufficient proof of that is given,
By the fact that he has said so and still thriven.

On a Bee inclosed in Amber.

The bee is inclosed, and shines preserved, in a tear of the sisters of Phaëton, so that it seems enshrined in its own nectar. It has obtained a worthy reward for its great toils; we may suppose that the bee itself would have desired such a death.

To Galla.

Galla, say "No": love is soon sated, unless our pleasures are mixed with some pain; but do not continue, Galla, to say "No" too long.

Refuting a Libel.

I did not call you, Coracinus, an unnatural debauchee — I am not so rash or daring; nor am I a person to utter falsehoods willingly. If I so spoke of you, Coracinus, may I find the flagon of Pontia and the cup of Metilus hostile to me; I swear to you by the extravagance and madness of the rites of Isis and Cybele. What I said, however, was of a light and trifling nature — a something well known, and which you yourself will not deny: I said, Coracinus, that you are strangely fond of the female sex.

A Mere Coincidence.

You always, it is true, Pamphilus, place Setine wine, or Massic, on table; but rumor says that they are not so pure as they ought to be. You are reported to have been four times made a widower by the aid of your goblet. I do not think this, or believe it, Pamphilus; but I am not thirsty.

Harmonious Judgments.

You beg me, Quintus, to present you my works. I have not a copy, but the bookseller Trypho has. "Am I going to give money for trifles," you say, "and buy your verses while in my sober senses? I shall not do anything so ridiculous." Nor shall I.

Cheated.

Matho, you fairly lived at my Tivoli country seat;
Now you have bought it, I tell you my selling it to you's a cheat:
I've sold you nothing but what you already owned complete.

The Preferred Pleasure.

No man that walks the city streets or tills the country farms
Can say that Thais ever gave her favors to his arms,
Though many ask them of her. Is Thais then so pure?
Oh no: she has an ugly tongue, that gives more pleasure to her.

To Gellia.

(Evidently the original of Philomede in Pope's "Satire on Women.")

While you were telling us of your ancestors, and their ancestors, and the great names of your family, while you looked down on our equestrian order as a mean rank, and while you were asserting that you would marry no one who did not wear the broad border of the senator, you married, Gellia, a porter.

To a Poor Gentleman.

You have, I admit, a knight's intelligence, education, manners, and birth; your other qualities you have in common with the multitude. The fourteen rows of seats are not of so much consequence to you, that you should seat yourself there to grow pale at the sight of Oceanus [the usher who excluded men of lower rank].

The Meaning of Envy.

By no excellence of character, Aulus, could you induce Mamercus to think or speak well of you, even though you surpassed the two Curtii in piety, the Nervæ in inoffensiveness, the Rusones in courtesy, the Macri in probity, the Maurici in equity, the Reguli in eloquence, the Pauli in wit. Mamercus gnaws everything with his foul teeth. Perhaps you think him envious: I may think him whom no one can please, a wretch.

Be Content with Your Line of Action.

Artemidorus, you have painted Venus while Minerva is the object of your veneration, and do you wonder that your work has not given pleasure?

What is given to Friends is not Lost.

Thieves may break locks, and with your cash retire;
Your ancient seat may be consumed by fire:
Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe,
Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow;
Your steward plundered by a greedy punk,
Your ships with all their store at sea be sunk:

Who gives to friends, so much from fate secures;
That is the only wealth forever yours.

The Precariousness of Parasitism.

How has it come about, I ask, how has it so suddenly come about, Dento, that though I have asked you to dinner four times, you have (who would believe it?) constantly presumed to refuse me? You not only avoid looking back when I call, but you flee from me as I follow you, — me whom you so lately used to hunt for at the baths, at the theaters, and at every place of resort? The reason is, that you have been captivated by a more delicate table, and that a richer kitchen has attracted you like a dog. But very soon, when your rich host shall have found you out, and left you in disgust, you will come back to the bones of your old dinner with me.

Keeping up Appearances.

Philo declares he never dines at home,
And it is so, no doubt:
The truth is that he never dines at all
Unless invited out.

On One who forgets Names.

My friend the rhetorician has become an improvisatore: he has never written down Calpurnius' name, and yet he called him by it recently.

When to Live.

(Cowley's Translation.)

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what fair country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late, — the wise lived yesterday.

How to Live.

Fill high the bowl with sparkling wine;
Cool the bright draught with summer snow.
Amid my locks let odors flow;
Around my temples roses twine.
See yon proud emblem of decay,
Yon lordly pile that braves the sky!

It bids us live our little day,
Teaching that gods themselves may die.

To a Detractor.

Although you bark at me for ever and ever, and weary me with your shameless invectives, I am determined to persist in denying you that fame which you have been so long seeking, namely, that you, such as you are, may be read of in my works throughout the whole world. For why should any one know that you ever existed? You must perish unknown, wretched man; it must be so. Still there will not be wanting in this town perhaps one or two, or three or four, who may like to gnaw a dog's hide. For myself, I keep my hands away from such corruption.

Unbearable Punishment.

Do you wonder for what reason, Theodorus, notwithstanding your frequent requests and importunities, I have never presented you with my works? I have an excellent reason; it is lest you should present me with yours.

On Pompey and his Sons.

The sons of Pompey are covered by the soil of Asia and Europe; Pompey himself by that of Africa, if indeed he be covered by any. What wonder that they are thus dispersed over the whole globe? So great a ruin could not have lain in a single spot.

Plain Living but Good Company.

If you are suffering from dread of a melancholy dinner at home, Toranius, you may come and fast with me. If you are in the habit of taking a preparatory whet, you will experience no want of common Cappadocian lettuces and strong leeks. The tunny will lurk under slices of egg; a cauliflower hot enough to burn your fingers, and which has but just left the cool garden, will be served fresh and green on a black platter; while sausages will float on snow-white porridge, and the pale bean will accompany the red-streaked bacon. If you would know the riches of the second course, raisins will be set before you, and pears which pass for Syrian, and chestnuts to which learned Naples gave birth, roasted at a slow fire. The wine you will prove in drinking it. After all this, if Bacchus perchance, as is his wont, produce a craving, excellent olives, which Picenian branches recently bore, will come to your relief, with the hot vetch and the tepid lupine. The dinner is small; who can deny it? — but you will not have to invent falsehoods, or hear them invented; you will recline at ease, and with your own natural look; the host

will not read aloud a bulky volume of his own compositions, nor will licentious girls from shameless Cadiz be there to gratify you with wanton attitudes; but (and I hope it will not be unpleasant or distasteful to you) the small reed pipe will be heard. Such is my little dinner. You will follow Claudia, whom you earnestly wish should be with me before yourself.

Cause and Effect.

I have bought a farm in the country for a sum all out of bounds;
I ask you, Cæcilianus, to lend me a thousand pounds.
You don't answer: no doubt you are thinking, "He'll never be able to pay."
Of course not, Cæcilianus: that's why I am begging to-day.

Modesty Amounting to Genius.

You assert, Laberius, that you can write excellent verses; why then do you not write them? Whoever can write excellent verses, and does not write them, I shall regard as a remarkable man.

To a Windy Lawyer.

My suit has nothing to do with assault, or battery, or poisoning, but is about three goats, which I complain have been stolen by my neighbor. This the judge desires to have proved to him; but you, with swelling words and extravagant gestures, dilate on the Battle of Cannæ, the Mithridatic war, and the perjuries of the insensate Carthaginians, the Syllæ, the Marii, and the Mucii. It is time, Postumus, to say something about my three goats.

A Delayed Gift is a Thankless Gift.

If you had given me six thousand sesterces forthwith, when you said to me, "Take them, and carry them away, I make you a present of them," I should have felt as much indebted to you, Pætus, as if you had given me two hundred thousand. But now, when you have given them to me after a long delay, — after seven, I believe, or nine months, — I can tell you (shall I?) something as true as truth itself: you have lost all thanks, Pætus, for the six thousand sesterces.

A Delicate Hint.

I have not a farthing in the house; one thing only remains for me to do, Regulus, and that is, to sell the presents which I have received from you; are you inclined to buy them?

To a Rival Epigrammatist.

Although the epigrams which you write are always sweetness itself and more spotless than a white-leaded skin, and although there is in them neither an atom of salt nor a drop of bitter gall, yet you expect, foolish man, that they will be read. Why, not even food itself is pleasant, if it be wholly destitute of acid seasoning; nor is a face pleasing which shows no dimples. Give children your honey-apples and luscious figs; the Chian fig, which has sharpness, pleases my taste.

How Not to Act.

The greatest favor that you can do me, Cinna, if I ask anything of you, is to give it me; the next, Cinna, to refuse it at once. I love one who gives, Cinna; I do not hate one who refuses: but you, Cinna, neither give nor refuse.

A Fine Old Vintage.

I have just drunk some consular wine. You ask how old and how generous? It was bottled in the consul's own year; and he who gave it me, Severus, was that consul himself.

To a Chaplet of Roses.

Go, happy rose, and wreathe with a delicate chaplet the tresses of my Apollinaris. Remember, also, to wreathe them even after they are grown gray, but far distant be that time! So may Venus ever love thee.

Praise in Disguise.

Matho exults that I have produced a book full of inequalities; if this be true, Matho only commends my verses. Books without inequalities are produced by Calvinus and Umber. A book that is all bad, Creticus, may be all equality.

Too Wise for his Place.

I bought what you called a fool for twenty thousand sesterces. Return me my money, Gargilianus; he is no fool at all.

A Bad Cause.

I pleaded your cause, Sextus, having agreed to do so for two thousand sesterces. How is it that you have sent me only a thousand? "You said nothing," you tell me; "and the cause was lost through you." You ought to give me so much the more, Sextus, as I had to blush for you.

Now or Never.

I seem to you cruel and too much addicted to gluttony, when I beat my cook for sending up a bad dinner. If that appears to you too trifling a cause, say for what cause you would have a cook flogged?

The Real Meaning.

He who makes presents to you, Gaurus, rich and old as you are, says plainly, if you have but sense and can understand him, "Die!"

To a Boaster.

You say that you have a piece of plate which is an original work of Mys. That rather is an original, in the making of which you had no hand.

No Incompatibility.

Since you are so well matched, and so much alike in your lives, a very bad wife and a very bad husband, I wonder that you do not agree.

Misplaced Envy.

Charinus is pale and bursting with envy; he rages, weeps, and is looking for a high branch on which to hang himself; not, as formerly, because I am repeated and read by everybody, or because I am circulated with elegant bosses, and anointed with oil of cedar, through all the nations that Rome holds in subjection; but because I possess in the suburbs a summer country house, and ride on mules which are not, as of old, hired. What evil shall I imprecate on him, Severus, for his envy? This is my wish: that he may have mules and a country house.

Preferably a Live Dog.

You admire, Vacerra, only the poets of old, and praise only those who are dead. Pardon me, I beseech you, Vacerra, if I think death too high a price to pay for your praise.

An Unwelcome Truth.

"Pray tell me, Marcus, tell me without fear
The truth, the thing I most desire to hear."
This you say, Gallicus, when your works you quote;
And when you plead, this is your constant note.
'Tis most inhuman longer to deny
What you so often press so earnestly.
To the great truth of all then lend an ear —
"You are uneasy when the truth you hear."

A Litany on a Slanderous Poet.

Whoever, despising the matron and the noble, whom he ought to respect, has injured them with impious verse; may he wander through town after town, an outcast on bridge and hill, and lowest among craving mendicants, may he entreat for mouthfuls of the spoilt bread reserved for the dogs. May December be dreary to him, and the dripping winter and close cell prolong the cheerless cold. May he call those blessed, and pronounce them happy, who are borne past him upon the funeral bier. And when the thread of his last hour is spun, and the day of death, which has seemed too slow, has arrived, may he hear around him the howling of dogs for his body, and have to drive off the birds of prey by shaking his rags. Nor may the punishment of the abject wretch end with his death; but, sometimes lashed with the thongs of the severe Æacus, sometimes burthened with the mountain stone of unresting Sisyphus, sometimes thirsting amid the waters of the babbling old Tantalus, may he exhaust all the fabled torments of the poets; and when the Furies shall have compelled him to confess the truth, may he exclaim, betrayed by his conscience, "I wrote those verses."

The Rule of Composition.

You are always wishing, Matho, to speak finely; speak sometimes merely well; sometimes neither well nor ill; sometimes even ill.

The Fate of an Imitator.

Near the fourth milestone from the city, Torquatus has a princely mansion: near the fourth milestone, Otacilius purchases a little country house. Torquatus has built splendid warm baths of variegated marble; Otacilius erects a basin. Torquatus has laid out a plantation of laurels on his land; Otacilius sows a hundred chestnuts. When Torquatus was consul, Otacilius was chief magistrate of the village, and, proud of such a dignity, did not imagine himself a less personage than Torquatus. As, of old, the large ox made the small frog burst, so, I suspect, Torquatus will burst Otacilius.

Pleasures of a Country Life.

You are astonished, Avitus, that I, who have grown old in the capital of Latium, should so often speak of countries afar off; that I should thirst for the gold-bearing Tagus, and my native Salo; and that I should long to return to the rude fields around my well-furnished cottage. But that land wins my affection, in which a small income is sufficient for happiness, and a slender estate affords even luxuries. Here we must nourish our fields: there the fields nourish us. Here the hearth is warmed by a half-starved fire;

there it burns with unstinted brilliancy. Here to be hungry is an expensive gratification, and the market ruins us; there the table is covered with the riches of its own neighborhood. Here four togas or more are worn out in a summer; there one suffices for four autumns. Go then and pay your court to patrons, while a spot exists which offers you everything that a protector refuses you.

PASSAGES FROM STATIUS.

[Publius Papinius Statius was born at Naples about A.D. 45, the son of a distinguished teacher of rhetoric and literature, who was moreover a constant prize winner in poetical tournaments. The son also won many of these prizes; a contemporary of Martial, he adopted in the same way the profession of court poet, and was Martial's chief rival both in that position and in public repute. Both flourished chiefly under Domitian, and flattered him with shameless grossness, Statius descending a step lower and writing a poem on the emperor's favorite "boy's" hair. He had wonderful powers of improvisation, and wrote all his shorter poems with great rapidity. These occasional poems are grouped under the name of "Silvæ." His most elaborate work was the epic, "The Thebaid." He died apparently A.D. 96, the year of Domitian's murder.]

The Wandering of Polynices.

(From the "Thebaid": Pope's translation.)

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest
And disappeared in horror of the feast.)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enriched the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyros' rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;

All birds and beasts lie hushed: Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapors rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguished round,
The Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Serna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirled in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Sycæan groves displayed,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.
The intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonished from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
  So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain;
When not a star its friendly luster keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;

He dreads the rocks and shoals and seas and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distressed,
Thus still his courage with his toils increased;
With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey,
Till he beheld, where from Sarissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Serna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He passed the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

The Palace of Sleep.

(The remaining translations are by Alfred Church.)

Beyond the cloudy chamber of the Night,
And the far Æthiop's land, a forest stands,
Whose gloom no star of heaven can pierce. Below,
Deep in the mountain's side a cavern yawns
With awful jaws. There Sleep hath set his halls,
And Nature in her mood of sloth hath built
The House of Careless Ease. Deep-shadowed Rest
And dull Oblivion by the threshold crouch,
And Indolence with slow unwatchful eyes,
And Leisure in the porch and Silence sit,
Speechless with folded wings. There never sounds
Wild wind, or rustling bough, or cry of bird.
Mute are the seas, though all the shores be loud
With crash of billows, and the thunders sleep
In voiceless skies. The river, as he flows,
Gliding through cavernous rocks, deep sunk, is still;
Black are the herds about the banks, and all
Crouched low upon the grass. The year's new growth
Is withered in its spring, and every herb
Crushed down by some dark influence to earth.
Within the hall the Fire-god's craft had wrought
Sleep in a thousand figures. There he stood,
Crowned Pleasure at his side, and then with Toil,
That bowed his head to rest; and now was seen
Comrade of wine or love, or lay, a sight
Guiltless of sorrow, side by side with death.

To Lucan.

Here on the blest Elysian shore,
Thy blameless spirit evermore
Haunteth the quiet groves of light,
Where, listening to thy stately song,
The heroes of Pharsalia's fight,
Catos and Pompeys, round thee throng.
No dark Tartarean shades affright
Thy noble soul; which, far away,
Can hear the awful scourges smite
The cowering shapes of guilt, and gaze
Where Nero sees with pale dismay
His mother's vengeful torches blaze.

Atalanta's Presage.

Then, after sleep, by shapes of dread oppressed,
Barefoot, in mourner's fashion, and with hair
Loose streaming in the wind, ere dawn of day,
She sought cold flowing Ladon, if his stream
Haply might purge the trouble of her brain.
For all the watches of the night had crept
Smitten with nameless terror, while she saw
Spoils of the chase, her gifts to Dian's shrine,
Slip from the walls, or seemed to wander lost
In some strange place of tombs, from woods remote,
And the fair Dryad troop, or eager watched
The triumph of return, the warrior train,
The spear, the shield, the war-horse, but himself,
For all her watching, saw not.

Parthenopæus' Farewell Message.

I perish; haste, my Dorceus, comfort her,
Saddest of mothers, who, if love and care
Have aught of true prevision, knows to-day,
By dream or evil sign, this fatal chance.
But yet with artifice of kindly fraud
Keep her in long suspense of hope and fear,
Nor take her unprepared, nor when she holds
Arrow or spear in hand; and, driven to speak,
Then speak these words for me: 'As I have sown,
My mother, so I reap; a foolish boy,
Unheeding thy command, I seized my arms,
And spurned at peace, nor spared thy tender heart.
Weep not, be rather angry, and let wrath

Sting thee to life. Thy fears at least are past;
No more from high Lycæus wilt thou watch,
On every sound intent, and eager-eyed,
To mark the dust cloud of my homeward march.
On the bare earth, death-cold, I lie; and thou
Not here to close dim eye and gasping mouth.
But take, O desolate mother,' and he held
A ringlet to the knife, 'this little lock —
Ah me! what wrath I had in days of old
When thou wouldst comb it — take this little lock,
Of all that was thy son this little lock,
For this must serve for burial. But forbid,
If at my funeral games some clumsy hand
Abuse my arrows, and my dogs of chase.
Dear comrades, they have served me, let them rest.'"

MAXIMS OF EPICTETUS.

Translated by T. W. ROLLESTON.

[Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher, was born at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, about 50 A.D. He was a slave of Epaphroditus, a favorite of Nero. Afterwards manumitted, he studied philosophy, and when banished from Rome with other philosophers by an edict of Domitian, removed to Nicopolis, in Epirus. His maxims and doctrines were collected by his pupil Arrian in the work entitled "Enchiridion" (Handbook), and in eight books of "Commentaries," four of which are lost.]

Know Thyself.

If a man have any advantage over others, or think himself to have it when he hath it not, it cannot but be that if he is an untaught man he shall be puffed up by it. Thus the tyrant says, *I am he that is master of all.* And what can you give me? Can you set my pursuit free of all hindrance? How is it in you to do that? For have you the gift of never falling into what you shun? or never missing the mark of your desire? And whence have you it? Come, now, in a ship do you trust to yourself or to the captain? or in a chariot, to any one else than the driver? And how will you do with regard to other acts? Even thus. Where, then, is your power? *All men minister to me.* And do I not minister to my plate, and I wash it

and wipe it, and drive in a peg for my oil flask? What then, are these things greater than I? Nay, but they supply certain of my needs, and for this reason I take care of them. Yea, and do I not minister to my ass? Do I not wash his feet and groom him? Know you not that every man ministers to himself? And he ministers to you also, even as he doth to the ass. For who treats you as a man? Show me one that doth. Who wisheth to be like unto you? who becomes your imitator, as men did of Socrates? *But I can cut off thy head.* You say well. I had forgotten that I must pay regard to you as to a fever or the cholera; and set up an altar to you, as there is in Rome an altar to Fever.

What is it, then, whereby the multitude is troubled and terrified? The tyrant and his guards? Never — God forbid it! It is not possible that that which is by nature free should be troubled by any other thing, or hindered, save by itself. But it is troubled by opinions of things. For when the tyrant saith to any one, *I will bind thy leg*, then he who setteth store by his leg saith, *Nay, have pity!* but he that setteth store by his own Will, *If it seem more profitable to you, then bind it.*

— "Dost thou not regard me?"

I do not regard you. I will show you that I am master. How can you be that? Me hath God set free; or think you that he would let his own son be enslaved? You are lord of my dead body — take that.

— "So when thou comest near to me, thou wilt not do me service?"

Nay, but I will do it to myself; and if you will have me say that I do it to you also, I tell you that I do it as to my kitchen pot.

This is no selfishness; for every living creature is so made that it doth all things for its own sake. For the sun doth all things for his own sake, and so, moreover, even Zeus himself. But when He will be Raingiver and Fruitgiver and Father of Gods and men, thou seest that He may not do these works and have these titles, but He be serviceable to the common good. And, on the whole, He hath so formed the nature of the reasoning creature that he may never win aught of his own good without he furnish something of service to the common good. Thus it is not to the excluding of the common good that a man do all things for himself. For is it to be expected that a man shall stand aloof from himself and his own interest? A d

where then would be that same and single principle which we observe in all things, their affection to themselves?

So, then, when we act on strange and foolish opinions of things beyond the Will, as though they were good or evil, it is altogether impossible but we shall do service to tyrants. And would it were to the tyrants alone, and not to their lackeys also!

But what hinders the man that hath distinguished these things to live easily and docile, looking calmly on all that is to be, and bearing calmly all that is past? Will you have me bear poverty? Come, and see what poverty is when it strikes one that knoweth how to play the part well. Will you have me rule? Give me power, then, and the pains of it. Banishment? Whithersoever I go, it shall be well with me; for in this place it was well with me, not because of the place, but because of the opinions which I shall carry away with me. For these no man can deprive me of. Yea, these only are mine own, whereof I cannot be deprived, and they suffice for me as long as I have them, wherever I be, or whatever I do.

— "But now is the time come to die."

What say you? to die? Nay, make no tragedy of the business, but tell it as it is. Now is it time for my substance to be resolved again into the things wherefrom it came together. And what is dreadful in this? What of the things in the universe is about to perish? What new, or what unaccountable thing is about to come to pass? Is it for these things that a tyrant is feared? through these that the guards seem to bear swords so large and sharp? Tell that to others; but by me all these things have been examined; no man hath power on me. I have been set free by God, I know His commandments, henceforth no man can lead me captive. I have a liberator such as I need, and judges such as I need. Are you not the master of my body? What is that to me? Of my property? What is that to me? Of exile or captivity? Again, I say, from all these things, and the poor body itself, I will depart when you will. Try your power, and you shall know how far it reaches.

But the tyrant will bind — what? The leg. He will take away — what? The head. What, then, can he not bind and not take away? The Will. And hence that precept of the ancients — KNOW THYSELF.

Whom, then, can I still fear? The lackeys of the bedchamber? For what that they can do? Shut me out? Let them shut me out, if they find me wishing to go in.

— "Why, then, didst thou go to the doors?"

Because I hold it proper to join the play while the play lasts.

— "How, then, shalt thou not be shut out?"

Because if I am not received, I do not wish to enter; but always that which happens is what I wish. For I hold what God wills above what I will. I cleave to Him as His servant and follower; my impulses are one with His, my pursuit is one with His; in a word, my will is one with His. There is no shutting out for me — nay, but for those who would force their way in. And wherefore do I not force my way? Because I know that no good thing is dealt out within to those that enter. But when I hear some one congratulated on being honored by Cæsar, I say, What hath fortune brought him? A government? Has it also, then, brought him such an opinion as he ought to have? A magistracy? Hath he also gained the power to be a good magistrate? Why will I still push myself forward? A man scatters figs and almonds abroad; children seize them, and fight among themselves; but not so men, for they hold it too trifling a matter. And if a man should scatter about oyster shells, not even the children would seize them. Offices of government are dealt out — children will look for them; money is given — children will look for it; military commands, consulships — let children scramble for them. Let them be shut out and smitten, let them kiss the hands of the giver, of his slaves — it is figs and almonds to me. What then? If thou miss them when he is flinging them about, let it not vex thee. If a fig fall into thy bosom, take and eat it, for so far even a fig is to be valued. But if I must stoop down for it, and throw down another man, or another throw me down, and I flatter those who enter in, then neither is a fig worth so much, nor is any other of the things that are not good, even those which the philosophers have persuaded me not to think good.

The Voyage of Life.

Even as in a sea voyage, when the ship is brought to anchor, and you go out to fetch in water, you make a bywork of gathering a few roots and shells by the way, but have need ever to keep your mind fixed on the ship, and constantly to look round, lest at any time the master of the ship call, and you must, if he call, cast away all those things, lest you be treated like the

sheep that are bound and thrown into the hold: So it is with human life also. And if there be given wife and children instead of shells and roots, nothing shall hinder us to take them. But if the master call, run to the ship, forsaking all those things, and looking not behind. And if thou be in old age, go not far from the ship at any time, lest the master should call, and thou be not ready.

The Mark of Effort.

Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do, and so shall you live prosperously.

Disease is a hindrance of the body, not of the Will, unless the Will itself consent. Lameness is a hindrance of the leg, not of the Will. And this you may say on every occasion, for nothing can happen to you but you will find it a hindrance not of yourself but of some other thing.

What, then, are the things that oppress us and perturb us? What else than opinions? He that goeth away and leaveth his familiars and companions and wonted places and habits — with what else is he oppressed than his opinions? Now, little children, if they cry because their nurse has left them for a while, straightway forget their sorrow when they are given a small cake. Wilt thou be likened unto a little child?

—"Nay, by Zeus! for I would not be thus affected by a little cake, but by right opinions."

And what are these?

They are such as a man should study all day long to observe — that he be not subject to the effects of anything that is alien to him, neither of friend, nor place, nor exercises; yea, not even of his own body, but to remember the Law, and have it ever before his eyes. And what is the divine Law? To hold fast that which is his own, and to claim nothing that is another's; to use what is given him, and not to covet what is not given; to yield up easily and willingly what is taken away, giving thanks for the time that he has had it at his service. This do — or cry for the nurse and mamma; for what doth it matter to what or whom thou art subject, from what thy welfare hangs? Wherein art thou better than one who bewails himself for his mistress, if thou lament thy exercises and porticoes and comrades, and all such pastime? Another cometh, grieving because he shall no

more drink of the water of Dirce. And is the Marcian water worse than that of Dirce?

—"But I was used to the other."

And to this also thou shalt be used; and when thou art so affected towards it, lament for it too, and try to make a verse like that of Euripides —

The baths of Nero and the Marcian stream.

Behold how tragedies are made, when common chances happen to foolish men!

—"But when shall I see Athens and the Acropolis again?"

Wretched man! doth not that satisfy thee which thou seest every day? Hast thou aught better or greater to see than the sun, the moon, the stars, the common earth, the sea? But if withal thou mark the way of Him that governeth the whole, and bear Him about within thee, wilt thou still long for cut stones and a fine rock? And when thou shalt come to leave the sun itself and the moon, what wilt thou do? Sit down and cry, like the children? What, then, wert thou doing in the school? What didst thou hear, what didst thou learn? Why didst thou write thyself down a philosopher, when thou mightest have written the truth, as thus: '*I made certain beginnings, and read Chrysippus, but did not so much as enter the door of a philosopher?* For how shouldst thou have aught in common with Socrates, who died as he died, who lived as he lived, — or with Diogenes? Dost thou think that any of these men lamented or was indignant because he should see such a man or such a woman no more? or because he should not dwell in Athens or in Corinth, but, as it might chance, in Susa or Ecbatana? When a man can leave the banquet or the game when he pleases, shall such a one grieve if he remains? Shall he not, as in a game, stay only so long as he is entertained? A man of this stamp would easily endure such a thing as perpetual exile or sentence of death.

Wilt thou not now be weaned as children are, and take more solid food, nor cry any more after thy mother and nurse, wailing like an old woman?

—"But if I quit them I shall grieve them."

Thou grieve them? Never; but that shall grieve them which grieveth thee — Opinion. What hast thou, then, to do? Cast away thy own bad opinion; and they, if they do well,

will cast away theirs; if not, they are the causes of their own lamenting.

Man, be mad at last, as the saying is, for peace, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up thy head, as one delivered from slavery. Dare to look up to God and say: *Deal with me henceforth as thou wilt; I am of one mind with thee; I am thine. I reject nothing that seems good to thee; lead me whithersoever thou wilt, clothe me in what dress thou wilt. Wilt thou have me govern or live privately, or stay at home, or go into exile, or be a poor man, or a rich? For all these conditions I will be thy advocate with men — I show the nature of each of them, what it is.*

Nay, but sit in a corner and wait for thy mother to feed thee.

Who would Hercules have been if he had sat at home? He would have been Eurystheus, and not Hercules. And how many companions and friends had he in his journeying about the world? But nothing was dearer to him than God; and for this he was believed to be the son of God, yea, and was the son of God. And trusting in God, he went about purging away lawlessness and wrong. But thou art no Hercules, and canst not purge away evils not thine own? nor yet Theseus, who cleared Attica of evil things? Then clear away thine own. From thy breast, from thy mind cast out, instead of Procrustes and Sciron, grief, fear, covetousness, envy, malice, avarice, effeminacy, profligacy. And these things cannot otherwise be cast out than by looking to God only, being affected only by him, and consecrated to his commands. But choosing anything else than this, thou wilt follow with groaning and lamentation whatever is stronger than thou, ever seeking prosperity in things outside thyself, and never able to attain it. For thou seekest it where it is not, and neglectest to seek it where it is.

Faculties.

Remember at anything that shall befall thee to turn to thyself and seek what faculty thou hast for making use of it. If thou see a beautiful person, thou wilt find a faculty for that — namely, self-mastery. If toil is laid upon thee, thou wilt find the faculty of Perseverance. If thou art reviled, thou wilt find Patience. And making this thy wont, thou shalt not be carried away by the appearances.

That a Man may act his Part but not choose It.

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a part as it may please the director to assign thee; of a short part if he choose a short part; of a long one if he choose a long. And if he will have thee take the part of a poor man or of a cripple, or a governor, or a private person, mayest thou act that part with grace! For thine it is to act well the allotted part, but to choose it is another's.

Say no more then *How will it be with me?* for however it be thou wilt settle it well, and the issue shall be fortunate. What would Hercules have been had he said, *How shall I contrive that a great lion may not appear to me, or a great boar, or a savage man?* And what hast thou to do with that? if a great boar appear, thou wilt fight the greater fight; if evil men, thou wilt clear the earth of them. *But if I die thus?* Thou wilt die a good man, in the accomplishing of a noble deed. For since we must by all means die, a man cannot be found but he will be doing somewhat, either tilling or digging or trading or governing, or having an indigestion or a diarrhea. What wilt thou, then, that Death shall find thee doing? I, for my part, will choose some work, humane, beneficent, social, noble. But if I am not able to be found doing things of this greatness, then, at least, I will be doing that which none can hinder me to do, that which is given to me to do — namely, correcting myself, bettering my faculty for making use of appearances, working out my peace, giving what is due in every obligation of life; and if I prosper so far, then entering upon the third topic of philosophy, which concerneth the security of judgments.

If Death shall find me in the midst of these studies, it shall suffice me if I can lift up my hands to God and say, *The means which thou gavest me for the perceiving of thy government, and for the following of the same, have I not neglected: so far as in me lies, I have not dishonored thee. Behold how I have used my senses, and my natural conceptions. Have I ever blamed thee? was I ever offended at aught that happened, or did I desire it should happen otherwise? Did I ever desire to transgress my obligations? That thou didst beget me I thank thee for what thou gavest. I am content that I have used thy gifts so long. Take them again, and set them in what place thou wilt, for thine were all things, and thou gavest them me.*

Is it not enough to depart in this condition? and what life is better and fairer than one like this, and what end more happy?

That Every Man fulfill his Own Task.

Let such thoughts never afflict thee as, *I shall live unhonored, and never be anybody anywhere.* For if lack of honor be an evil, thou canst no more fall into evil through another's doings than into vice. Is it, then, of thy own doing to be made a governor, or invited to feasts? By no means. How, then, is this to be unhonored? How shouldst thou *never be anybody anywhere*, whom it behooves to be somebody only in the things that are in thine own power, wherein it lies with thee to be of the greatest worth?

But I shall not be able to serve my friends. How sayst thou? to serve them? They shall not have money from thee, nor shalt thou make them Roman citizens. Who, then, told thee that these were of the things that are in our power, and not alien to us? And who can give that which himself hath not?

Acquire, then, they say, *that we may possess.* If I can acquire, and lose not piety, and faith, and magnanimity withal, show me the way, and I will do it. But if ye will have me lose the good things I possess, that ye may compass things that are not good at all, how unjust and unthinking are ye! But which will ye rather have — money, or a faithful and pious friend? Then, rather take part with me to this end; and ask me not to do aught through which I must cast away those things.

But, he saith, *I shall not do my part in serving my country.* Again, what is this service? Thy country shall not have porticoes nor baths from thee, and what then? Neither hath she shoes from the smith, nor arms from the cobbler; but it is enough if every man fulfill his own task. And if thou hast made one other pious and faithful citizen for her, art thou, then, of no service? Wherefore, neither shalt thou be useless to thy country.

What place, then, he saith, *can I hold in the State?* Whatever place thou canst, guarding still thy faith and piety. But if in wishing to serve her thou cast away these things, what wilt thou profit her then, when perfected in shamelessness and faithlessness?

The World's Price for the World's Worth.

Is some one preferred before thee at a feast, or in salutation, or in being invited to give counsel? Then, if these things are good, it behooves thee rejoice that he hath gained them; but if evil, be not vexed that thou hast not gained them; but remember that if thou act not as other men to gain the things that are not in our own power, neither canst thou be held worthy of a like reward with them.

For how is it possible for him who will not hang about other men's doors to have a like reward with him who doth so? or him who will not attend on them with him who doth attend? or him who will not flatter them with the flatterer? Thou art unjust, then, and insatiable, if thou desire to gain those things for nothing, without paying the price for which they are sold.

But how much is a lettuce sold for? A penny, perchance. If any one, then, will spend a penny, he shall have lettuce; but thou, not spending, shalt not have. But think not thou art worse off than he; for as he has the lettuce, so thou the penny which thou wouldst not give.

And likewise in this matter. Thou art not invited to some man's feast? That is, for thou gavest not to the host the price of the supper; and it is sold for flattery, it is sold for attendance. Pay, then, the price, if it will profit thee, for which the thing is sold. But if thou wilt not give the price, and wilt have the thing, greedy art thou and infatuated.

Shalt thou have nothing, then, instead of the supper? Thou shalt have this — not to have praised one whom thou hadst no mind to praise, and not to have endured the insolence of his doorkeepers.

The Mind's Security.

If any one should set your body at the mercy of every passer-by, you would be indignant. When, therefore, you set your own mind at the mercy of every chance, to be troubled and perturbed when any one may revile you, have you no shame of this?

That a Man should be One Man.

In every work you will take in hand mark well what must go before and what must follow, and so proceed. For else you shall at first set out eagerly, as not regarding what is

to follow; but in the end, if any difficulties have arisen, you will leave it off with shame.

So you wish to conquer in the Olympic games? And I, too, by the Gods; and a fine thing it would be. But mark the prefaces and the consequences, and then set to work. You must go under discipline, eat by rule, abstain from dainties, exercise yourself at the appointed hour, in heat or cold, whether you will or no, drink nothing cold, nor wine at will; in a word, you must give yourself over to the trainer as to a physician. Then in the contest itself there is the digging race, and you are like enough to dislocate your wrist, or turn your ankle, to swallow a great deal of dust, to be soundly drubbed, and after all these things to be defeated.

If, having considered these things, you are still in the mind to enter for the contest, then do so. But without consideration you will turn from one thing to another like a child, who now plays the wrestler, now the gladiator, now sounds the trumpet, then declaims like an actor; and so you, too, will be first an athlete, then a gladiator, then an orator, then a philosopher, and nothing with your whole soul; but as an ape you will mimic everything you see, and be charmed with one thing after another. For you approached nothing with consideration nor regularity, but rashly, and with a cold desire.

And thus some men, having seen a philosopher, and heard discourse like that of Euphrates (yet who indeed can say that any discourse is like his?), desire that they also may become philosophers.

But, O man! consider first what it is you are about to do, and then inquire of your own nature whether you can carry it out. Will you be a pentathlos, or a wrestler? Then, scan your arms and thighs; try your loins. For different men are made for different ends.

Think you, you can be a sage, and continue to eat and drink and be wrathful and take offense just as you were wont? Nay, but you must watch and labor, and withdraw yourself from your household, and be despised by any serving boy, and be ridiculed by your neighbors, and take the lower place everywhere, in honors, in authority, in courts of justice, in dealings of every kind.

Consider these things — whether you are willing at such a price to gain peace, freedom, and an untroubled spirit. And if not, then attempt it not, nor, like a child, play now the philoso-

pher, then the taxgatherer, then the orator, then the Procurator of Cæsar. For these things agree not among themselves; and, good or bad, it behooves you to be one man. You should be perfecting either your own ruling faculty, or your outward well-being; spending your art either on the life within or the life without; that is to say, you must hold your place either among the sages or the vulgar.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AT THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

By PLINY THE ELDER.

[Caius Plinius Secundus was born in North Italy, A.D. 23, of a wealthy and influential family. He was in the army from the age of twenty-three to twenty-nine; then practiced law unsuccessfully in Rome; shortly retired to his estates and spent his time in literary work during most of Nero's reign. Returning to Rome in 73 under Vespasian (whom he had known in the army and who received him as an intimate), and adopting his sister's son, "Pliny the Younger," he kept on his studies with monastic severity in the intervals of public work, till his death in 79 during the eruption of Vesuvius. (See letters of his nephew.) He wrote a work on the training of an orator, and one on grammar; but his chief work, still extant, is his immense "Natural History."]

Thunder and Lightning.

It is not generally known, what has been discovered by men who are the most eminent for their learning, in consequence of their assiduous observations of the heavens, that the fires which fall upon the earth, and receive the name of thunderbolts, proceed from the three superior stars, but principally from the one which is situated in the middle. It may, perhaps, depend on the superabundance of moisture from the superior orbit communicating with the heat from the inferior, which are expelled in this manner; and hence it is commonly said, the thunderbolts are darted by Jupiter. And as in burning wood, the burnt part is cast off with a crackling noise, so does the star throw off this celestial fire, bearing the omens of future events, even the part which is thrown off not losing its divine operation. And this takes place more particularly when the air is in an unsettled state, either because the moisture which is then collected excites the greatest quantity of fire, or because the air is disturbed, as if by the parturition of the pregnant star. . . .

It cannot be denied that fire proceeding from the stars which are above the clouds may fall on them, as we frequently observe on serene evenings, and that the air is agitated by the impulse, as darts when they are hurled whiz through the air. And when it arrives at the cloud, a discordant kind of vapor is produced, as when hot iron is plunged into water, and a wreath of smoke is evolved. Hence arise squalls. And if wind or vapor be struggling in the cloud, thunder is discharged; if it bursts out with a flame, there is a thunderbolt; if it be long in forcing out its way, it is simply a flash of lightning. By the latter the cloud is simply rent, by the former it is shattered. Thunder is produced by the stroke given to the condensed air, and hence it is that the fire darts from the chinks of the clouds. It is possible, also, that the vapor, which has risen from the earth, being repelled by the stars, may produce thunder when it is pent up in a cloud; nature restraining the sound whilst the vapor is struggling to escape, but when it does escape, the sound bursting forth, as is the case with bladders that are distended with air. It is possible, also, that the spirit, whatever it be, may be kindled by friction, when it is so violently projected. It is possible that, by the dashing of the two clouds, the lightning may flash out, as is the case when two stones are struck against each other. But all these things appear to be casual. Hence there are thunderbolts which produce no effect, and proceed from no immediate actual cause; but by these mountains and seas are struck, and no injury is done. Those which prognosticate future events proceed from on high and from stated causes, and they come from their peculiar stars.

The Goose in War, Love, Gourmandism, Sybaritism, and Sickness.

The goose keeps a vigilant guard; a fact which is well attested by the defense of the Capitol at a moment when by the silence of the dogs the commonwealth had been betrayed; for which reason it is that the Censors always, the first thing of all, attend to the farming out of the feeding of the sacred geese. What is still more, too, there is a love-story about this animal. At Ægium one is said to have conceived a passion for a beautiful boy, a native of Olenos, and another for Glauce, a damsel, who was lute-player to King Ptolemy; for whom, at the same time

a ram is said also to have conceived a passion. One might almost be tempted to think that these creatures have an appreciation of wisdom; for it is said that one of them was the constant companion of the philosopher Lacydes, and would never leave him, either in public or when at the bath, by night or by day. . . .

Our people, however, only esteem the goose for the goodness of its liver. When they are crammed, this grows to a very large size, and on being taken from the animal, is made still larger by being soaked in honeyed milk. And, indeed, it is not without good reason that it is matter of debate who it was that first discovered so great a delicacy; whether, in fact, it was Scipio Metellus, a man of consular dignity, or M. Seius, a contemporary of his, and a Roman of equestrian rank. However, a thing about which there is no dispute, it was Messalinus Cotta, the son of the orator Messala, who first discovered the art of roasting the webbed feet of the goose, and of cooking them in a ragout with cocks' combs: for I shall faithfully award each culinary palm to such as I shall find deserving of it. It is a wonderful fact, in relation to this bird, that it comes on foot all the way from the country of the Morini to Rome; those that are tired are placed in the front rank, while the rest, taught by a natural instinct to move in a compact body, drive them on.

A second income, too, is also to be derived from the feathers of the white goose. In some places, this animal is plucked twice a year, upon which the feathers quickly grow again. Those are the softest which lie nearest to the body, and those that come from Germany are the most esteemed; the geese there are white, but of small size, and are called gantæ. The price paid for their feathers is five denarii per pound. It is from this fruitful source that we have repeated charges brought against the commanders of our auxiliaries, who are in the habit of detaching whole cohorts from the posts where they ought to be on guard, in pursuit of these birds; indeed, we have come to such a pitch of effeminacy, that nowadays not even the men can think of lying down without the aid of the goose's feathers, by way of pillow. . . .

The part of Syria which is called Commagene has discovered another invention also: the fat of the goose is inclosed with some cinnamon in a brazen vessel, and then covered with a thick layer of snow. Under the influence of the excessive cold, it becomes macerated, and fit for use as a medicament,

remarkable for its properties: from the country which produces it, it is known to us as "Commagenum."

The Chenalopex, the Cheneros, the Tetrao, and the Otis.

To the goose genus belong also the chenalopex and the cheneros, a little smaller than the common goose, and which forms the most exquisite of all the dainties that Britannia provides for the table. The tetrao is remarkable for the luster of its plumage and its extreme darkness, while the eyelids are of a scarlet color. Another species of this last bird exceeds the vulture in size, and is of a similar color to it; and, indeed, there is no bird, with the exception of the ostrich, the body of which is of a greater weight; for to such a size does it grow, that it becomes incapable of moving, and allows itself to be taken on the ground. The Alps and the region of the North produce these birds; but when kept in aviaries, they lose their fine flavor, and by retaining their breath will die of mere vexation. Next to these in size are the birds which in Spain they call the "tarda," and in Greece the "otis": they are looked upon, however, as very inferior food; the marrow, when disengaged from the bones, immediately emits a most noisome smell.

Cranes.

By the departure of the cranes, which, as we have already stated, were in the habit of waging war with them, the nation of the Pygmies now enjoys a respite. The tracts over which they travel must be immense, if we only consider that they come all the way from the Eastern Sea. These birds agree by common consent at what moment they shall set out, fly aloft to look out afar, select a leader for them to follow, and have sentinels duly posted in the rear, which relieve each other by turns, utter loud cries, and with their voice keep the whole flight in proper array. During the night, also, they place sentinels on guard, each of which holds a little stone in its claw; if the bird should happen to fall asleep, the claw becomes relaxed and the stone falls to the ground, and so convicts it of neglect. The rest sleep in the meanwhile, with the head beneath the wing, standing first on one leg and then on the other; the leader looks out, with neck erect, and gives warning when required.

These birds, when tamed, are very frolicsome, and even when alone will describe a sort of circle, as they move along with their clumsy gait.

It is a well-known fact, that these birds, when about to fly over the Euxine, first of all repair to the narrowest part of it, that lies between the two promontories of Criumetopon and Carambis, and then ballast themselves with coarse sand. When they have arrived midway in the passage, they throw away the stones from out of their claws, and, as soon as they reach the mainland, discharge the sand by the throat.

Storks.

Cornelius Nepos, who died in the reign of the late Emperor Augustus, after stating that thrushes had been fattened for the first time shortly before that period, has added that storks were more esteemed as food than cranes; whereas at the present day, this last bird is one of those that are held in the very highest esteem, while no one will so much as touch the other.

Up to the present time it has not been ascertained from what place the storks come, or whither they go when they leave us. There can be no doubt but that, like the cranes, they come from a very great distance, the cranes being our winter, the storks our summer, guests. When about to take their departure, the storks assemble at a stated place, and are particularly careful that all shall attend, so that not one of their kind may be left behind, with the exception of such as may be in captivity or tamed; and then on a certain day they set out, as though by some law they were directed to do so. No one has ever yet seen a flight of cranes taking their departure, although they have been often observed preparing to depart; and in the same way, too, we never see them arrive, but only when they have arrived; both their departure as well as their arrival take place in the night. Although, too, we see them flying about in all directions, it is still supposed that they never arrive at any other time but in the night. Pythonoscome is the name given to some vast plains of Asia, where, as they assemble together, they keep up a gabbling noise, and tear to pieces the one that happens to arrive the last; after which they take up their departure. It has been remarked that after the ides of August, they are never by any accident to be seen there.

There are some writers who assure us that the stork has no tongue. So highly are they esteemed for their utility in destroy-

ing serpents, that in Thessaly it was a capital crime for any one to kill a stork, and by the laws the same penalty was inflicted for it as for homicide.

Storks return to their former nests, and the young in their turn support their parents when old.

Swans.

The flocks, forming a point, move along with great impetus, much indeed after the manner of our Liburnian beaked galleys; and it is by doing so that they are enabled to cleave the air more easily than if they presented to it a broad front. The flight gradually enlarges in the rear, much in the form of a wedge, presenting a vast surface to the breeze, as it impels them onward; those that follow place their necks on those that go before, while the leading birds, as they become weary, fall to the rear.

It is stated that at the moment of the swan's death, it gives utterance to a mournful song; but this is an error, in my opinion, — at least I have tested the truth of the story on several occasions. These birds will eat the flesh of one another.

The Hyæna in Magic and Medicine.

Many wonderful things are related of this animal; and strangest of all, that it imitates the human voice among the stalls of the shepherds; and while there, learns the name of some one of them, and then calls him away, and devours him. It is said also that it can imitate a man vomiting, and that in this way, it attracts the dogs and then falls upon them. It is the only animal that digs up graves, in order to obtain the bodies of the dead. The female is rarely caught; its eyes, it is said, are of a thousand various colors and changes of shade. It is said also that in coming in contact with its shadow, dogs will lose their voice; and that by certain magical influences, it can render any animal immovable around which it has walked three times.

But of all animals, it is the hyæna that has been held in the highest admiration by the magicians, who have gone so far as to attribute to it certain magical virtues even, and the power of alluring human beings and depriving them of their senses. Of its change of sex each year, and other monstrous peculiarities in its nature, we have spoken already; we will now proceed to describe the medicinal virtues that are ascribed to it.

The hyæna, it is said, is particularly terrible to panthers; so much so, indeed, that they will not attempt to make the slightest resistance to it, and will never attack a man who has any portion of a hyæna's skin about him. A thing truly marvelous to tell of, if the hides of these two animals are hung up facing one another, the hair will fall from off the panther's skin! When the hyæna flies before the hunter, it turns off on the right, and letting the man get before it, follows in his track; should it succeed in doing which, the man is sure to lose his senses and fall from his horse even. But if, on the other hand, it turns off to the left, it is a sign that the animal is losing strength, and that it will soon be taken. The easiest method, however, of taking it, they say, is for the hunter to tie his girdle with seven knots, and to make as many knots in the whip with which he guides his horse. In addition to all this, so full of quirks and subtleties are the vain conceits of the magicians, they recommend the hyæna to be captured while the moon is passing through the sign of Gemini, and every hair of it to be preserved, if possible. They say, too, that the skin of the head is highly efficacious, if attached to a person suffering from headache; that the gall, applied to the forehead, is curative of ophthalmia; and that if the gall is boiled down with three cyathi of Attic honey and one ounce of saffron, it will be a most effectual preservative against that disease, the same preparation being equally good for the dispersion of films on the eyes and cataract. If, again, this preparation is kept till it is old, it will be all the better for improving the sight, due care being taken to preserve it in a box of Cyprian copper; they assert also that it is good for the cure of argema, eruptions and excrescences of the eyes, and marks upon those organs. For diseases of the crystalline humors of the eyes, it is recommended to anoint them with the gravy of the hyæna's liver roasted fresh, incorporated with clarified honey.

We learn also, from the same sources, that the teeth of the hyæna are useful for the cure of toothache, the diseased tooth being either touched with them, or the animal's teeth being arranged in their regular order, and attached to the patient; that the shoulders of this animal are good for the cure of pains in the arms and shoulders; that the teeth, extracted from the left side of the jaw, and wrapped in the skin of a sheep or he-goat, are an effectual cure for pains in the stomach; that the lights of the animal, taken with the food, are good for cœliac

affections; that the lights, reduced to ashes and applied with oil, are also soothing to the stomach; that the marrow of the backbone, used with old oil and gall, is strengthening to the sinews; that the liver, tasted thrice just before the paroxysms, is good for quartan fevers; that the ashes of the vertebræ, applied in hyæna's skin with the tongue and right foot of a sea-calf and a bull's gall, the whole boiled up together, are soothing for gout; that for the same disease hyæna's gall is advantageously employed in combination with stone of Assos; that for cold shiverings, spasms, sudden fits of starting, and palpitations of the heart, it is a good plan to eat some portion of a hyæna's heart cooked, care being taken to reduce the rest to ashes, and to apply it with the brains of the animal to the part affected; that this last composition, or the gall applied alone, acts as a depilatory, the hairs being first plucked out which are wanted not to grow again; that by this method superfluous hairs of the eyelids may be removed.

The fumes of the burnt fat of this animal will put serpents to flight, they say; and the jawbone, pounded with anise and taken with the food, is a cure for shivering fits. A fumigation made therewith has the effect of an emmenagogue; and such are the frivolous and absurd conceits of the professors of the magic art, that they boldly assert that if a man attached to his arm a tooth from the right side of the upper jaw, he will never miss any object he may happen to aim at with a dart. The palate, dried and warmed with Egyptian alum, is curative of bad odors and ulcers of the mouth, care being taken to renew the application three times. Dogs, they say, will never bark at persons who have a hyæna's tongue in the shoe, beneath the sole of the foot. The left side of the brain, applied to the nostrils, is said to have a soothing effect upon all dangerous maladies either in men or beasts. They say, too, that the skin of the forehead is a preservative against all fascinations; that the flesh of the neck, whether eaten or dried and taken in drink, is good for pains in the loins; that the sinews of the back and shoulders, used as a fumigation, are good for pains in the sinews; that the bristles of the snout, applied to a woman's lips, have all the effect of a philter; and that the liver, administered in drink, is curative of griping pains and urinary calculi.

Other Magical Charms.

The following are some of the reveries of magic. A whetstone upon which iron tools have been frequently sharpened, if put, without his being aware of it, beneath the pillow of a person sinking under the effects of poison, will make him give evidence and declare what poison has been administered, and at what time and place, though at the same time he will not disclose the author of the crime. When a person has been struck by lightning, if the body is turned upon the side which has sustained the injury, he will instantly recover the power of speech — that is quite certain. For the cure of inguinal tumors, some persons take the thrum of an old web, and after tying seven or nine knots in it, mentioning at each knot the name of some widow woman or other, attach it to the part affected. To assuage the pain of a wound, they recommend the party to take a nail or any other substance that has been trodden under foot, and to wear it, attached to the body with the thrum of a web. To get rid of warts, some lie in a footpath with the face upwards, when the moon is twenty days old at least, and after fixing their gaze upon it, extend their arms above the head, and rub themselves with anything within their reach. If a person is extracting a corn at the moment that a star shoots, he will experience an immediate cure, they say. By pouring vinegar upon the hinges of a door, a thick liniment is formed, which, applied to the forehead, will alleviate headache; an effect equally produced, we are told, by binding the temples with a halter with which a man has been hanged. When a fishbone happens to stick in the throat, it will go down immediately if the person plunges his feet into cold water; but where the accident has happened with any other kind of bone, the proper remedy is to apply to the head some fragments of bones taken from the same dish. In cases where bread has stuck in the throat, the best plan is to take some of the same bread, and insert it in both ears.

CORRESPONDENCE OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

(Translation by William Melmoth.)

[Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, nephew of Pliny the Elder, was born A.D. 61, and on his father's death was adopted by his uncle about A.D. 70. He was of precocious ability; wrote a Greek tragedy at thirteen, studied rhetoric under Quintilian, began to speak in the Forum at nineteen, and became a distinguished advocate, of immense repute for learning. He rose high in public service under the good emperors, after being a military tribune in Syria, was quæstor, prætor, consul under Trajan, proprætor of Pontus and Bithynia, and curator of the Tiber. He died after A.D. 107. His Letters are very valuable for the history of the time.]

To Junius Mauricus — Match-making.

You desire me to look out a proper husband for your niece: it is with justice you enjoin me that office. You were a witness to the esteem and affection I bore that great man, her father, and with what noble instruction he formed my youth, and taught me to deserve those praises he was pleased to bestow upon me. You could not give me, then, a more important, or more agreeable commission; nor could I be employed in an office of higher honor than that of choosing a young man worthy of being father of the grandchildren of Rusticus Arulenus; a choice I should be long in determining if I were not acquainted with Minutius Æmilianus, who seems formed for our purpose. He loves me with all that warmth of affection which is usual between young men of equal years (as indeed I have the advance of him but a very few), and reveres me, at the same time, with all the deference due to age; and, in a word, he is no less desirous to model himself by my instructions than I was by those of yourself and your brother. He is a native of Brixia, one of those provinces in Italy which still retain much of the frugal simplicity and purity of ancient manners. He is the son of Minutius Macrinus, whose humble desires were satisfied with standing at the head of the Equestrian order; for, though he was nominated by Vespasian among those whom that prince dignified with the pretorian office, yet, with an inflexible greatness of mind, he resolutely preferred an elegant repose to the ambitious, shall I call them, or honorable pursuits in which we in public life are engaged? His grandmother on the mother's side is Serrana Procula, of Padua; you

are no stranger to the character of its citizens; yet Serrana is looked upon, even among these people of correct manners, as an exemplary instance of strict virtue. Acilius, his uncle, is a man of singular gravity, wisdom, and integrity. In short, you will find nothing throughout his family unworthy of yours. Minutius himself has great vivacity, as well as application, together with a most amiable and becoming modesty. He has already, with much credit, passed through the offices of quæstor, tribune, and prætor, so that you will be spared the trouble of soliciting for him those honorable employments. He has a genteel and florid countenance, with a certain noble mien that speaks the man of distinction; advantages, I think, by no means to be slighted, and which I consider as the proper tribute to virgin innocence. I am doubtful whether I should add that his father is very rich. When I contemplate the character of those who require a husband of my choosing, I know it is unnecessary to mention wealth; but when I reflect upon the prevailing manners of the age, and even the laws of Rome, which rank a man according to his possessions, it certainly claims some regard; and indeed, in establishments of this nature, where children and many other circumstances are to be duly weighed, it is an article that well deserves to be taken into account.

You will be inclined, perhaps, to suspect that affection has had too great a share in the character I have been drawing, and that I have heightened it beyond the truth. But I will stake all my credit, that you will find every circumstance far beyond what I have represented. I confess, indeed, I love Minutius (as he justly deserves) with the warmth of a most ardent affection; but for that very reason I would not ascribe more to his merit than I know it will support. Farewell.

To Suetonius Tranquillus on Dreams.

Your letter informs me that you are extremely alarmed by a dream; apprehending that it forebodes some ill success to you in the cause you have undertaken to defend, and therefore desire that I would get it adjourned for a few days, or at least to the next. This is a favor, you are sensible, not very easily obtained, but I will use all my interest for that purpose; —

For dreams descend from Jove. — Hom.

In the meanwhile, it is very material for you to recollect whether your dreams generally represent things as they afterwards fall out, or quite the reverse. But if I may judge of yours by one that happened to myself, you have nothing to fear, for it portends you will acquit yourself with great success. I had promised to be counsel for Julius Pastor, when I fancied in my sleep that my mother-in-law came to me, and throwing herself at my feet, earnestly entreated me not to be concerned in the cause. I was at that time a very young man; the case was to be argued in the four centumviral courts; my adversaries were some of the most considerable men in Rome and particular favorites of Cæsar; any of which circumstances was sufficient, after such an inauspicious dream, to have discouraged me. Notwithstanding this, I engaged in the cause, reflecting that, —

> Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
> And asks no omen but his country's cause:

for I looked upon the promise I had given to be as sacred to me as my country, or, if that were possible, more so. The event happened as I wished; and it was that very cause which first procured me the favorable attention of the public, and threw open to me the gates of fame. Consider, then, whether your dream, like that which I have related, may not presignify success. But after all, perhaps, you will think it more safe to pursue this cautious maxim, "Never do a thing concerning the rectitude of which you are in doubt:" if so, write me word. In the interval I will consider of some expedient, and endeavor that your cause shall be heard any day you like best. In this respect you are in a better situation than I was: the court of the Centumviri, where I was to plead, admits of no adjournment; whereas, in that where your cause is to be heard, though it is not easy to procure one, still, however, it is possible. Farewell.

To Arrianus on a State Trial.

You take pleasure, I know, in a relation of anything that is transacted in the Senate, worthy of that august assembly: for though love of ease has led you into retirement, your heart still retains its zeal for the majesty of the commonwealth. Accept, then, the following account of what lately passed in

that venerable body: a transaction forever memorable by its importance, and not only remarkable by the quality of the person concerned, but useful by the severity of the example. Marius Priscus, formerly proconsul of Africa, being impeached by that province, instead of entering upon his defense, petitioned that a commission of select judges might be appointed for his trial. Cornelius Tacitus and myself, being assigned by the Senate counsel for that province, thought it our duty to inform the house that the crimes alleged against Priscus were of too atrocious a nature to fall within the cognizance of an inferior court; for he was charged with venality in the administration of justice, and even of taking money to pass sentence of death upon persons perfectly innocent. Fronto Catius rose in his behalf, and moved that the whole inquiry might be confined to the single article of bribery; displaying upon this occasion all the force of that pathetic eloquence he is master of, in order to raise the compassion of the Senate. The debates grew warm, and the members were much divided in their sentiments. Some were of opinion that it was a matter which did not legally come under the discussion of the Senate; others, that the house was at liberty to proceed upon it, or not, as it should see proper; and that none of his different crimes ought to escape the hand of justice. At last, Julius Ferox, the consul elect, a man of great worth and integrity, proposed that judges should be granted him provisionally, and, in the meanwhile, that those persons should be proceeded against, to whom it was alleged he had sold innocent blood. Not only the majority of the Senate gave in to this opinion; but, after all the contention that had been raised, it was generally adopted. I could not but observe, upon this occasion, that sentiments of compassion, though they at first operate with great force, give way at last to the cool dictates of reason and reflection; and that numbers will support an opinion by joining in the general voice, which they would never singly and deliberately defend. The fact is, there is no discerning the right side of a question amidst the confused clamors of a crowd; one must consider it apart, if one would view it in its true light. Vitellius Honoratus and Flavius Martianus, the persons who were ordered to be summoned, were brought before the house. Honoratus was charged with having given three hundred thousand sesterces to procure a sentence of banishment against a Roman knight, as also the capital conviction of seven of his friends. Against

Martianus it was alleged that he gave seven hundred thousand, in order to procure another person to be condemned to suffer various tortures; which he accordingly inflicted, and the unhappy man was first whipped, afterwards sent to work in the mines, and at last strangled in prison. But the death of Honoratus prevented the justice of the Senate upon him. Martianus, however, appeared, but without Priscus. Tullius Cerealis, therefore, who had been formerly consul, thought proper to move, agreeably to his privilege as a senator, that Priscus might have notice of the business then before the house: whether it was because he thought his being present would raise more compassion or more resentment toward him; or because, as I am inclined to believe, he thought it most equitable, that as the charge was against them both, so they should both join in the defence, and be acquitted or condemned together. The affair was adjourned to the next meeting of the Senate, which proved the most august and solemn I was ever present at. The emperor himself (for he was consul) presided. It happened likewise to be the month of January; a season remarkable on many accounts, and particularly for the great number of senators it always brings together. Not only the importance of the cause, the noise it had made in the world, the expectation that had been raised by the several adjournments, but that innate curiosity in mankind to acquaint themselves with everything remarkable and uncommon, drew the people from all parts. Figure to yourself the concern and anxiety which we who were to speak before such an awful assembly, and in the presence of the prince, must have felt! I have often pleaded in the Senate; and indeed there is no place where I am more favorably heard; yet, as if the scene had been entirely new to me, I found myself under an unusual distress upon this occasion. Besides, there was something in the circumstances of the person accused which added considerably to the difficulties I labored under: a man, once of consular dignity, and a member of the sacred college, now stood before me stripped of all his honors. It was a painful office, I thought, to accuse one who appeared already condemned; and for whom, therefore, though his crimes were enormous, compassion took its turn, and seemed to plead in his behalf. However, I collected myself enough to begin my speech; and the applause I received was equal to the fears I had suffered. I spoke almost five hours successively (for they indulged me above an

hour beyond the time at first allotted to me), and what at my first setting out had most contributed to raise my apprehensions, proved in the event greatly to my advantage. The goodness, the care (I dare not say the solicitude), of the emperor were so great toward me that he frequently spoke to one of my attendants, who stood behind me, to desire me to spare myself; imagining I should exert my strength beyond what the weakness of my constitution would admit. Claudius Marcellinus replied in behalf of Martianus. After which the assembly broke up till the next day; for the evening coming on, there was not time to proceed further. The next day Salvius Liberalis, a very clear, acute, and spirited orator, spoke in defense of Priscus; and he exerted all his talents upon this occasion. C. Tacitus replied to him in a strain of the most powerful eloquence, and with a certain dignity which distinguishes all his speeches. Fronto Catius arose up a second time in favor of Priscus, and in a very impressive speech endeavored, as indeed the case required, rather to soften the judges, than defend his client. The evening coming on, the Senate proceeded no further that day, but met the next, and entered upon the proofs. It was much to the honor of the Senate, and worthy of ancient Rome, thus to be adjourned only by the night, and then reassemble for three days successively. The excellent Cornutus Tertullus, consul elect, ever firm in the cause of truth, moved that Marius should pay into the treasury the seven hundred thousand sesterces he had received, and be banished Italy. Tertullus was for extending the sentence still farther with respect to Martianus, and proposed that he should be banished even from Africa. He concluded with adding that Tacitus and I, having faithfully and diligently discharged the parts assigned to us, the Senate should declare we had executed our trust to their satisfaction. The consuls elect, and those who had already enjoyed that office, agreed with Tertullus, except Pompeius: he moved that Priscus should pay the seven hundred thousand sesterces into the treasury, but suffer no other punishment than what had been already inflicted upon him for extortion: as for Martianus, he was for having him banished during five years only. There was a large party for both opinions, and perhaps the majority secretly inclined to the milder sentence; for many of those who appeared at first to agree with Tertullus, seemed afterwards inclined to join with Pompeius. But upon a division of the house, all those who stood near the consuls

went over to the side of Tertullus. This being observed by the party of Pompeius, they also deserted him in the same manner; so that he was extremely exasperated against those who had urged him to this vote, particularly against Regulus, whom he upbraided for abandoning him in a step which he himself had advised. There is, indeed, such an inconsistency in the general character of Regulus, that he is at once both bold and timorous. Thus ended this important trial; but there remains a considerable part of the business still behind. It is concerning Hostilius Firminus, lieutenant to Marius Priscus, who is strongly charged with being an accomplice; as it appears by the account books of Martianus, and by a speech which he made in an assembly of the people at Leptis, that he had exacted fifty thousand denarii of Martianus; that he was also accessory to the wicked administration of Priscus; and that he received ten thousand sesterces under the title of his perfumer: an office perfectly well adapted to this effeminate fop, who is all over essence and perfume. It was agreed, on the motion of Tertullus, to proceed against him the next meeting of the Senate: for, either by accident or design, he was at this time absent.

Thus have I given you an account of what is doing in town. Let me know, in return, the news of the country: how your shrubs and your vineyards, your corn and your delicate flocks of sheep flourish? In a word, if you should not send me a long letter, you must expect for the future to be punished in your own way, and to receive none but short ones from me. Farewell.

To the Same.

The remaining part of the inquiry which I mentioned to you in my former letter, concerning the affair of Priscus, is at last, I will not say terminated as it ought, however it is finished. Firminus being brought before the Senate, made such a sort of defense as a man generally does who is conscious of detected guilt. The consuls elect were much divided what sentence to pass. Cornutus Tertullus moved he should be expelled the Senate; but Nerva, with more artifice, proposed that he should be only declared forever incapable of holding the office of proconsul: and this, as it had the appearance of a milder sentence prevailed; though in truth it is of all others

most severe. For can any situation be more wretched than to be obliged to undergo the fatigue of a member of the Senate, at the same time that one is cut off from all hopes of enjoying those honors to which a senator is entitled? And after having received such an ignominy, were it not better to be forever buried in retirement than to be marked out by so conspicuous a station, to the view and scorn of the world? Besides, to consider this with respect to the public, what can be more unbecoming the dignity of the Senate than to suffer a person to retain his seat in the house after having been publicly censured by that august assembly. What can be more indecent than for the criminal to be ranked with his judges? for a man excluded the proconsulship, because he behaved infamously as a lieutenant, to sit in judgment upon proconsuls? for one proved guilty of extortion, to condemn or acquit others of similar crimes? Yet these reflections, it seems, made no impression upon the majority. Votes go by number, not weight; nor can it be otherwise in assemblies of this kind, where nothing is more unequal than that equality which prevails in them; for though every member has the same right of suffrage, every member has not the same strength of judgment to direct it.

I have thus discharged the promise I gave you in my last letter, which by this time, I imagine (unless any accident should have befallen the messenger), has reached your hands; for I trusted the conveyance to one of whose diligence and fidelity I am well assured. I hope you will now, on your part, make me as full a return for this and my former, as the scene you are in will afford. Farewell.

To Cornelius Nepos — Story of Arria.

I have frequently observed, that amongst the noble actions and remarkable sayings of distinguished persons in either sex, those which have been most celebrated have not always been the most worthy of admiration; and I am confirmed in this opinion, by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is granddaughter to that famous Arria, who animated her husband to meet death, by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, not less heroical than this applauded action of hers, though less the subject of general renown; and which I am persuaded will raise her as much in your admiration as they did in mine.

Her husband, Cæcina Pætus, and her son were each attacked at the same time with a dangerous illness, of which the son died. This youth, who had a most beautiful person and amiable behavior, was not less endeared to his parents by his virtues than by the ties of affection. His mother managed his funeral so privately that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his bedchamber, she pretended her son was better: and as often as he inquired concerning his health, she answered he had rested well or had eaten with an appetite.

When she found she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had dismissed every sentiment of sorrow at her entrance. Her resolution, no doubt, was truly noble; when, drawing the dagger she plunged it in her breast, and then presented it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said that divine, expression, "Pætus, it is not painful." It must, however, be considered, when she spoke and acted thus, she was encouraged and supported by the prospect of immortal glory. But was it not something much greater, without the aid of such animating motives to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully act the mother when she was a mother no more?

Scribonianus had taken up arms in Illyria against Claudius, where, having lost his life, Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board a ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to attend him. Certainly, said she, you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few slaves to wait upon him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform their office. Her request was refused; upon which she hired a small fishing vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship. At her return to Rome, she met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who, pressing her to discover all she knew of that insurrection, What! said she, shall I regard thy advice, who saw'st thy husband murdered even in thy very arms, and yet survivest him? An expression which evinces that the glorious manner in which she put an end to her life was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. When Thrasea, who married her daughter, was dissuading her from her purpose of destroying herself, and among other arguments, said to

her, Would you then advise your daughter to die with me, if my life were to be taken from me! Most certainly I would, she replied, if she had lived as long and in as much harmony with you, as I have with Pætus. This answer greatly heightened the alarm of her family, and made them observe her for the future more narrowly; which, when she perceived, she assured them all their caution would be to no purpose. You may oblige me, she said, to execute my resolution in a way that will give me more pain, but it is impossible you should prevent it. She had scarce said this, when she sprang from her chair, and running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, fell down in appearance dead.

But being brought to herself, I told you, said she, if you would not suffer me to take an easy path to death, I should make my way to it through some more difficult passage. Now, is there not, my friend, something much greater in all this than in the so-much-talked-of "Pætus, it is not painful"? to which, indeed, it seems to have led the way: and yet this last is the favorite topic of some, while all the former are passed over in profound silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I observed in the beginning of my letter, that the noblest actions are not always the most celebrated. Farewell.

To Sura — Ghost Stories.

The present recess from business affords you leisure to communicate, and me to receive, information. I am very desirous to know your opinion concerning specters; whether you believe they have a real existence and are a sort of divinities, or are only the visionary impressions of a terrified imagination? What particularly inclines me to give credit to their reality is a story which I lately heard of Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown in the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening, as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the apparition of a woman, whose figure and beauty were more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power who presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the future events of his life: that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honors; should return to that province invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly, every circumstance of this prediction was

actually accomplished. It is said further, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him upon the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it should seem, of the truth of the future part of the prophecy by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune which threatened him by the success which he had experienced. To this story let me add another, not less remarkable than the former, but attended with more terrifying circumstances: and I will give it you exactly as it was related to me. There was at Athens a large and commodious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted.

In the dead of the night a noise resembling the clashing of iron was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains. At first it seemed distant, but approached nearer by degrees, till a specter appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meager and ghastly, with a long beard and disheveled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The distressed inhabitants, in the meanwhile, passed their nights under the most dreadful terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined also their health, and brought on distempers which, together with their constant horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the daytime, though the spirit did not then appear, yet the impression remained so strong upon their imaginations that it still seemed before their eyes, and kept them in perpetual alarm. By these means the house was at last deserted, as being deemed absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this very alarming circumstance which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was either to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story he was so far from being discouraged that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew toward evening he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the fore-part of the house, and after calling early for a light, together with his

pencil and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But, that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night passed in usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle: however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pencil, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up, and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him: it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers; but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up, and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and, with the light in his hand, followed it. The specter slowly stalked along, as if incumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for, the body having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrefied, and had moldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together were publicly buried: and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more. This story I believe upon the credit of others; what I am going to mention I give you upon my own. I have a freedman named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night, as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw some person upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissors and cut off the hair from the top part of his head: in the morning it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered about the floor.

A short time after, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad of my family was sleeping in his apartment with the rest of his companions, when two persons clad in white came in, as he says, through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay; and having finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found that this boy had been served just as the

other, and with the very same circumstance of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable indeed followed these events, unless that I escaped a prosecution, in which if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For, after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were found in his scrutoire, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may therefore be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you, then, maturely to consider this question. The subject merits your examinations; as, I trust, I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of the abundance of your superior knowledge. And though you should, with your usual skepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side, lest, whilst I consult you in order to have my doubt settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspense and indecision that occasioned you the present application. Farewell.

To Tacitus, asking to be Immortalized.

I strongly presage (and I am persuaded I shall not be deceived) that your histories will be immortal. I ingeniously own, therefore, I so much the more earnestly wish to find a place in them.

If we are generally careful to have our persons represented by the best artists, ought we not to desire that our actions may be related and celebrated by an author of your distinguished abilities? In view to this, I acquaint you with the following affair, which though it cannot have escaped your attention, as it is mentioned in the public journals, still I acquaint you with it, that you may be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, that this action, greatly heightened by the hazard which attended it, should receive an additional luster from the testimony of so bright a genius.

The Senate appointed Herennius Senecio and myself counsel for the province of Bœtica, in their impeachment of Bœbius Massa. He was condemned; and the house ordered his effects to be seized into the hands of the public officer. Shortly after, Senecio having learnt that the consuls intended to sit to hear

petitions, came to me, and proposed that we should go together, and address them, with the same unanimity we executed the office which had been enjoined us, that they would not suffer Massa's effects to be dissipated by those who were appointed to preserve them. I answered, that as we had been counsel in this cause by order of the Senate, I would recommend it to his consideration, whether it would be proper for us, after sentence had passed, to interpose any further. "You are at liberty," said he, "to prescribe what bounds you please to yourself, who have no particular connections with the province, except what result from your late services to them; but they have a much stronger claim upon me, who was born there, and enjoyed the post of quæstor among them." If such, I replied, was his determined resolution, I was ready to attend him, that whatever resentment should be the consequence, it might not fall singly upon himself. Accordingly we went to the consuls, where Senecio declared what he thought proper upon the occasion; to which I subjoined a few words on my part. We had scarcely ended, when Massa, complaining that Senecio had not acted against him with the fidelity of an advocate, but the bitterness of an enemy, desired he might be at liberty to prosecute him for treason. The whole assembly was struck with the utmost consternation and horror at this motion.

I immediately rose up: "Most noble consuls," said I, "I am afraid it should seem that Massa has tacitly charged me with having favored him in this cause, since he did not think proper to join me with Senecio in the desired prosecution." This short speech was extremely well received by those who were present; as it soon afterwards got abroad, and was publicly mentioned with general applause. The late emperor Nerva (who though at that time in a private station, yet interested himself in every meritorious action which concerned the public) wrote an admirable letter to me upon the occasion, wherein he not only congratulated me, but the age, which had produced an example so much in the spirit (as he was pleased to call it) of better days. But whatever the fact be, it is in your power to heighten and spread the luster of it; though far am I from desiring you would in the least exceed the bounds of reality. History ought to be guided by strict truth; and worthy actions require nothing more. Farewell.

To the Emperor Trajan asking Leave of Absence.

As I had a very favorable voyage to Ephesus, so in traveling post from thence I was extremely incommoded by the heats which occasioned a fever, and detained me some time at Pergamum. From thence, sir, I took ship again, but being delayed by contrary winds, I did not arrive at Bithynia so soon as I hoped.

However, I have no reason to complain of this delay, since it did not prevent me from reaching the province in time to celebrate your birthday; a circumstance which I consider as the most auspicious that could attend me. I am at present engaged in examining the finances of the Prusienses, their disbursements and credits; and the farther I proceed in this affair the more I am convinced of the necessity of my inquiry.

Several considerable sums of money are owing to the city from private persons, which they neglect to pay upon various pretenses; as, on the other hand, I find the public funds are, in some instances, very unwarrantably applied. This, sir, I write to you immediately on my arrival. I entered this province on the 17th of September, and found in it those sentiments of obedience and loyalty which you justly merit from all mankind.

Trajan to Pliny, in Reply.

I should have rejoiced to have heard that you arrived at Bithynia without inconvenience to yourself or any of your train, and that your journey from Ephesus had been as easy as your voyage to that place was favorable. For the rest, your letter informs me, my dear Pliny, what day you reached Bithynia. The people of that province will be convinced, I persuade myself, that I am attentive to their interest, as your conduct toward them will make it manifest that I could have chosen no person more proper to supply my place. Your first inquiry ought, no doubt, to turn upon the state of the public finances, for it is but too evident they have been mismanaged. I have scarce surveyors sufficient to inspect those works which I am carrying on at Rome and in the neighborhood; but persons of integrity and skill in this art may be found, most certainly, in every province, so that you cannot be at a loss in that article, if you will make due inquiry.

To the Emperor Trajan — On the Prosecution of Christians.

It is a rule, sir, which I inviolably observe, to refer myself to you in all my doubts; for, who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concernings those persons who are Christians, I am unacquainted, not only with the nature of their crimes, or the measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to the ages of the guilty, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon; or, if a man has been once a Christian, it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession, are punishable: in all these points I am greatly doubtful. In the meanwhile, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians, is this: I interrogated them whether they were Christians; if they confessed, I repeated the question twice, adding threats at the same time; and if they still persevered, I ordered them to be immediately punished. For, I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation; but being citizens of Rome, I directed that they should be conveyed thither. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case), while it was actually under prosecution, several instances of the same nature occurred. An information was presented to me without any name subscribed, containing a charge against several persons: these, upon examination, denied they were, or ever had been, Christians. They repeated, after me, an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and frankincense before your statue (which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians, into any of these compliances. I thought it proper, therefore, to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person,

at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned, indeed, that they had been of that number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few about twenty years ago), renounced that error. They all worshiped your statue, and the images of the gods, uttering imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a certain stated day before it was light, and addressed themselves in a form of prayer to Christ, as to some god, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purposes of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery; never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up; after which, it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, to eat in common a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. In consequence of this their declaration, I judged it the more necessary to endeavor to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to officiate in their religious functions; but all I could discover was, that these people were actuated by an absurd and excessive superstition. I deemed it expedient, therefore, to adjourn all further proceedings, in order to consult you. For, it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration; more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. In fact, this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the neighboring villages and country. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred solemnities, after a long intermission, are revived; to which I must add, there is again also a general demand for the victims, which for some time past had met with but few purchasers. From the circumstances I have mentioned, it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who shall repent of their error.

Trajan to Pliny, in Reply.

The method you have pursued, my dear Pliny, in the proceedings against those Christians which were brought before you, is extremely proper; as it is not possible to lay down any fixed rule by which to act in all cases of this nature. But I would not have you officiously enter into any inquiries concerning them. If, indeed, they should be brought before you, and the crime should be proved, they must be punished; with this restriction, however, that where the party denies he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Informations without the accuser's name subscribed ought not to be received in prosecutions of any sort; as it is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and by no means agreeable to the equity of my government.

The Great Eruption of Vesuvius.

(Translation of Church and Brodribb.)

When my uncle had started, I spent such time as was left on my studies — it was on their account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. Then followed the bath, dinner, and sleep, — this last disturbed and brief. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which had caused, however, but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campania. But that night it was so violent, that one thought that everything was being not merely moved but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my chamber; I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awaking her should she have been asleep. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea.

And now — I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was but in my eighteenth year — I called for a volume of Livy, read it, as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even continued to make some extracts which I had begun. Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to him from Spain; when he saw that we were sitting down — that I was even reading — he rebuked my mother for her

patience, and me for my blindness to the danger. Still I bent myself as industriously as ever over my book.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered, that in the place where we were, which though open was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us. They preferred the ideas of others to their own — in a moment of terror this has a certain look of prudence — and they pressed on us and drove us on, as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the building, we stopped. There we had to endure the sight of many marvelous, many dreadful things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this, we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high and dry upon the sands. Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet lightning, though on a larger scale.

Then our friend from Spain addressed us more energetically and urgently than ever. "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle is alive, he wishes you to be saved; if he has perished, he certainly wished you to survive him. If so, why do you hesitate to escape?" We answered that we could not bear to think about our own safety while we were doubtful of his. He lingered no longer, but rushed off, making his way out of the danger at the top of his speed. It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could; "I might do so," she said, "for I was young; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die, if she did not bring death upon me." I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company; I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me.

Ashes now began to fall — still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me ; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in the road we should be trodden underfoot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us." We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us, — not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize by the voices that replied, parents, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods ; more were convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with terrors imaginary or willfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire ; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew somewhat light again ; we felt sure that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us ; then came darkness again, and a thick heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off ; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by the weight. I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me — a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death. At last the black mist I had spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it is wont to have in an eclipse. Our eyes, which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered deep with ashes as if with snow. We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could,

spent a night of anxiety in mingled hope and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many frenzied persons, with their terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration that was even ludicrous to the calamities of themselves and of their friends. Even then, in spite of all the perils which we had experienced and which we still expected, we had not a thought of going away till we could hear news of my uncle.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

(By Schiller: translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller, the second in general repute among German poets, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, in 1759. He was a regimental surgeon when at twenty-one he wrote "The Robbers," a play produced in 1782, which set him in the first rank among German dramatists. The Duke of Würtemberg taking offense at its revolutionary utterances, Schiller fled and lived in various German cities, — including Weimar, where he formed a close friendship with Goethe, Wieland, and Herder, and edited the *German Mercury*, — writing plays, poetry, history, philosophy, etc., and winning a great name; in 1789 was professor of history in Jena; in 1790 retired on a pension, settled in Weimar, and died in 1805. His most famous plays, besides "The Robbers," are "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "Joan of Arc," and "William Tell"; his ballads are of the best in existence; and his "History of the Thirty Years' War" and "Revolt of the Netherlands" are classic.]

What strange wonder is this? Our prayer to thee was for water,
Earth! What is this that thou now send'st from thy womb in reply?
In the abyss is there life? Or hidden under the lava
Dwelleth some race now unknown? Does what hath fled e'er return?
Greeks and Romans, oh come! Oh, see the ancient Pompeii
Here is discovered again, — Hercules' town is rebuilt!

Gable on gable arises, the roomy portico opens
Wide its halls, so make haste, — haste ye to fill it with life!
Open, too, stands the spacious theater, let, then, the people,
Like a resistless flood, pour through its sevenfold mouths!
Mimes, where are ye? Advance! Let Atrides finish the rites now
He had begun, — let the dread chorus Orestes pursue!
Whither leads yon triumphal arch? Perceive ye the forum?
What are those figures that sit on the Curulian chair?
Lictors! precede with your fasces, — and let the Pretor in judgment

Sit, — let the witness come forth! let the accuser appear!
Cleanly streets spread around, and with a loftier pavement
Does the contracted path wind close to the houses' long row;
While, to protect them, the roofs protrude, — and the handsome apartments
Round the now desolate court peacefully, fondly, are ranged.
Hasten to open the shops, and the gateways that long have been choked up,
And let the bright light of day fall on the desolate night!
See how around the edge extend the benches so graceful,
And how the floor rises up, glitt'ring with many-hued stone!
Freshly still shines the wall with colors burning and glowing!
Where is the artist? His brush he has but now laid aside.
Teeming with swelling fruits, and flowers disposed in fair order,
Chases the brilliant festoon ravishing images there.
Here, with a basket full-laden, a Cupid gayly is dancing,
Genie industrious *there* tread out the purple-dyed wine.
High there the Bacchanal dances and here she calmly is sleeping,
While the listening Faun has not yet sated his eyes;
Here she puts to flight the swift-footed Centaur, suspended
On *one* knee, and, the while, goads with the Thyrsus his steps.

Boys, why tarry ye? Quick! The beauteous vessels still stand there;
Hasten, ye maidens, and pour into the Etrurian jar!
Does not the tripod stand here, on sphinxes graceful and winged?
Stir up the fire, ye slaves! Haste to make ready the hearth!
Go and buy; here is money that's coined by Titus the Mighty;
Still are the scales lying here; not e'en one weight has been lost.
Place the burning lights in the branches so gracefully fashioned,
And with the bright-shining oil see that the lamp is supplied!
What does this casket contain? Oh, see what the bridegroom has sent thee!
Maiden! 'Tis buckles of gold; glittering gems for thy dress.
Lead the bride to the odorous bath, — here still are the unguents;
Paints, too, are still lying here, filling the hollow-shaped vase.

But where tarry the men? the elders? In noble museum
Still lies a heap of strange rolls, treasures of infinite worth!
Styles, too, are here, and tablets of wax, all ready for writing;
Nothing is lost, for, with faith, earth has protected the whole.
E'en the Penates are present, and all the glorious Immortals
Meet here again, and of all, none, save the priests, are not here.
Hermes, whose feet are graced with wings, his Caduceus is waving,
And from the grasp of his hand victory lightly escapes.
Still are the altars standing here, — oh come, then, and kindle —
Long hath the God been away, — kindle the incense to Him!

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

By BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

The Dream of Arbaces. — A Visitor and a Warning to the Egyptian.

[Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, later Lord Lytton, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years, colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons, "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

The awful night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheater rolled drearily away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of the last day of pompeii! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry — a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields. But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were agitated, and seemed, as it were, to run disturbedly back from the shore; while along the blue and stately Sarnus, whose ancient breadth of channel the traveler now vainly seeks to discover, there crept a hoarse and sullen murmur, as it glided by the laughing plains and the gaudy villas of the wealthy citizens. Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph. Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapors, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that had so long rested over the crest of Vesuvius had suddenly vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow looked without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horseman upon horseman, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in; and the voices of numerous pedestrian

groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment; the strects were crowded with citizens and strangers from the populous neighborhood of Pompeii; and noisily — fast — confusedly swept the many streams of life toward the fatal show.

Despite the vast size of the amphitheater, seemingly so disproportioned to the extent of the city, and formed to include nearly the whole population of Pompeii itself, so great, on extraordinary occasions, was the concourse of strangers from all parts of Campania, that the space before it was usually crowded for several hours previous to the commencement of the sports, by such persons as were not entitled by their rank to appointed and especial seats. And the intense curiosity which the trial and sentence of two criminals so remarkable had occasioned, increased the crowd on this day to an extent wholly unprecedented.

While the common people, with the lively vehemence of their Campanian blood, were thus pushing, scrambling, hurrying on, — yet, amid all their eagerness, preserving, as is now the wont with Italians in such meetings, a wonderful order and unquarrelsome good humor, — a strange visitor to Arbaces was threading her way to his sequestered mansion. At the sight of her quaint and primeval garb — of her wild gait and gestures — the passengers she encountered touched each other and smiled; but as they caught a glimpse of her countenance, the mirth was hushed at once, for the face was as the face of the dead; and, what with the ghastly features and obsolete robes of the stranger, it seemed as if one long entombed had risen once more among the living. In silence and awe each group gave way as she passed along, and she soon gained the broad porch of the Egyptian's palace.

The black porter, like the rest of the world, astir at an unusual hour, started as he opened the door to her summons.

The sleep of the Egyptian had been unusually profound during the night; but as the dawn approached, it was disturbed by strange and unquiet dreams. . . .

With a shriek of wrath, and woe, and despairing resistance, Arbaces awoke — his hair on end — his brow bathed in dew — his eyes glazed and staring — his mighty frame quivering as an infant's beneath the agony of that dream. He awoke — he collected himself — he blessed the gods whom he disbelieved, that he *was* in a dream; — he turned his eyes from side to side — he

saw the dawning light break through his small but lofty window — he was in the Precincts of Day — he rejoiced — he smiled; — his eyes fell, and opposite to him he beheld the ghastly features, the lifeless eye, the livid lip — of the Hag of Vesuvius!

"Ha!" he cried, placing his hands before his eyes, as to shut out the grisly vision, "do I dream still? — Am I with the dead?"

"Mighty Hermes — no! Thou art with one deathlike, but not dead. Recognize thy friend and slave."

There was a long silence. Slowly the shudders that passed over the limbs of the Egyptian chased each other away, fainter and faintlier dying till he was himself again.

"It was a dream, then," said he. "Well — let me dream no more, or the day cannot compensate for the pangs of night. Woman, how camest thou here, and wherefore?"

"I came to warn thee," answered the sepulchral voice of the saga.

"Warn me! The dream lied not, then? Of what peril?"

"Listen to me. Some evil hangs over this fated city. Fly while it be time. Thou knowest that I hold my home on that mountain beneath which old tradition saith there yet burn the fires of the river of Phlegethon; and in my cavern is a vast abyss, and in that abyss I have of late marked a red and dull stream creep slowly, slowly on; and heard many and mighty sounds hissing and roaring through the gloom. But last night, as I looked thereon, behold the stream was no longer dull, but intensely and fiercely luminous; and while I gazed, the beast that liveth with me, and was cowering by my side, uttered a shrill howl, and fell down and died, and the slaver and froth were round his lips. I crept back to my lair; but I distinctly heard, all the night, the rock shake and tremble; and, though the air was heavy and still, there were the hissing of pent winds, and the grinding as of wheels, beneath the ground. So, when I rose this morning at the very birth of dawn, I looked again down the abyss, and I saw vast fragments of stone borne black and floatingly over the lurid stream; and the stream itself was broader, fiercer, redder than the night before. Then I went forth, and ascended to the summit of the rock; and in that summit there appeared a sudden and vast hollow, which I had never perceived before, from which curled a dim, faint smoke: and the vapor was deathly, and I gasped, and sickened, and

nearly died. I returned home, I took my gold and my drugs, and left the habitation of many years; for I remembered the dark Etruscan prophecy which saith, 'When the mountain opens, the city shall fall — when the smoke crowns the Hill of the Parched Fields, there shall be woe and weeping in the hearths of the Children of the Sea.' Dread master, ere I leave these walls for some more distant dwelling, I come to thee. As thou livest, know I in my heart that the earthquake that sixteen years ago shook this city to its solid base, was but the forerunner of more deadly doom. The walls of Pompeii are built above the fields of the Dead and the rivers of the sleepless Hell. Be warned and fly!"

"Witch, I thank thee for thy care of one not ungrateful. On yon table stands a cup of gold; take it, it is thine. I dreamed not that there lived one, out of the priesthood of Isis, who would have saved Arbaces from destruction. The signs thou hast seen in the bed of the extinct volcano," continued the Egyptian, musingly, "surely tell of some coming danger to the city; perhaps another earthquake fiercer than the last. Be that as it may, there is a new reason for my hastening from these walls. After this day I will prepare my departure. Daughter of Etruria, whither wendest thou?"

"I shall cross over to Herculaneum this day, and, wandering thence along the coast, shall seek out a new home."

The hag, who had placed the costly gift of Arbaces in the loose folds of her vest, now rose to depart. When she had gained the door she paused, turned back, and said, "This may be the last time we meet on earth; but whither flieth the flame when it leaves the ashes? — Wandering to and fro, up and down, as an exhalation on the morass, the flame may be seen in the marshes of the lake below; and the witch and the Magian, the pupil and the master, the great one and the accursed one, may meet again. Farewell!"

"Out, croaker!" muttered Arbaces, as the door closed on the hag's tattered robes; and, impatient of his own thoughts, not yet recovered from the past dream, he hastily summoned his slaves.

It was the custom to attend the ceremonials of the amphitheater in festive robes, and Arbaces arrayed himself that day with more than usual care. His tunic was of the most dazzling white; his many fibulæ were formed from the most precious stones: over his tunic flowed a loose eastern robe, half-gown,

half-mantle, glowing in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye; and the sandals, that reached halfway up the knee, were studded with gems, and inlaid with gold. In the quackeries that belonged to his priestly genius, Arbaces never neglected, on great occasions, the arts which dazzle and impose upon the vulgar; and on this day, that was forever to release him, by the sacrifice of Glaucus, from the fear of a rival and the chance of detection, he felt that he was arraying himself as for a triumph or a nuptial feast.

The Amphitheater Once More.

Glaucus and Olinthus had been placed together in that gloomy and narrow cell in which the criminals of the arena waited their last and fearful struggle. Their eyes, of late accustomed to the darkness, scanned the faces of each other in this awful hour, and by that dim light, the paleness which chased away the natural hues from either cheek assumed a yet more ashy and ghastly whiteness. Yet their brows were erect and dauntless — their limbs did not tremble — their lips were compressed and rigid. The religion of the one, the pride of the other, the conscious innocence of both, and it may be the support derived from their mutual companionship, elevated the victim into the hero.

"Hark! hearest thou that shout? They are growling over their human blood," said Olinthus.

"I hear; my heart grows sick; but the gods support me."

"The gods! O rash young man! in this hour recognize only the One God. Have I not taught thee in the dungeon, wept for thee, prayed for thee? — in my zeal and in my agony, have I not thought more of thy salvation than my own?"

"Brave friend!" answered Glaucus, solemnly, "I have listened to thee with awe, with wonder, and with a secret tendency toward conviction. Had our lives been spared, I might gradually have weaned myself from the tenets of my own faith, and inclined to thine; but, in this last hour, it were a craven thing and a base, to yield to hasty terror what should only be the result of lengthened meditation. Were I to embrace thy creed, and cast down my father's gods, should I not be bribed by thy promise of heaven, or awed by thy threats of hell? Olinthus, no! Think we of each other with equal charity — I honoring thy sincerity — thou pitying my blindness or my obdurate courage. As have been my deeds, such

will be my reward; and the Power or Powers above will not judge harshly of human error, when it is linked with honesty of purpose and truth of heart. Speak we no more of this. Hush! Dost thou hear them drag yon heavy body through the passage? Such as that clay will be ours soon."

"O Heaven! O Christ! already I behold ye!" cried the fervent Olinthus, lifting up his hands; "I tremble not — I rejoice that the prison house shall be soon broken."

Glaucus bowed his head in silence. He felt the distinction between his fortitude and that of his fellow-sufferer. The heathen did not tremble; but the Christian exulted.

The door swung gratingly back — the gleam of spears shot along the walls.

"Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come," said a loud and clear voice; "the lion awaits thee."

"I am ready," said the Athenian. "Brother and co-mate, one last embrace! Bless me — and, farewell!"

The Christian opened his arms — he clasped the young heathen to his breast — he kissed his forehead and cheek — he sobbed aloud — his tears flowed fast and hot over the features of his new friend.

"Oh! could I have converted thee, I had not wept. Oh! that I might say to thee, 'We two shall sup this night in Paradise!'"

"It may be so yet," answered the Greek, with a tremulous voice. "They whom death parts now, may yet meet beyond the grave: on the earth — on the beautiful, the beloved earth, farewell forever! — Worthy officer, I attend you."

Glaucus tore himself away; and when he came forth into the air, its breath, which, though sunless, was hot and arid, smote witheringly upon him. His frame, not yet restored from the effects of the deadly draught, shrank and trembled. The officers supported him.

"Courage!" said one; "thou art young, active, well knit. They give thee a weapon! despair not, and thou mayst yet conquer."

Glaucus did not reply; but, ashamed of his infirmity, he made a desperate and convulsive effort, and regained the firmness of his nerves. They anointed his body, completely naked save by a cincture round the loins, placed the stilus (vain weapon!) in his hand, and led him into the arena.

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and

tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear — all fear itself — was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features — he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye, — he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land — of the divinity of its worship — at once a hero and a god!

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion!

"By Venus, how warm it is!" said Fulvia; "yet there is no sun. Would that those stupid sailors could have fastened up that gap in the awning!"

"Oh, it is warm indeed. I turn sick — I faint!" said the wife of Pansa, even her experienced stoicism giving way at the struggle about to take place.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head — snuffed the air through the bars — then lay down — started again — and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below on the arena.

The editor's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around — hesitated — delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign; the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest — and his prey.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest

posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that *one* well-directed thrust (for he knew that he should have time but for *one*) might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal.

At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on falling, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

The editor called to the keeper: —

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper, with some fear but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle — voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned, in wonder at the interruption, toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled — breathless — heated — half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. "Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste — he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian — HE is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust!" said the pretor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian! — quick! or his blood be on your

head. Pretor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eyewitness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there! — stand back! — give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces — there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, — Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly of food; but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"The priest Calenus! — Calenus!" cried the mob. "*Is* it he? No — it is a dead man!"

"It *is* the priest Calenus," said the pretor, gravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me — it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine — that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian — *he* is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. — A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. "Remove the Athenian — *Arbaces to the lion!*"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale — from coast to sea — "*Arbaces to the lion!*"

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus — remove, but guard him yet," said the pretor. "The gods lavish their wonders upon this day."

As the pretor gave the word of release, there was a cry of joy — a female voice — a child's voice — and it was of joy! It rang through the heart of the assembly with electric force — it was touching, it was holy, that child's voice! And the populace echoed it back with sympathizing congratulation!

"Silence!" said the grave pretor — "who is there?"

"The blind girl — Nydia," answered Sallust; "it is her hand that has raised Calenus from the grave, and delivered Glaucus from the lion."

"Of this hereafter," said the pretor. "Calenus, priest of Isis, thou accusest Arbaces of the murder of Apæcides?"

"I do!"

"Thou didst behold the deed?"

"Pretor — with these eyes ——"

"Enough at present — the details must be reserved for more suiting time and place. Arbaces of Egypt, thou hearest the charge against thee — thou hast not yet spoken — what hast thou to say?"

The gaze of the crowd had been long riveted on Arbaces: but not until the confusion which he had betrayed at the first charge of Sallust and the entrance of Calenus had subsided. At the shout, "Arbaces to the lion!" he had indeed trembled, and the dark bronze of his cheek had taken a paler hue. But he had soon recovered his haughtiness and self-control. Proudly he returned the angry glare of the countless eyes around him; and replying now to the question of the pretor, he said, in that accent so peculiarly tranquil and commanding, which characterized his tones: —

"Pretor, this charge is so mad that it scarcely deserves reply. My first accuser is the noble Sallust — the most intimate friend of Glaucus! my second is a priest; I revere his garb and calling — but, people of Pompeii! ye know somewhat of the character of Calenus — he is griping and gold-thirsty to a proverb; the witness of such men is to be bought! Pretor, I am innocent!"

"Sallust," said the magistrate, "where found you Calenus?"

"In the dungeons of Arbaces."

"Egyptian," said the pretor, frowning, "thou didst, then, dare to imprison a priest of the gods — and wherefore?"

"Hear me," answered Arbaces, rising calmly, but with agitation visible in his face. "This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made, unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune: I remonstrated — in vain. Peace there — let not the priest interrupt me! Noble pretor — and ye, O people! I was a stranger in the land — I knew myself innocent of crime — but the witness of a priest against me might yet destroy me. In my perplexity I decoyed him to the cell whence he has been released, on pretense that it was the coffer house of my gold. I resolved to detain him there until the fate of the true criminal was sealed, and his threats could avail no longer; but I meant no worse. I may have erred — but who among ye will not acknowledge the equity of self-preservation? Were I guilty, why was the witness of this priest silent at the trial? — *then* I had not

detained or concealed him. Why did he not proclaim my guilt when I proclaimed that of Glaucus? Pretor, this needs an answer. For the rest, I throw myself on your laws. I demand their protection. Remove hence the accused and the accuser. I will willingly meet, and cheerfully abide by, the decision of the legitimate tribunal. This is no place for further parley."

"He says right," said the pretor. "Ho! guards — remove Arbaces — guard Calenus! Sallust, we hold you responsible for your accusation. Let the sports be resumed."

"What!" cried Calenus, turning round to the people, "shall Isis be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance? Shall justice be delayed now, that it may be frustrated hereafter? Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey? A god! a god! — I feel the god rush to my lips! *To the lion — to the lion with Arbaces!*"

His exhausted frame could support no longer the ferocious malice of the priest; he sank on the ground in strong convulsions — the foam gathered to his mouth — he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered! The people saw, and shuddered.

"It is a god that inspires the holy man! — *To the lion with the Egyptian.*"

With that cry up sprang — on moved — thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights — they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command — in vain did the pretor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people had been already rendered savage by the exhibition of blood — they thirsted for more — their superstition was aided by their ferocity. Aroused — inflamed by the spectacle of their victims, they forgot the authority of their rulers. It was one of those dread popular convulsions common to crowds wholly ignorant, half free and half servile, and which the peculiar constitution of the Roman provinces so frequently exhibited. The power of the pretor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier — the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd — when, right above them,

through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition — he beheld — and his craft restored his courage!

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd; "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness, — the branches, fire! — a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence — through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, — over the desolate streets, — over the amphitheater itself, — far and wide, — with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, — fell that awful shower!

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly — each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen — amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their most costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers

of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds — shelter of any kind — for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!

The Cell of the Prisoner and the Den of the Dead. — Grief Unconscious of Horror.

Stunned by his reprieve, doubting that he was awake, Glaucus had been led by the officers of the arena into a small cell within the walls of the theater. They threw a loose robe over his form, and crowded round in congratulation and wonder. There was an impatient and fretful cry without the cell; the throng gave way, and the blind girl, led by some gentler hand, flung herself at the feet of Glaucus.

"It is *I* who have saved thee," she sobbed; "now let me die!"

"Nydia, my child! — my preserver!"

"Oh, let me feel thy touch — thy breath! Yes, yes, thou livest! We are not too late! That dread door, methought it would never yield! and Calenus — oh! his voice was as the dying wind among tombs: — we had to wait, — gods! it seemed hours ere food and wine restored to him something of strength. But thou livest! thou livest yet! And I — *I* have saved thee!"

This affecting scene was soon interrupted by the event just described.

"The mountain! the earthquake!" resounded from side to side. The officers fled with the rest; they left Glaucus and Nydia to save themselves as they might.

As the sense of the dangers around them flashed on the Athenian, his generous heart recurred to Olinthus. He, too, was reprieved from the tiger by the hand of the gods; should he be left to a no less fatal death in the neighboring cell? Taking Nydia by the hand, Glaucus hurried across the passages; he gained the den of the Christian. He found Olinthus kneeling and in prayer.

"Arise! arise! my friend," he cried. "Save thyself, and fly! See; Nature is thy dread deliverer!" He led forth the bewildered Christian, and pointed to a cloud which advanced

darker and darker, disgorging forth showers of ashes and pumice stones; — and bade him hearken to the cries and trampling rush of the scattered crowd.

"This is the hand of God — God be praised!" said Olinthus, devoutly.

"Fly! seek thy brethren! Concert with them thy escape. Farewell!"

Olinthus did not answer, neither did he mark the retreating form of his friend. High thoughts and solemn absorbed his soul; and in the enthusiasm of his kindling heart, he exulted in the mercy of God rather than trembled at the evidence of His power.

At length he roused himself, and hurried on, he scarce knew whither.

The open doors of a dark, desolate cell suddenly appeared on his path; through the gloom within there flared and flickered a single lamp; and by its light he saw three grim and naked forms stretched on the earth in death. His feet were suddenly arrested; for, amid the terrors of that drear recess — the spoliarium of the arena — he heard a low voice calling on the name of Christ!

He could not resist lingering at that appeal; he entered the den, and his feet were dabbled in the slow streams of blood that gushed from the corpses over the sand.

"Who," said the Nazarene, "calls upon the Son of God?"

No answer came forth; and turning round, Olinthus beheld, by the light of the lamp, an old gray-headed man sitting on the floor, and supporting in his lap the head of one of the dead. The features of the dead man were firmly and rigidly locked in the last sleep; but over the lip there played a fierce smile — not the Christian's smile of hope, but the dark sneer of hatred and defiance.

Yet on the face still lingered the beautiful roundness of early youth. The hair curled thick and glossy over the unwrinkled brow; and the down of manhood but slightly shaded the marble of the hueless cheek. And over this face bent one of such unutterable sadness — of such yearning tenderness — of such fond, and such deep despair! The tears of the old man fell fast and hot, but he did not feel them; and when his lips moved, and he mechanically uttered the prayer of his benign and hopeful faith, neither his heart nor his sense responded to the words: it was but the involuntary emotion that broke from the lethargy

of his mind. His boy was dead, and had died for him! — and the old man's heart was broken!

"Medon!" said Olinthus, pityingly, "arise, and fly! God is forth upon the wings of the elements! The New Gomorrah is doomed! — Fly, ere the fires consume thee!"

"He was ever so full of life! — he *cannot* be dead! Come hither! — place your hand on his heart! — sure it beats yet?"

"Brother, the soul has fled! — we will remember it in our prayers! Thou canst not reanimate the dumb clay! Come, come, — hark! while I speak, yon crashing walls! — hark! yon agonizing cries! Not a moment is to be lost! — Come!"

"I hear nothing!" said Medon, shaking his gray hair. "The poor boy, his love murdered him!"

"Come! come! forgive this friendly force."

"What! Who would sever the father from the son?" And Medon clasped the body tightly in his embrace, and covered it with passionate kisses. "Go!" said he, lifting up his face for one moment. "Go! — we must be alone!"

"Alas!" said the compassionate Nazarene. "Death hath severed ye already!"

The old man smiled very calmly. "No, no, no!" he muttered, his voice growing lower with each word, — "Death has been more kind!"

With that his head drooped on his son's breast — his arms relaxed their grasp. Olinthus caught him by the hand — the pulse had ceased to beat! The last words of the father were the words of truth, — *Death had been more kind!*

Meanwhile, Glaucus and Nydia were pacing swiftly up the perilous and fearful streets. The Athenian had learned from his preserver that Ione was yet in the house of Arbaces. Thither he fled, to release — to save her! The few slaves whom the Egyptian had left at his mansion when he had repaired in long procession to the amphitheater, had been able to offer no resistance to the armed band of Sallust; and when afterward the volcano broke forth they had huddled together, stunned and frightened, in the inmost recesses of the house. Even the tall Ethiopian had forsaken his post at the door; and Glaucus (who left Nydia without — the poor Nydia, jealous once more, even in such an hour!) passed on through the vast hall without meeting one from whom to learn the chamber of Ione. Even as he passed, however, the darkness that covered the heavens increased so rapidly, that it was with difficulty he could guide his

steps. The flower-wreathed columns seemed to reel and tremble; and with every instant he heard the ashes fall craunchingly into the roofless peristyle. He ascended to the upper rooms — breathless he paced along, shouting out aloud the name of Ione; and at length he heard, at the end of the gallery, a voice — *her* voice, in wondering reply! To rush forward — to shatter the door — to seize Ione in his arms — to hurry from the mansion — seemed to him the work of an instant! Scarce had he gained the spot where Nydia was, than he heard steps advancing toward the house, and recognized the voice of Arbaces, who had returned to seek his wealth and Ione ere he fled from the doomed Pompeii. But so dense was already the reeking atmosphere, that the foes saw not each other, though so near, — save that, dimly in the gloom, Glaucus caught the moving outline of the snowy robes of the Egyptian.

They hastened onward — those three! Alas! — whither? They now saw not a step before them — the blackness became utter. They were encompassed with doubt and horror! — and the death he had escaped seemed to Glaucus only to have changed its form and augmented its victims.

Calenus and Burbo. — Diomed and Clodius. — The Girl of the Amphitheater and Julia.

The sudden catastrophe which had, as it were, riven the very bonds of society, and left prisoner and jailer alike free, had soon rid Calenus of the guards to whose care the pretor had consigned him. And when the darkness and the crowd separated the priest from his attendants, he hastened with trembling steps toward the temple of his goddess. As he crept along, and ere the darkness was complete, he felt himself suddenly caught by the robe, and a voice muttered in his ear —

"Hist! — Calenus! — an awful hour!"

"Ay! by my father's head! Who art thou? — thy face is dim, and thy voice is strange!"

"Not know thy Burbo? — fie!"

"Gods! — how the darkness gathers! Ho, ho; — by yon terrific mountain, what sudden blazes of lightning! — How they dart and quiver! Hades is loosed on earth!"

"Tush! — thou believest not these things, Calenus! Now is the time to make our fortune!"

"Ha!"

"Listen! Thy temple is full of gold and precious mummeries! — let us load ourselves with them, and then hasten to the sea and embark! None will ever ask an account of the doings of this day."

"Burbo, thou art right! Hush! and follow me into the temple. Who cares now — who sees now — whether thou art a priest or not? Follow, and we will share."

In the precincts of the temple were many priests gathered around the altars, praying, weeping, groveling in the dust. Impostors in safety, they were not the less superstitious in danger! Calenus passed them, and entered the chamber yet to be seen in the south side of the court. Burbo followed him — the priest struck a light. Wine and viands strewed the table; the remains of a sacrificial feast.

"A man who has hungered forty-eight hours," muttered Calenus, "has an appetite even in such a time." He seized on the food, and devoured it greedily. Nothing could, perhaps, be more unnaturally horrid than the selfish baseness of these villains; for there is nothing more loathsome than the valor of avarice. Plunder and sacrilege while the pillars of the world tottered to and fro! What an increase to the terrors of nature can be made by the vices of man!

"Wilt thou never have done?" said Burbo, impatiently; "thy face purples and thine eyes start already."

"It is not every day one has such a right to be hungry. Oh, Jupiter! what sound is that? — the hissing of fiery water! What! does the cloud give rain as well as flame! Ha! — what! shrieks? And, Burbo, how silent all is now! Look forth!"

Amid the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed: that cry had been of death — that silence had been of eternity! The ashes — the pitchy stream — sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!

"They are dead," said Burbo, terrified for the first time,

and hurrying back into the cell. "I thought not the danger was so near and fatal."

The two wretches stood staring at each other — you might have heard their hearts beat! Calenus, the less bold by nature, but the more griping, recovered first.

"We must to our task, and away!" he said in a low whisper, frightened at his own voice. He stepped to the threshold, paused, crossed over the heated floor and his dead brethren to the sacred chapel, and called to Burbo to follow. But the gladiator quaked, and drew back.

"So much the better," thought Calenus; "the more will be *my* booty." Hastily he loaded himself with the more portable treasures of the temple, and thinking no more of his comrade, hurried from the sacred place. A sudden flash of lightning from the mount showed to Burbo, who stood motionless at the threshold, the flying and laden form of the priest. He took heart; he stepped forth to join him, when a tremendous shower of ashes fell right before his feet. The gladiator shrank back once more. Darkness closed him in. But the shower continued fast — fast; its heaps rose high and suffocatingly — deathly vapors steamed from them. The wretch gasped for breath — he sought in despair again to fly — the ashes had blocked up the threshold — he shrieked as his feet shrank from the boiling fluid. How could he escape? — he could not climb to the open space; nay, were he able, he could not brave its horrors. It were best to remain in the cell, protected, at least, from the fatal air. He sat down and clenched his teeth. By degrees, the atmosphere from without — stifling and venomous — crept into the chamber. He could endure it no longer. His eyes, glaring round, rested on a sacrificial ax, which some priest had left in the chamber: he seized it. With the desperate strength of his gigantic arm, he attempted to hew his way through the walls.

Meanwhile, the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but, here and there, you heard the steps of fugitives craunching them warily, or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds, rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them.

In the street that leads to the gate of Herculaneum, Clodius now bent his perplexed and doubtful way. "If I can gain the open country," thought he, "doubtless there will be various vehicles beyond the gate, and Herculaneum is not far distant. Thank Mercury! I have little to lose, and that little is about me!"

"Holla! — help there — help!" cried a querulous and frightened voice. "I have fallen down — my torch has gone out — my slaves have deserted me. I am Diomed — the rich Diomed; — ten thousand sesterces to him who helps me!"

At the same moment, Clodius felt himself caught by the feet. "Ill fortune to thee, — let me go, fool!" said the gambler.

"Oh, help me up! — give me thy hand!"

"There — rise!"

"Is this Clodius? I know the voice! Whither flyest thou?"

"Toward Herculaneum."

"Blessed be the gods! our way is the same, then, as far as the gate. Why not take refuge in my villa? Thou knowest the long range of subterranean cellars beneath the basement, — that shelter, what shower can penetrate?"

"You speak well," said Clodius, musingly. "And by storing the cellar with food, we can remain there even some days, should these wondrous storms endure so long."

"Oh, blessed be he who invented gates to a city!" cried Diomed. "See! — they have placed a light within yon arch: by that let us guide our steps."

The air was now still for a few minutes: the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear: the fugitives hurried on — they gained the gate — they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood, amid the crashing elements: he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape.

Diomed and his companion hurried on, when suddenly a female form rushed athwart their way. It was the girl whose ominous voice had been raised so often and so gladly in anticipation of "the merry show!"

"Oh, Diomed!" she cried, "shelter! shelter! See," —

pointing to an infant clasped to her breast — "see this little one! — it is mine! — the child of shame! I have never owned it till this hour. But *now* I remember I am a mother! I have plucked it from the cradle of its nurse: *she* had fled! Who could think of the babe in such an hour but she who bore it? Save it! save it!"

"Curses on thy shrill voice! Away, harlot!" muttered Clodius between his ground teeth.

"Nay, girl," said the more humane Diomed; "follow if thou wilt. This way — this way — to the vaults!"

They hurried on — they arrived at the house of Diomed — they laughed aloud as they crossed the threshold, for they deemed the danger over.

Diomed ordered his slaves to carry down into the subterranean gallery, before described, a profusion of food and oil for lights; and there Julia, Clodius, the mother and her babe, the greater part of the slaves, and some frightened visitors and clients of the neighborhood, sought their shelter.

The Progress of the Destruction.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky — now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to

assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set in flames, and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild — haggard — ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently,

though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the deathlike faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with and fearfully chuckling over the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps — in vain: they could not discover her — it was evident she had been swept along in some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly toward the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? All was rayless to them — a maze without a clew. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

"Alas! alas!" murmured Ione, "I can go no further; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest! — beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!"

"Hush, my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! Yet, whither — oh! whither, can we direct ourselves through the gloom? Already, it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago."

"O gods! yon rock — see, it hath riven the roof before us! It is death to move through the streets!"

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione — see! the portico of the

Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers."

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labor gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time!

"Who is there?" said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge. "Yet, what matters? — the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes."

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and, with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus: and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes — the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple — and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed crouched beneath the pillars; — and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them — the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator as for companionship; and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors as well as her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected, a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple. They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed, according to the error of the early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand; they imagined now that the Day had come.

"Woe! woe!" cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. "Behold! the Lord descendeth to judgment! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men! Woe! woe! ye strong and mighty! Woe to ye of the fasces and the purple! Woe to the idolator and the worshiper of the beast! Woe to ye who pour forth the blood of saints, and gloat over the death pangs of the sons of God! Woe to the harlot of the sea! — woe! woe!"

And with a loud and deep chorus, the troop chanted forth along the wild horrors of the air, — "Woe to the harlot of the sea! — woe! woe!"

The Nazarenes paced slowly on, their torches still flickering in the storm, their voices still raised in menace and solemn warning, till, lost amid the windings in the streets, the darkness of the atmosphere and the silence of death again fell over the scene.

There was one of the frequent pauses in the showers, and Glaucus encouraged Ione once more to proceed. Just as they stood, hesitating, on the last step of the portico, an old man, with a bag in his right hand and leaning upon a youth, tottered by. The youth bore a torch. Glaucus recognized the two as father and son — miser and prodigal.

"Father," said the youth, "if you cannot move more swiftly, I must leave you, or we *both* perish!"

"Fly, boy, then, and leave thy sire!"

"But I cannot fly to starve; give me thy bag of gold!" And the youth snatched at it.

"Wretch! wouldst thou rob thy father?"

"Ay! who can tell the tale in this hour? Miser, perish!"

The boy struck the old man to the ground, plucked the bag from his relaxing hand, and fled onward with a shrill yell.

"Ye gods!" cried Glaucus: "are ye blind, then, even in the dark? Such crimes may well confound the guiltless with the guilty in one common ruin. Ione, on! — on!"

Arbaces encounters Glaucus and Ione.

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress: yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts where the ashes lay dry and uncommixed with the boiling torrents cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild

shrieks of women's terror — now near, now distant — which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fiber of the frame.

"Oh, Glaucus! my beloved! my own! — take me to thy arms! One embrace! let me feel thy arms around me — and in that embrace let me die — I can no more!"

"For my sake — for my life — courage, yet, sweet Ione — my life is linked with thine; and see — torches — this way! Lo! how they brave the wind! Ha! they live through the storm — doubtless, fugitives to the sea! — we will join them."

As if to aid and reanimate the lovers, the winds and showers came to a sudden pause; the atmosphere was profoundly still — the mountain seemed at rest, gathering, perhaps, fresh fury for its next burst: the torchbearers moved quickly on. "We are nearing the sea," said, in a calm voice, the person at their head. "Liberty and wealth to each slave who survives this day. Courage! — I tell you that the gods themselves have assured me of deliverance — On!"

Redly and steadily the torches flashed full on the eyes of Glaucus and Ione, who lay trembling and exhausted on his bosom. Several slaves were bearing, by the light, panniers and coffers, heavily laden; in front of them, — a drawn sword in his hand, — towered the lofty form of Arbaces.

"By my fathers!" cried the Egyptian, "Fate smiles upon me even through these horrors, and, amid the dreaded aspects of woe and death, bodes me happiness and love. Away, Greek! I claim my ward, Ione!"

"Traitor and murderer!" cried Glaucus, glaring upon his foe, "Nemesis hath guided thee to my revenge! — a just sacrifice to the shades of Hades, that now seem loosed on earth. Approach — touch but the hand of Ione, and thy weapon shall be as a reed — I will tear thee limb from limb!"

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone — a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on as toward the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts — darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

The slaves shrieked aloud, and, cowering, hid their faces. The Egyptian himself stood transfixed to the spot, the glow lighting up his commanding features and jeweled robes. High behind him rose a tall column that supported the bronze statue of Augustus; and the imperial image seemed changed to a shape of fire!

With his left hand circled round the form of Ione — with his right arm raised in menace, and grasping the stilus which was to have been his weapon in the arena, and which he still fortunately bore about him, with his brow knit, his lips apart, the wrath and menace of human passions arrested, as by a charm, upon his features, Glaucus fronted the Egyptian!

Arbaces turned his eyes from the mountain — they rested on the form of Glaucus! He paused a moment: "Why," he muttered, "should I hesitate? Did not the stars foretell the only crisis of imminent peril to which I was subjected? — Is not that peril past?"

"The soul," cried he aloud, "can brave the wreck of worlds and the wrath of imaginary gods! By that soul will I conquer to the last! Advance, slaves! — Athenian, resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head! Thus, then, I regain Ione!"

He advanced one step — it was his last on earth! The

ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar! — the li htning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the Imperial Statue, then shivered bronze and column! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed! —The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled!

The sound, the shock, stunned the Athenian for several moments. When he recovered, the light still illumined the scene — the earth still slid and trembled beneath! — Ione lay senseless on the ground; but he saw her not yet — his eyes were fixed upon a ghastly face that seemed to emerge, without limbs or trunk, from the huge fragments of the shattered column — a face of unutterable pain, agony, and despair! The eyes shut and opened rapidly, as if sense were not yet fled; the lips quivered and grinned, — then sudden stillness and darkness fell over the features, yet retaining that aspect of horror never to be forgotten!

So perished the wise Magician — the great Arbaces — the Hermes of the Burning Belt — the last of the royalty of Egypt!

The Despair of the Lovers. — The Condition of the Multitude.

Glaucus turned in gratitude but in awe, caught Ione once more in his arms, and fled along the street, that was yet intensely luminous. But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain! At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke — rolling on, over air, sea, and earth.

Another — and another — and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets. Darkness once more wrapped them as a veil; and Glaucus, his bold heart at last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and, clasping Ione to his heart — a bride on that couch of ruin — resigned himself to die.

Meanwhile, Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In

vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amid a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided — to find her companions gone, to seize every fugitive — to inquire of Glaucus — to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor? Perhaps in scenes of universal horror, nothing is more horrid than the unnatural selfishness they engender. At length it occurred to Nydia that as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she continued, with incredible dexterity, to avoid the masses of ruin that encumbered the path — to thread the streets and unerringly (so blessed now was that accustomed darkness, so afflicting in ordinary life!) to take the nearest direction to the seaside.

Poor girl! her courage was beautiful to behold! — and Fate seemed to favor one so helpless! The boiling torrents touched her not, save by the general rain which accompanied them; the huge fragments of scoria shivered the pavement before and beside her, but spared that frail form: and when the lesser ashes fell over her, she shook them away with a slight tremor, and dauntlessly resumed her course.

Weak, exposed, yet fearless, supported but by one wish, she was a very emblem of Psyche in her wanderings; of Hope walking through the Valley of the Shadow; of the Soul itself — lone but undaunted, amid the dangers and the snares of life!

Her path was, however, constantly impeded by the crowds that now groped amid the gloom, now fled in the temporary glare of the lightnings across the scene; and, at length, a group of torchbearers rushing full against her, she was thrown down with some violence.

"What?" said the voice of one of the party, "is this the brave blind girl! By Bacchus, she must not be left here to die! Up! my Thessalian! So — so. Are you hurt? That's well! Come along with us! we are for the shore!"

"O Sallust! it is thy voice! The gods be thanked! Glaucus! Glaucus! have ye seen him?"

"Not I. He is doubtless out of the city by this time. The gods who saved him from the lion will save him from the burning mountain."

As the kindly epicure thus encouraged Nydia, he drew her along with him toward the sea, heeding not her passionate entreaties that he would linger yet awhile to search for Glaucus, and still, in the accent of despair, she continued to shriek out that beloved name, which, amid all the roar of the convulsed elements, kept alive a music at her heart.

The sudden illumination, the bursts of the floods of lava, and the earthquake, which we have already described, chanced when Sallust and his party had just gained the direct path leading from the city to the port; and here they were arrested by an immense crowd, more than half the population of the city. They spread along the field without the walls, thousands upon thousands, uncertain whither to fly. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and preternatural shrinking of the element, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one seaward, the other *from* the sea, had met together, feeling a sad comfort in numbers; arrested in despair and doubt.

"The world is to be destroyed by fire," said an old man in long loose robes, a philosopher of the Stoic school: "Stoic and Epicurean wisdom have alike agreed in this prediction; and the hour is come!"

"Yea; the hour is come!" cried a loud voice, solemn but not fearful.

Those around turned in dismay. The voice came from above them. It was the voice of Olinthus, who, surrounded by his Christian friends, stood upon an abrupt eminence on which the old Greek colonists had raised a temple to Apollo, now time-worn and half in ruin.

As he spoke, there came that sudden illumination which had heralded the death of Arbaces, and glowing over the mighty multitude, awed, crouching, breathless — never on earth had the faces of men seemed so haggard! — never had meeting of mortal beings been so stamped with the horror and sublimity of dread! — never till the last trumpet sounds, shall such meeting be seen again! And above those the form of Olinthus, with outstretched arm and prophet brow, girt with the living fires. And the crowd knew the face of him they had doomed

to the fangs of the beast — *then* their victim — *now* their warner; and through the stillness again came his ominous voice —

"The hour is come!"

The Christians repeated the cry. It was caught up — it was echoed from side to side — woman and man, childhood and old age repeated, not aloud, but in a smothered and dreary murmur —

"THE HOUR IS COME!"

At that moment, a wild yell burst through the air; — and, thinking only of escape, whither it knew not, the terrible tiger of the desert leaped among the throng, and hurried through its parted streams. And so came the earthquake, — and so darkness once more fell over the earth!

And now new fugitives arrived. Grasping the treasures no longer destined for their lord, the slaves of Arbaces joined the throng. One only of their torches yet flickered on. It was borne by Sosia; and its light falling on the face of Nydia, he recognized the Thessalian.

"What avails thy liberty now, blind girl?" said the slave.

"Who art thou? canst thou tell me of Glaucus?"

"Ay; I saw him but a few minutes since."

"Blessed be thy head! where?"

"Couched beneath the arch of the forum — dead or dying! — gone to rejoin Arbaces, who is no more!"

Nydia uttered not a word, she slid from the side of Sallust; silently she glided through those behind her, and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum — the arch; she stooped down — she felt around — she called on the name of Glaucus.

A weak voice answered — "Who calls on me? Is it the voice of the Shades? Lo! I am prepared!"

"Arise! follow me! Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!"

In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose — "Nydia still? Ah! thou, then, art safe!"

The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. With admirable discretion, she avoided the path which led to the crowd she had just quitted, and, by another route, sought the shore.

After many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained

the sea, and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves.

Utterly exhausted and worn out, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet. Meanwhile the showers of dust and ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave, and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African, and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt.

The Next Morning. — The Fate of Nydia.

And meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep! — the winds were sinking into rest — the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning; Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the Deep were snatched from her embrace! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her azure arms, and know them not — moaning round the sepulchers of the Lost!

There was no *shout* from the marines at the dawning light — it had come too gradually, and they were too wearied for such sudden bursts of joy — but there was a low deep *murmur* of thankfulness amid those watchers of the long night. They looked at each other and smiled — they took heart — they felt once more that there was a world around, and a God above them! And in the feeling that the worst was passed, the overwearied ones turned round, and fell placidly to sleep. In the growing light of the skies there came the silence which night had wanted: and the bark drifted calmly onward to its port. A few other vessels, bearing similar fugitives, might be seen

in the expanse, apparently motionless, yet gliding also on. There was a sense of security, or companionship, and of hope, in the sight of their slender masts and white sails. What beloved friends, lost and missed in the gloom, might they not bear to safety and to shelter!

In the silence of the general sleep, Nydia rose gently. She bent over the face of Glaucus — she inhaled the deep breath of his heavy slumber, — timidly and sadly she kissed his brow — his lips; she felt for his hand — it was locked in that of Ione; she sighed deeply, and her face darkened. Again she kissed his brow, and with her hair wiped from it the damps of night. "May the gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured: "may you be happy with your beloved one! — may you sometimes remember Nydia! Alas! she is of no further use on earth!"

With these words, she turned away. Slowly she crept along by the *fori*, or platforms, to the further side of the vessel, and, pausing, bent low over the deep; the cool spray dashed upward on her feverish brow. "It is the kiss of death," she said — "it is welcome." The balmy air played through her waving tresses — she put them from her face, and raised those eyes — so tender, though so lightless — to the sky, whose soft face she had never seen!

"No, no!" she said, half aloud, and in a musing and thoughtful tone, "I cannot endure it; this jealous, exacting love — it shatters my whole soul in madness! I might harm him again — wretch that I was! I have saved him — twice saved him — happy, happy thought: — why not *die* happy? — it is the last glad thought I can ever know. Oh! sacred Sea! I hear thy voice invitingly — it hath a freshening and joyous call. They say that in thy embrace is dishonor — that thy victims cross not the fatal Styx — be it so! — I would not meet him in the Shades, for I should meet him still with *her!* Rest — rest — rest! — there is no other Elysium for a heart like mine!"

A sailor, half dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up, and behind, as the vessel merrily bounded on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves; but it vanished in an instant. He turned round again, and dreamed of his home and children.

When the lovers awoke their first thought was of each other — their next of Nydia! She was not to be found — none had seen her since the night. Every crevice of the vessel was

searched — there was no trace of her. Mysterious from first to last, the blind Thessalian had vanished forever from the living world! They guessed her fate in silence: and Glaucus and Ione, while they drew nearer to each other (feeling each other the world itself) forgot their deliverance, and wept as for a departed sister.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

By E. H. PLUMPTRE.

I. Trajan.

Through haughty Rome's imperial street
The mighty Trajan rode,
And myrrh, and balm, and spices sweet
In silver censers glowed;
In car of state erect he stood;
And round him, rushing like a flood,
The people poured with shout and song;
And every eye through all that throng
Turned to him with delight;
For he had triumphed far and wide,
Had sated Rome's high-soaring pride,
And, laying captive nations low,
Now dragged the pale and trembling foe
Bent down in sore affright:
And still before him spread afar
New pathways for his conquering star,
More crowns of world-wide fame to win,
'Mid shouts of warriors, battle din:
One triumph barely o'er, he spurned
The laurel wreaths so hardly earned,
And still his fevered spirit burned
New realms, new worlds to gain.
And now his legions on he led,
Legions that ne'er from foe had fled,
The glory of his reign,
To reap new harvests in the field
Where all would die, but none would yield.
When lo! from out the exulting crowd,
Her voice half-drowned by plaudits loud,
A woman rushed, bent low with years,

Gray-haired, and weeping blinding tears.
With eager eye and outstretched hand,
As one who might a king command,
She caught the Emperor's eye, and stayed
The progress of that proud parade.
"Ah, Lord!" she cried, "on thee I call,
With bended knees before thee fall,
Implore, beseech thee, let not might,
All scatheless, triumph over right.
I had a son, mine only boy,
My heart's delight, my pride, my joy,
Fair-haired, bright-eyed, a sunbeam clear
That made it summer all the year;
In that pure boyhood, free from stain,
His father grew to life again;
And he, O king, in bloom of youth,
Flushed with high courage, strong in truth,
Now lies all stiff and cold in death,
And never more shall living breath
Warm limbs and heart again:
And lo! the murderer standeth ther
His proud lip curling in the air,
As if he scorned the wild despair
Of him his hand has slain.
See, still he smiles that evil smile,
Half lust, half hate, thrice vilely vile,
As knowing well the dark disgrace
That hangs o'er all of Abraham's race,
As knowing well the Christian's name
Makes him who bears it marked for shame,
And counting still a Christian's prayer
An idle rending of the air.
But thou, O prince, the true, the just,
To whom the blood from out the dust
For vengeance cries in murmurs loud
As mutterings from the thundercloud—
Thou wilt not scorn the widow's cry,
Nor let her voice mount up on high
Accusing thee of wrong;
Not yet her plaint ascends with theirs
Who cry beneath God's altar stairs
'How long, O Lord, how long?'
There still is time to do the right,
Time to put forth thy kingly might,
That man of pride and blood to smite."

Then turned his head the Emperor just,
Found faithful to his kingly trust,
As one sore grieved, yet strong of will
Each task of duty to fulfill:
And to that widow sad and lorn,
By care and grief and anguish worn,
With knitted brow and steadfast face,
Thus spake the words of princely grace:
"Know, weeping mother, know, thy prayer
By day and night my thoughts shall share;
Mine eye shall search the secret guilt,
And track the blood thy foe hath spilt:
No depth of shade, no length of time
Shall hide the felon stained with crime.
Long since, men know, I spake full clear,
And stayed the blast which many a year
Had filled the Christians' souls with fear;
I would not welcome vain report;
In open day, in open court,
Let those who will, their charges prove
And so let justice onward move;
And shame it were that I should shrink,
Through fear what rich or proud may think,
From words of truth and deeds of power:
The sentence of the judgment hour.
All this shall be; but now the day
Leads on to battle far away:
The foes are fierce; on Ister's stream
The helms of thousand warriors gleam;
And we must war with spear and shield,
By leaguered fort, on tented field;
Must bear the scorching heat and frost,
In desert wild, or rock-bound coast,
Until at length, the battle won,
Each task fulfilled, each duty done,
We bend our steps once more for home
And dwell in peace in lordly Rome;
Yes, then shall every deed of shame
In Heaven's own time bear fullest blame,
No wrong escape the sentence true,
All evil pay the forfeit due:
Till then be patient; every hour
Will dull the edge of suffering's power:
The months pass onward; quick they flee;
Then bring thy prayer once more to me."

"Ah prince," the widow made her moan,
"Too true, the hours are fled and gone;
To-day flits by while yet we speak;
To-morrow's dawn in vain we seek.
Do right at once; who dare foretell
The issue of thy warfare fell?
Who knows but I may still abide
While thou on Thracia's coasts hast died;
Or thou returning, conqueror proud,
Mayst find me moldering in my shroud?
Delay not, shrink not, do the right;
Or else e'en thou in Death's dark night
Mayst stand, all shivering with affright,
Before the throne of shadeless light."
She spake, and then great Trajan's heart
Was moved to choose the better part:
He stayed his march; a night and day
Halted that army's proud array.
He tracked the secret deed of blood,
Though high in state the murderer stood,
And rested not till right was done,
As rose the morrow's glowing sun.
And thus in face of earth and heaven
His pledge in act and word was given,
That great or small, or bond or free,
Before his throne should equals be:
Heathen and Christians all confess,
His power to punish, or to bless,
The might of truth and righteousness.

II. Gregory.

The days were evil, skies were dim,
When slowly walked, with prayer and hymn,
Through stately street and market wide,
Where emperors once had ridden in pride,
Far other troops than legions strong,
Raising far other battle song;
In sackcloth clad, with dust besprent,
Men, women, children, onward went;
Their bands, by one chief father led,
March on with rev'rent, measured tread,
And still at every sacred shrine,
In presence of the might divine,
With head uncovered, downcast eye,

They sang their sevenfold litany:
"Hear us, O God of Heaven and Earth,
Thou Lord of sorrow and of mirth,
Thou Worker of the second birth,
Hear us, O Lord, and save!
From plague and famine, fire and sword,
From Pagans fierce and foes abhorred,
From death and Hell, O gracious Lord,
From darkness and the grave.
Have mercy, Lord, on man and beast,
Mercy, from greatest to the least;
Be all from bonds of sin released;
Set free the captive slave!"
"O Lord, have mercy," so they sang,
And through the air their accents rang,
Like sad sweet sound of midnight breeze,
Whispering soft music to the trees,—
"*O Miserere, Domine!*"
Fathers and children, youth and maid,
Their eager supplication made,
And e'en from bridegroom and from bride
The same sad music rose and died,
"*O Miserere, Domine!*"
And, last of all, no emperor now,
With eastern diadem on his brow,
No triumph car bedecked with gold,
No purple chlamys' drooping fold;
But pale and worn, his hair all white,
His face with gleam unearthly bright,
As one to whom the heavens all night
Their glory had revealed;
A smile through all his sorrow shone,
That told of peace and victory won,
A fight well fought, a race well run,
And God his strength and shield:
So marched Gregorios, ruler sage,
Great glory of Rome's later age;
And next him came with golden hair,
That floated wildly to the air,
With clear blue eyes, and cheeks that showed
How fresh and full the young life glowed,
A troop of boys, whose unshod feet
Kept measured time to voices sweet;
Angles were they, from far-off shore,
Where loud the northern surges roar,

Rescued from wrath, and sin and shame,
Worthy to bear an angel's name;
These, couching in their brute despair,
Like wolf's young whelps in mountain lair,
Fettered and bound, and set for sale,
Each with his own sad, untold tale,
The good Gregorios saw;
Some thought of homes in distant isles,
A father's love, a mother's smiles,
Some feared the scourge, the bondslave's name,
And some their doom of foulest shame;
And throbs of anguish thrilled their frame
With power to touch and awe.
He looked and pitied, gems and gold,
From out the church's treasures old,
In fullest tale of weight he told,
And gave their price and set them free,
Heirs of Christ's blessed liberty.
And now they followed slow and calm,
Each chanting penitential psalm,
Each bearing branch of drooping palm,
Each lifting high a taper's light,
And clad in garments pure and white;
And these with voices soft and slow,
As streams 'mid whispering reeds that flow,
Still sang, all pitiful to see,
"*O Miserere, Domine!*"

So onward still they marched; at last
By Trajan's forum on they passed,
And there the memories of the place,
The tale of that imperial grace,
Flashed on Gregorios' soul, and led,
Ere yet the sunset's glow had fled,
To strange new thoughts about the deed.

"Ah me!" he sighed in grief and fears,
"Is he whose name all Rome reveres,
The just, the true, the warrior brave,
Firm to his trust, and strong to save, —
Is he where souls to darkness flit,
Gehenna's flames, the unfathomed pit?
He knew not thee, O Lord, I own;
His knee ne'er bent before thy throne;
He lived his life, by evil chance,

In darkness and in ignorance;
And ne'er, O Lord, thy dread decree
His wandering steps led on to Thee.
And so he dwells throughout the years,
Where neither sun nor star appears,
And all around is still the same,
One dreary night, one dusky flame:
And must his doom, O Lord, be this,
That changeless future in the abyss?
Is there no hope for him whose will
Was bent all duty to fulfill,
Whose eye discerning saw aright,
The false how foul, the true how bright?
He, Lord, had pity, so they tell,
On that poor child of Israel;
He heard the widow's anguished prayer,
He left her not to her despair:
And wilt thou leave him, Lord, to bear
That doom eternal, full of fear?
Can prayers avail not to atone
And bring the wand'rer to the Throne?
Ah Lord, whose pitying love ne'er spurned
The vilest, when to Thee they turned,
Whose glance, with gentle pardoning eyes,
Where love was blended with surprise,
Looked on Rome's captain, Zidon's child,
And there, in accents soft and mild,
Owned that their faith was nobler found
Than aught that sprang on Israel's ground,
And said'st that from the East and West,
A countless host should share Thy rest;—
Wilt thou not write that just one's name
Within Thy book of deathless fame?
My prayer at least shall rise for him
By night and day, in chant and hymn;
For him I ask on bended knee,
"O Miserere, Domine!"

So spake the gray-haired saint, and lo!
As died the flush of sunset's glow,
There came, in visions of the night
The form of One divinely bright,
(The nail prints still in hands and feet)
And spake in music low and sweet:
"Fear not, thou wise and true of heart,

Fear not from narrowing thoughts to part;
And didst thou feel the pain of love?
Could one soul's doom thy pity move?
And shall not mine flow far and wide
As ocean spreads his boundless tide?
Is my heart cold while thine is warm?
Not so: cast off the false alarm;
The man thou pray'st for dwells with me,
Where true light shines and shadows flee.
The sins that sprang from life's ill chance,
Deeds of those times of ignorance —
These God has pardoned. Just and right,
He owns all souls that loved the light,
And leads them step by step to know
The source from whence all good things flow.
Though yet awhile in twilight rest
They wait, as those but partly blest, —
Though grief for all the evil past
The opening joy of heaven o'ercast,
Yet doubt not; trust my Father's will,
As just and good and loving still:
For those who, filled with holiest awe,
Still strove to keep the Eternal Law, —
For those who knew me not, yet tried
To live for those for whom I died, —
For them who give to child or saint
One cup of water as they faint, —
For these, be sure that all is well;
I hold the keys of Death and Hell."

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL.

[Hadrian, Emperor of Rome A.D. 117-138, born A.D. 76, was nephew of his predecessor Trajan, and like him a Spaniard by birth; of equal energy and ambition, it did not as with him take a military form, but that of restless intellectual curiosity. He traveled all over the Empire, examining its condition and needs in person; and was equally interested in literature, art, and architecture. — This poetic skit, from its grace and conciseness, has stimulated various scholars and poets to attempt its translation: we give the original and some of the versions, collected by the Earl of Carnarvon.]

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loco?

Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

(Translation of Prior.)

Poor little pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou preen thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

(Translation of Pope.)

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire!
That long hast warmed my tender breast.
Must thou no more this frame inspire,
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?
Whither, ah whither art thou flying,
To what dark undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humor are no more.

(Translation of Lord Byron.)

Ah, gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humor gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

(Translation of Charles Merivale.)

Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whether wilt thou hie away, —
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one,
Never to play again, never to play?

JOCULAR ORATORY.

By QUINTILIAN.

[M. Fabius Quintilianus, teacher of oratory, was born in the town now named Calahorra, in Spain, A.D. 40. Coming to Rome A.D. 68, he attained distinction as an orator. He also received pupils in oratory, the two grandnephews of the Emperor Domitian and Pliny the Younger being amongst the number. For nearly twenty years Quintilian devoted himself to this profession, and he is noted as being the first teacher who received remuneration from the imperial exchequer for his services. He died about 118. He composed the system of rhetoric called "De Institutione Oratoria," in twelve books, after his retirement from public duties.]

I AM now to treat of a matter quite the reverse of that I discussed in the last chapter, — I mean, the manner of dissipating melancholy impressions, of unbending the mind from too intense application, of renewing its powers and recruiting its strength, after being surfeited and fatigued.

Now, we may be sensible, from the examples of the two great fathers of Greek and Roman eloquence, how difficult a matter this is, for it is generally thought that Demosthenes had no talents, and Cicero no bounds, in raising laughter. The truth is Demosthenes was not at all averse from attempting it, as appears by the instances of that kind which he left behind him; which, though very few, are far from being answerable to his other excellences. Few, however, as they are, they show that he liked jocularity, but that he had not the art of hitting it off. But as to our countryman Cicero, he was thought to affect it too much, for it not only entered into his common discourse, but into his most solemn pleadings. For my part, call it want of judgment or prepossession in favor of the most eloquent of mankind, I think Cicero had a wonderful share of delicate wit. No man ever said so many good things as he did in ordinary conversation, in debating, and in examining of witnesses; and he artfully throws into the mouths of others all his insipid jokes concerning Verres, and brings them as so many evidences of the notoriety of the charges against him; thereby intimating that the more vulgar they were, it was the more probable they were the language of the public, and not invented to serve the purposes of the orator. I wish, however, that his freedman Tyro, or whoever he was who collected the three books of his jokes, had been a little more sparing in pub-

lishing the good things he said; and that in choosing them he had been as judicious as in compiling them he was industrious. The compiler then had been less liable to criticism; and yet the book, even as it has come to our hands, discovers the characteristics of Cicero's genius; for, however you may retrench from it, you can add nothing to it.

Several things concur to render this manner extremely difficult. In the first place, all ridicule has something in it that is buffoonish; that is, somewhat that is low, and oftentimes purposely rendered mean. In the next place, it is never attended with dignity, and people are apt to construe it in different senses; because it is not judged by any criterion of reason, but by a certain unaccountable impression which it makes upon the hearer. I call it unaccountable, because many have endeavored to account for it, but, I think, without success. Here it is that a laugh may arise, not only from an action or a saying, but even the very motion of the body may raise it; add to this, that there are many different motives for laughter. For we laugh not only at actions and sayings that are witty and pleasant, but such as are stupid, passionate, and cowardly. It is, therefore, of a motley composition; for very often we laugh *with* a man as well as laugh *at* him. For, as Cicero observes, "the province of ridiculousness consists in a certain meanness and deformity." The manner that points them out is termed wit or urbanity. If while we are pointing them out we make ourselves ridiculous, it is termed folly. Even the slightest matter, when it comes from a buffoon, an actor — nay, a dunce, may, notwithstanding, carry with it an effect that I may call irresistible, and such as it is impossible for us to guard against. The pleasure it gives us bursts from us even against our will, and appears not only in the expression of our looks and our voices, but is powerful enough even to shake the whole frame of our body. Very often, as I have already observed, one touch of the ridiculous may give a turn to the most serious affairs. We have an instance of this in some young Tarentines, who, having at an entertainment made very free with the character of King Pyrrhus, were next morning examined before him upon what they had said, which, though they durst not defend and could not deny, yet they escaped by a well-turned joke: "Sir," says one of them, "if our liquor had not failed us we would have murdered you." This turn of wit at once canceled all the guilt they were charged with.

Yet this knack, or whatever the reader pleases to call it, of joking, I will not venture to pronounce to be void of all art, for it admits of certain rules, which Greek and Roman writers have reduced into a system; I, however, affirm that its success is chiefly owing to nature and the occasion. Now, nature does not consist in the acuteness and skill which some possess above others in the inventive part (for that may be improved by art); but some people's manner and face are so well fitted for this purpose, that, were others to say the same thing, it would lose a great part of its gracefulness. With regard to the occasion and the subject, they are so very serviceable in matters of wit, that dunces and clowns have been known to make excellent repartees; and, indeed, everything has a better grace that comes by way of reply, than what is offered by way of attack. What adds to the difficulty is, that no rules can be laid down for the practice of this thing, and no masters can teach it. We know a great many who say smart things at entertainments, or in common conversation; and, indeed, they cannot avoid it, for they are hourly attempting it. But the wit that is required in an orator is seldom to be met with; it forms no part of his art, but arises from the habits of life. I know no objection, however, against prescribing exercises of this kind, to accustom young men to compositions of a brisk lively turn of wit: nay, the sayings which we call "good things," and which are so common on merrymaking and festival days, may be of very great service to the practice at the bar, could they be brought to answer any purpose of utility, or could they be brought in aid of any serious subject. At present, however, they serve no purpose but that of useless diversion to younger persons. . . .

We may either act or speak ridicule. Sometimes a grave way of doing an arch thing occasions great ridicule. Thus, when the consul Isauricus had broken the curule chair belonging to the pretor Marcus Cœlius, the latter erected another chair, slung upon leathern straps, because it was notorious that the consul, on a time, had been strapped by his father. Sometimes ridicule attacks objects that are past all sense of shame; for instance, the adventure of the casket, mentioned by Cicero in his pleading for Cœlius. But that was so scandalous a thing that no one in his senses could enlarge upon it. We may make the same observation when there is anything droll in the look or the manner; for they may be rendered extremely diverting,

but never so much as when they appear to be very serious. For nothing is more stupid than to see a man always upon the titter, and, as it were, beating up for a laugh. But, though a grave serious look and manner add greatly to ridicule, and indeed are sometimes ridicule itself, by the person remaining quite serious, yet still it may be assisted by the looks and the powers of the face, and a certain pleasing adjustment of one's whole gesture: but always remember never to overdo.

As to the ridicule that consists in words, its character is either that of wantonness and jollity, as we generally saw in Galba; or cutting, such as the late Junius Bassus possessed; or blunt and rough, like the manner of Cassius Severus; or winning and delicate, like that of Domitius Afer. The place where we employ those different manners is of great importance, for at entertainments and in common discourse the vulgar are wanton, but all mankind may be cheerful. Meanwhile, let all malice be removed, and let us never adopt that maxim, "Rather to lose our friend than our jest." With regard to our practice at the bar, if I were to employ any of the manners I have mentioned, it should be that of the gentle, delicate kind. Though at the same time we are allowed to employ the most reproachful and cutting expressions against our adversaries; but that is in the case of capital impeachments, when justice is demanded upon an offender. But even in that case, we think it inhuman to insult the misery or the fallen state of another, for such are generally less to blame than they are represented, and insults may recoil upon the head of the person who employs them.

We are in the first place, therefore, to consider who the person is that speaks, what is the cause, who is the judge, who is the party, and what are the expressions. An orator ought by all means to avoid every distortion of look and gesture employed by comedians to raise a laugh. All farcical theatrical pertness is likewise utterly inconsistent with the character of an orator; and he ought to be so far from expressing, that he ought not to imitate anything that is offensive to modesty. Nay, though he should have an opportunity to expose it, it may be sometimes more proper to pass it over.

Further, though I think the manner of an orator ought at all times to be elegant and genteel, yet he should by no means affect being thought a wit. He should not, therefore, be always witty when he can; and he ought sometimes to sacrifice his jest

to his character. What indignation does it give us in a trial upon atrocious crimes, to hear a pleader breaking his jokes, or an advocate merry, while he is speaking in defense of the miserable!

Besides, we are to reflect that some judges are of so serious a cast as not to endure anything that may raise a laugh. Sometimes it happens that the reproach we aim at our opponent hits the judge himself, or suits our own client. And some are so foolish that they cannot refrain from expressions that recoil upon themselves. This was the case with Longus Sulpicius, who, being himself a very ugly fellow, and pleading a cause that affected the liberty of another person, said, "Nature had not given that man the face of a free man." "Then," replies Domitius Afer to him, "you are in your soul and conscience of opinion that every man who has an ugly face ought to be a slave."

An orator likewise is to avoid everything that is ill-mannered, or haughty, offensive in the place, or unseasonable upon the occasion. He is likewise to say nothing that seems premeditated and studied before he came into court. Now, as I have already said, it is barbarous to joke upon the miseries of another; while some are so venerable, so amiable in their universal character, that a pleader only hurts himself by attacking them. . . .

One maxim is of use, not only to the purposes of an orator, but to the purposes of life; which is, never to attack a man whom it is dangerous to provoke, lest you be brought to maintain some disagreeable enmities, or to make some scandalous submissions. It is likewise highly improper to throw out any invectives that numbers of people may take to themselves; or to arraign, by the lump, nations, degrees, and ranks of mankind, or those pursuits which are common to many. A man of sense and good breeding will say nothing that can hurt his own character or probity. A laugh is too dearly bought when purchased at the expense of virtue.

It is, however, extremely difficult to point out all the different manners of raising a laugh, and the occasions that furnish it. Nay, it is next to impossible to trace all the different sources of ridicule. In general, however, a laugh may be raised either from the personal appearance of an opponent, or from his understanding, as it appears by his words or actions, or from exterior circumstances. These, I say, are the three

sources of all vilifying, which, if urged with acrimony, become serious; if with pleasantry, ridiculous.

Sometimes, but seldom, it happens that an object of ridicule actually presents itself upon the spot. This happened to Caius Julius, who told Helmius Mancia, who was deafening the whole court with his bawling, that he would show him what he resembled. The other challenging him to make good his promise, Julius pointed with his finger to the distorted figure of a Gaul, painted upon the shield of Marius, which was set up as a sign to one of the booths that stood round the forum, and in fact was very like Mancia. The narrative of imaginary circumstances may be managed with the greatest delicacy and oratorical art; witness Cicero's narrative concerning Cepasius and Fabricius, in his pleading for Cluentius; and the manner in which Marcus Cœlius represents the race run between Caius Lælius and his colleague, which should get first to his province. But all such recitals require every elegant, every genteel touch the orator can give them; and the whole must be brought up with the most delicate humor.

FROM JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN DRYDEN.

[For biographical sketch, see page 235.]

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruined, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crowned;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drowned.
The brawny fool, who did his vigor boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest;

Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshaled figures can account.
To which the stores of Crœsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cutthroat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commissioned by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charged with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush,
And sees a redcoat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl;
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup and sparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pitied, one contemned, the woeful times;
One laughed at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ache:
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune, did appear,
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our pretor seated in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroidered coat upon his back:
A suit of hangings had not more opprest
His shoulders than that long, laborious vest;
A heavy gewgaw (called a crown) that spread
About his temples drowned his narrow head,

And would have crushed it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustained the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, raised on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty),
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white;
In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at humankind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenced, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state,
And make the neighboring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears,
At their vain triumphs and their vainer tears;
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flattered him and when she frowned.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envied power; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crowned
Is by base hands in the next river drowned.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lunged bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Formed in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and jordans, a whole kitchen trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragged along,
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence
(The savior of the nation and the prince)?

Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty; and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemned to die.
But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favor blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age opprest.
But long, long since, the times have changed their face,
The people grown degenerate and base:
Not suffered now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves disposed;
Raised whom they pleased, and whom they pleased
deposed.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslaved posterity betray,
Are now reduced to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet show.
There was a damned design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight.
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defense!
Come, let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corpse of Cæsar's foe;
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honors of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
That monarch, whom the mastered world obey?

While he, intent on secret lust alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Cooped in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man's a fool to that degree:
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the will:
But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good?
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasped the world's exhausted store
Yet never had enough, but wished for more,
Raised a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which, moldering, crushed him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruined him, who, greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke,
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declined a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both those orators, so much renowned,
In their own depths of eloquence were drowned;
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggerel or who punned in prose.
"Fortune foretuned the dying notes of Rome,
Till I, thy consul sole, consoled thy doom:"
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippic fatally divine,

Which is inscribed the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theaters, and swayed the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-eyed Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars's forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honor, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armor hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chapfall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirst of honor fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchers themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay,
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.

Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast;
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles overrun,
Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are lai'
And Punic flags on Roman towers displayed.
Ask what a face belonged to his high fane:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame;
A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
The one-eyed hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! say
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banished from his native home;
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repulsed by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous sort of death has heaven designed,
Distinguished from the herd of humankind,
For so untamed, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doomed t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
One world sufficed not Alexander's mind;
Cooped up, he seemed in earth and seas confined;
And, struggling, stretched his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, entered in the brick-built town, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sailed about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore;
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;

With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison underground;)
What God so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!
But how returned he, let us ask again?
In a poor skiff he passed the bloody main,
Choked with the slaughtered bodies of his train.
For fame he prayed, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.

* * * * * * *

What then remains? Are we deprived of will?
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move:
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want;
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel:
Ah, that we loved ourselves but half so well! . . .
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain, —
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confined
To health of body, and content of mind:
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, hardened to sustain
The load of life, and exercised in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is Virtue: what I show
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshiped by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

By APULEIUS.

[Lucius Apuleius, Roman story-writer, was born in Madaura, Africa, early in the second century A.D.; the time of his death is unknown. His fame rests on the immortal "Metamorphoses; or, the Golden Ass," a sort of early Decameron, with contents ranging from the grossest indecencies to the exquisite story of Cupid and Psyche; and on the amusing "Vindication," a defense to the charge of having used magic arts to make a rich middle-aged widow marry him.]

In a certain city there lived a king and queen who had three daughters of remarkable beauty. The charms of the two elder — and they were very great — were still thought not to exceed all possible measure of praise; but as for the youngest sister, human speech was too poor to express, much less adequately to extol, her exquisite and surpassing loveliness. In fact, multitudes of the citizens, and of strangers, whom the fame of this extraordinary spectacle gathered to the spot, were struck dumb with astonishment at her unapproachable beauty, and moving their right hand to their lips, with the forefinger joining the elevated thumb, paid her religious adoration, just as though she were the goddess Venus herself.

And now the tidings spread through the neighboring cities and adjacent countries that the goddess whom the azure depths of the ocean had brought forth, and the spray of the foamy billows had nurtured, dwelt in the midst of mortals, and suffered them indiscriminately to behold her divine form; or at least, that once again, impregnated by a new emanation from the starry heavens, not the sea, but the earth, had brought forth another Venus, gifted with the flower of virginity. Thus did her fame travel rapidly every day; thus did the news soon traverse the neighboring islands, a great part of the continent, and multitudes of provinces. Many were the mortals who, by long journeys over land, and over the deep sea, flocked from all quarters to behold this glorious specimen of the age. No one set sail for Paphos, no one for Cnidus, nor even for Cythera, to have sight of the goddess Venus. Her sacred rites were abandoned, her temples suffered to decay, her cushions trampled under foot, her ceremonies neglected, her statues left without chaplets, and her desolate altars defiled with cold ashes. A young girl was supplicated in her stead, and the divinity of the mighty goddess was worshiped under human features; and

the maiden was propitiated in her morning walks with victims and banquets offered her in the name of the absent Venus. And ever, as she passed along the streets, the people crowded round, and adoringly presented her with garlands, and scattered flowers on her path.

This extraordinary transfer of celestial honors to a mortal maiden, greatly incensed the real Venus, who called her son Cupid and said to him : —

"I conjure you by the ties of maternal love, by the sweet wounds inflicted by your arrow, by the warmth, delightful as honey, of that torch, to afford your parent her revenge, aye, and a full one too, and as you respect myself, severely punish this rebellious beauty : and this one thing, above all, use all your endeavors to effect ; let this maiden be seized with the most burning love for the lowest of mankind, one whom fortune has stripped of rank, patrimony, and even of personal safety ; one so degraded, that he cannot find his equal in wretchedness throughout the whole world."

In the meantime, Psyche, with all her exquisite beauty, derived no advantage whatever from her good looks ; she was gazed on by all, praised by all, and yet no one, king, noble, or plebeian even, came to woo her for his bride. They admired, no doubt, her divine beauty, but then they all admired it as they would a statue exquisitely wrought. Long before this, her two elder sisters, whose more moderate charms had not been bruited abroad among the nations, had been wooed by kings, and happily wedded to them ; but Psyche, forlorn virgin, sat at home, bewailing her lonely condition, faint in body and sick at heart ; and hated her own beauty, though it delighted all the rest of the world.

The wretched father of this most unfortunate daughter, suspecting the enmity of the gods, and dreading their wrath, consulted the very ancient oracle of the Milesian God, and sought of that mighty divinity, with prayers and victims, a husband for the maiden whom no one cared to have. But Apollo, though a Grecian and an Ionian, by right of the founder of Miletus, delivered an oracle in Latin verse to the following effect : —

"On some high mountain's craggy summit place
The virgin, deck'd for deadly nuptial rites ;
Nor hope a son-in-law of mortal race,

L'Amour and Psyche

From the painting by Gérard in the Louvre

But a dire mischief, viperous and fierce;
Who flies through ether, and with fire and sword
Tires and debilitates whate'er exists,
Terrific to the powers that reign on high.
E'en mighty Jove the wing'd destroyer dreads,
And streams and Stygian shades abhor the pest."

[They follow the oracle's directions.]

The multitudinous procession advanced to the destined rock on a lofty mountain, and left the maiden alone on the summit; the nuptial torches, with which they had lighted their way, were now extinguished in their tears, and thrown aside, the ceremony was at an end, and with drooping heads they took their homeward way. As for her wretched parents, sinking under the weight of a calamity so great, they shut themselves up in their darkened palace, and abandoned themselves to perpetual night. Meanwhile, as Psyche lay trembling and weeping in dismay on the summit of the rock, the mild breeze of the gently blowing Zephyr played round her garments, fluttering and gradually expanding them till they lifted her up, and the god, wafting her with his tranquil breath adown the lofty mountain side, laid her softly on the flowery turf in the lap of the valley.

Psyche, therefore, delightfully reclining in this pleasant and grassy spot, upon a bed of dewy herbage, felt her extreme agitation of mind allayed, and sank into a sweet sleep, from which she awoke refreshed in body, and with a mind more composed. She then espied a grove, thick planted with vast and lofty trees; she likewise saw a fountain in the middle of the grove, with water limpid as crystal. Near the fall of the fountain there was a kingly palace, not raised by human hands, but by divine skill. You might know, from the very entrance of the palace, that you were looking upon the splendid and delightful abode of some god. For the lofty ceilings, curiously arched with cedar and ivory, were supported by golden columns. The walls were incrusted all over with silver carving, with wild beasts and domestic animals of all kinds, presenting themselves to the view of those who entered the palace. A wonderful man was he, a demigod, nay, surely, a god, who with such exquisite subtlety of art, molded such vast quantities of silver into various ferine forms.

The very pavement itself consisted of precious stones cut out and arranged so as to form pictures of divers kinds. Blessed,

thrice blessed, those who can tread gems and bracelets under foot! The other parts, as well, of this palace of vast extent, were precious beyond all computation; and the walls being everywhere strengthened with bars of gold, shone with their own luster, so that even were the sun to withhold his light, the palace could make for itself a day of its own; so effulgent were the chambers, the porticos, and the doors. The furniture, too, was on a scale commensurate with the majesty of this abode; so that it might well be looked upon as a palace built by mighty Jove, where he might dwell among mankind.

Invited by the delightful appearance of the place, Psyche approached it, and, gradually taking courage, stepped over the threshold. The beauty of what she beheld lured her on, and everything filled her with admiration. In another part of the palace, she beheld magnificent repositories, stored with immense riches; nothing, in fact, is there which was not there to be found. But besides the admiration which such enormous wealth excited, this was particularly surprising — that this treasury of the world was protected by no chain, no bar, no guard.

Here, while Psyche's gaze was ravished with delight, a bodiless voice thus addressed her: "Why, lady," it said, "are you astonished at such vast riches? All are yours. Betake yourself, therefore, to your chamber, and refresh your wearied limbs on your couch, and, when you think proper, repair to the bath; for we, whose voices you now hear, are your handmaidens, and will carefully attend to all your commands, and, when we have dressed you, a royal banquet will be placed before you without delay."

Psyche was sensible of the goodness of divine providence, and, obedient to the admonitions of the unembodied voices, relieved her fatigue, first with sleep, and afterwards with the bath. After this, perceiving, close at hand, a semicircular dais with a raised seat, and what seemed to be the apparatus for a banquet, intended for her refreshment, she readily took her place; whereupon nectareous wines, and numerous dishes containing various kinds of dainties, were immediately served up, impelled, as it seemed, by some spiritual impulse, for there were no visible attendants. Not one human being could she see, she only heard words that were uttered, and had voices alone for her servants. After an exquisite banquet was served up, some one entered, and sang unseen, while another struck the lyre, as invisible as himself. Then, a swell of voices, as

of a multitude singing in full chorus, was wafted to her ears, though not one of the vocalists could she descry.

After these delights had ceased, the evening now persuading to repose, Psyche retired to bed; and when the night was far advanced, a certain gentle, murmuring sound fell upon her ears. Then, alarmed for her honor in consequence of the profound solitude of the place, she trembled and was filled with terror, and dreaded that of which she was ignorant, more than any misfortune. And now her unknown bridegroom ascended the couch, made Psyche his wife, and hastily left her before break of day. Immediately the attendant voices of the bedchamber came to aid the wounded modesty of the new-made bride. This course was continued for a length of time; and, as by nature it has been so ordained, the novelty, by its constant repetition, afforded her delight, and the sound of the voices was the solace of her solitude.

In the meantime, her parents were wasting their old age in sorrow and lamentation; and the report of her fate, becoming more widely extended, her elder sisters had learned all the particulars; whereupon leaving their homes in deep grief, they hastened to visit and comfort their parents. On that night did Psyche's husband thus address her — for she could discern his presence with her ears and hands, though not with her eyes: —

"Most charming Psyche, dear wife, cruel fortune now threatens you with a deadly peril, which needs, I think, to be guarded against with the most vigilant attention. For erelong, your sisters, who are alarmed at the report of your death, in their endeavors to discover traces of you, will arrive at yonder rock. If, then, you should chance to hear their lamentations, make them no reply, no, nor even so much as turn your eyes towards them. By doing otherwise, you will cause most grievous sorrow to me, and utter destruction to yourself."

Psyche assented, and promised that she would act agreeably to her husband's desire. But when he and the night had departed together, the poor thing consumed the whole day in tears and lamentations, exclaiming over and over again that she was now utterly lost, since, besides being thus confined in a splendid prison, deprived of human conversation, she was not even allowed to relieve the minds of her sisters, who were sorrowing for her, nor, indeed, so much as to see them. Without having refreshed herself, therefore, with the bath or with food, or, in fact, with any solace whatever, but weeping plenteously,

she retired to rest. Shortly afterwards, her husband, coming to her bed earlier than usual, embraced her as she wept, and thus expostulated with her :—

"Is this, my Psyche, what you promised me? What am I, your husband, henceforth to expect of you? What can I now hope for, when neither by day nor by night, not even in the midst of our conjugal endearments, you cease to be distracted with grief? Very well, then, act now just as you please, and comply with the baneful dictates of your inclination. However, when you begin too late to repent, you will recall to mind my serious admonitions."

Upon this, she had recourse to prayers; and threatening that she would put an end to herself if her request were denied, she extorted from her husband a consent that she might see her sisters, to soothe their grief, and enjoy their conversation. This he yielded to the entreaties of his new-made wife, and he gave her permission, besides, to present her sisters with as much gold and as many jewels as she pleased; but he warned her repeatedly, and so often as to terrify her, never on any occasion to be persuaded, by the pernicious advice of her sisters, to make any inquiries concerning the form of her husband; lest, by a sacrilegious curiosity, she might cast herself down from such an exalted position of good fortune, and never again feel his embraces.

She thanked her husband for his indulgence; and now, having quite recovered her spirits: "Nay," said she, "I would suffer death a hundred times rather than be deprived of your most delightful company, for I love you, yes, I doat upon you to desperation, whoever you are, aye, even as I love my own soul, nor would I give you in exchange for Cupid himself. But this also I beseech you to grant to my prayers: bid Zephyr, this servant of yours, convey my sisters to me, in the same manner in which he brought me hither." Then, pressing his lips with persuasive kisses, murmuring endearing words, and infolding him with her clinging limbs, she called him coaxingly, "My sweet my husband, dear soul of thy Psyche." Her husband, overcome by the power of love, yielded reluctantly, and promised all she desired. After this, upon the approach of morning, he again vanished from the arms of his wife.

Meanwhile, the sisters, having inquired the way to the rock on which Psyche was abandoned, hastened thither; and there they wept and beat their breasts till the rocks and crags

resounded with their lamentations. They called to their unfortunate sister, by her own name, until the shrill sound of their shrieks descending the declivities of the mountain, reached the ears of Psyche, who ran out of her palace in delirious trepidation, and exclaimed: —

"Why do you needlessly afflict yourselves with doleful lamentations? Here am I, whom you mourn; cease those dismal accents, and now at last dry up those tears that have so long bedewed your cheeks, since you may now embrace her whom you have been lamenting."

Then, summoning Zephyr, she acquaints him with her husband's commands, in obedience to which, instantly wafting them on his gentlest breeze, he safely conveyed them to Psyche. Now do they enjoy mutual embraces, and hurried kisses; and their tears, that had ceased to flow, return, after a time, summoned forth by joy. "Now come," said Psyche, "enter my dwelling in gladness, and cheer up your afflicted spirits with your Psyche." Having thus said, she showed them the vast treasures of her golden palace, made their ears acquainted with the numerous retinue of voices that were obedient to her commands, and sumptuously refreshed them in a most beautiful bath, and with the delicacies of a divine banquet; until, satiated with this copious abundance of celestial riches, they began to nourish envy in the lowest depths of their breasts. One of them, especially, very minute and curious, persisted in making inquiries about the master of this celestial wealth, what kind of person, and what sort of husband he made.

Psyche, however, would by no means violate her husband's injunctions, or disclose the secrets of her breast; but, devising a tale for the occasion, told them that he was a young man, and very good-looking, with cheeks as yet only shaded with soft down, and that he was, for the most part, engaged in rural occupations, and hunting on the mountains. And lest, by any slip in the course of the protracted conversation, her secret counsels might be betrayed, having loaded them with ornaments of gold and jeweled necklaces, she called Zephyr, and ordered him at once to convey them back again.

This being immediately executed, these excellent sisters, as they were returning home, now burning more and more with the rancor of envy, conversed much with each other; at last one of them thus began: "Do but see how blind, cruel, and unjust Fortune has proved! Were you, my sister, delighted

to find that we, born of the same parents, had met with such a different lot? We, indeed, who are the elder, are delivered over as bondmaids to foreign husbands, and live in banishment from our home, our native land, and our parents; and this, the youngest of us all, is raised to the enjoyment of such boundless wealth, and has a god for her husband—she who does not even know how to enjoy, in a proper manner, such an abundance of blessings? You saw, sister, what a vast number of necklaces there were in the house, and of what enormous value, what splendid dresses, what brilliant gems, and what heaps of gold she treads upon in every direction. If, besides all this, she possesses a husband so handsome as she asserts him to be, there lives not in the whole world a happier woman than she. Perhaps, however, upon continued acquaintance, and when his affection is strengthened, her husband, who is a god, will make her a goddess as well. By Hercules! it is so already; she comported and demeaned herself just like one: the woman must needs assume a lofty bearing, and give herself the airs of a goddess, who has voices for her attendants, and commands the very winds themselves. But I, wretched creature, am tied to a husband who, in the first place, is older than my father; and who, in the next place, is balder than a pumpkin, and more dwarfish than any boy, and who fastens up every part of his house with bolts and chains."

"But I," replied the other sister, "have got to put up with a husband who is tormented and crippled with gout; and who, on this account, seldom honors me with his embraces, while I have to be everlastingly rubbing his distorted and chalky fingers with filthy fomentations, nasty rags, and stinking poultices; scalding these delicate hands, and acting the part not of a wife, but of a female doctor. You, sister, seem to bear all this with a patient, or rather a servile, spirit, for I shall speak out fully what I think; but, for my part, I can no longer endure that such a fortunate destiny should have so undeservedly fallen to her lot. And then, recollect in what a haughty and arrogant manner she behaved towards us, and how, by her boasting and immoderate ostentation, she betrayed a heart swelling with pride, and how reluctantly she threw us a trifling portion of her immense riches; and immediately after, being weary of our company, ordered us to be turned out, and to be puffed and whisked away. But may I be no woman, nor indeed may I breathe, if I do not hurl her down headlong from such mighty

wealth. And if this contumely offered to us stings you too, as it ought, let us both join in forming some effective plan. In the first place, then, let us not show these things that we have got, either to our parents or to any one else; in fact, we are to know nothing at all about her safety. It is quite enough that we ourselves have seen what it vexes us to have seen, without having to spread the report of her good fortune among our parents and all the people; for, in fact, those persons are not wealthy whose riches no one is acquainted with. She shall know that in us she has got no handmaids, but elder sisters. For the present, then, let us away to our husbands, and revisit our poor and plain dwellings, that after long and earnest consideration we may return the better prepared to humble her pride."

This wicked project was voted good by the two wicked sisters. Concealing those choice and sumptuous presents which they had received from Psyche, tearing their hair, and beating their faces, which well deserved such treatment, they redoubled their pretended grief. In this manner, too, hastily leaving their parents, after having set their sorrows bleeding afresh, they returned to their homes, swelling with malicious rage, and plotting wicked schemes, nay, actual parricide against their innocent sister.

In the meantime, Psyche's unknown husband once more admonished her thus in their nocturnal conversation: "Are you aware what a mighty peril Fortune is preparing to launch against you from a distance, one too, which, unless you take strenuous precautions against it, will erelong confront you, hand to hand? Those perfidious she-wolves are planning base stratagems against you with all their might, to the end that they may prevail upon you to view my features, which, as I have often told you, if you once see, you will see no more. If, then, these most abominable vampires come again, armed with their baneful intentions, — and that they will come I know full well, — do not hold any converse whatever with them; but if, through your natural frankness and tenderness of disposition, you are not able to do this, at all events, be careful not to listen to or answer any inquiries about your husband. For before long we shall have an increase to our family, and infantine as you are, you hold another infant which, if you preserve my secret in silence, will be born divine, but if you profane it, will be mortal."

Radiant with joy at this news, Psyche exulted in the glory of this future pledge of love, and in the dignity of a mother's name. Anxiously did she reckon the increasing tale of the days and the elapsing months, and wondered in simple ignorance at the structure of this unknown burden.

But now those pests and most dire Furies, breathing viperous virulence, were hastening towards her with the speed of ruthless hate. Then again her husband warned his Psyche to this effect during his brief visit: "The day of trial, and this most utter calamity, are now at hand. Your own malicious sex, and your own blood, in arms against you, have struck their camp, drawn up their forces in battle array, and sounded the charge. Now are your wicked sisters aiming with the drawn sword at your throat. Alas! darling Psyche, by what mighty dangers are we now surrounded! Take pity on yourself and on me; and by an inviolable silence, rescue your home, your husband, yourself, and that little one of ours, from this impending destruction. Shun those wicked women, whom, after the deadly hatred which they have conceived against you, and having trampled under foot the ties of blood, it were not right to call sisters; neither see, nor listen to them, when, like Sirens, hanging over the crag, they shall make the rocks resound with their ill-omened voices."

Psyche, in accents interrupted by sobs and tears, thus replied: —

"Already, methinks, you have experienced convincing proofs of my fidelity and power of keeping a secret; and the constancy of my mind shall be no less approved of by you in the present instance. Only order Zephyr once again to discharge his duties, and at least grant me a sight of my sisters, by way of compensation for your own hallowed form. By those aromatic locks, curling on every side! by those cheeks, tender, smooth, and so like my own! by your breast that glows with I know not what a warmth! and by my hopes that in this babe at least I may recognize your features, I beseech you to comply with the affectionate prayers of your anxious suppliant; indulge me with the gratification of embracing my sisters, and refresh with joyousness the soul of Psyche, who is so devoted and so dear to you. Then no longer I shall be anxious to view your features. Henceforth, not even the shades of night will have any effect on me. I clasp you in my arms, and you are my light."

Enchanted by these words, and by her honeyed embraces, her husband brushed away her tears with his locks, and assuring her that he would do as she wished, instantly anticipated the light of the dawning day by flight. But the pair of sisters who had engaged in this conspiracy, not having so much as visited their parents, direct their course with precipitous haste straight from the ships towards the rock, and not waiting for the presence of the buoyant breeze, leap into the abyss with ungovernable rashness. Zephyr, however, not forgetful of the royal commands, received them, though reluctantly, in the bosom of the breathing breeze, and laid them on the ground.

With rapid steps and without a moment's delay, they entered the palace, and deceitfully screening themselves under the name of sister, embraced their prey; then, covering a whole storehouse of deeply hidden treachery beneath a joyous countenance, they thus addressed her in flattering terms: "Psyche, you are not quite so slender as you used to be. Why, you will be a mother before long. With what exceeding joy you will gladden our whole house! O how delighted we shall be to nurse this golden baby, for if it only equals the beauty of its parents, it will be born a perfect Cupid."

Thus, by a false appearance of affection, they gradually stole upon the heart of their sister, while she, after making them sit awhile to recover from the fatigue of their journey and refresh themselves with warm baths, regaled them in a marvelously splendid manner with innumerable exquisite dainties. She bade the harp discourse, and its chords were struck; flutes to play, and they were heard; vocalists to sing in concert, and they sang; and though invisible, they ravished the souls of the hearers with the most delicious music.

But the malice of those wicked women was not softened or lulled to rest even by the dulcet sweetness of the music; but, shaping their conversation so as to lead Psyche into the intended snare, they began insidiously to inquire what sort of a person her husband was, and from what family he was descended. She, in her extreme simplicity, having forgotten her former account, invented a new story about her husband, and said he was a native of the adjoining province; that he was a merchant, with abundance of money, a man of middle age, with a few gray hairs sprinkled here and there on his head. Then, abruptly terminating the conversation, she again committed them to their windy vehicle, after having loaded them with costly presents.

While they were returning homewards, soaring aloft on the tranquil breath of Zephyrus, they thus interchanged their thoughts with each other: "What are we to say, sister, of the monstrous lies of that silly creature? At one time her husband is a young man, with the down just beginning to show itself on his chin; at another he is of middle age, and his hair begins to be silvered with gray. Who can this be, whom a short space of time thus suddenly changes into an old man? You may depend upon it, sister, that this most abominable woman has either invented this lie to deceive us, or else that she does not herself know what is the appearance of her husband. But whichever of these is the case, she must as soon as possible be deprived of these riches. And yet, if she really is ignorant of the appearance of her husband, she must no doubt have married a god, and then she will be presenting us with a god. At all events, if she does happen, which heaven forbid! to become the mother of a divine infant, I shall instantly hang myself. Let us, therefore, in the mean time return to our parents, and let us devise some scheme, as nearly as possible in accordance with the import of our present conversation."

The sisters, thus inflamed with passion, called on their parents in a careless and disdainful manner, and after being kept awake all night by the turbulence of their spirits, made all haste at morning to the rock, whence, by the usual assistance of the breeze, they descended swiftly to Psyche, and with tears squeezed out, by rubbing their eyelids, thus craftily addressed her: "Happy indeed are you, and fortunate in your very ignorance of a misfortune of such magnitude. There you sit, without a thought upon your danger; while we, who watch over your interests with the most vigilant care, are in anguish at your lost condition. For we have learned for a truth, nor can we, as being sharers in your sorrows and misfortunes, conceal it from you, that it is an enormous serpent, gliding along in many folds and coils, with a neck swollen with deadly venom, and prodigious gaping jaws, that secretly sleeps with you by night. Do for a moment recall to mind the Pythian oracle, which declared that you were destined to become the wife of a fierce and truculent animal. Besides, many of the husbandmen, who are in the habit of hunting all round the country, and ever so many of the neighbors, have observed him returning home from his feeding place in the evening, and swimming across the shoals of the neighboring stream. All declare, too,

that he will not long continue to pamper you with delicacies, but that as soon as ever you are about to become a mother, he will devour you, as being in that state a most exquisite morsel. Wherefore, it is now for you to consider whether you shall think fit to listen to us, who are so anxious for your precious safety, and avoiding death, live with us secure from danger, or be buried in the entrails of a most savage monster. But if you are fascinated by the vocal solitude of this country retreat, or the charms of clandestine embraces so filthy and perilous, and the endearments of a poisonous serpent, we have, at all events, done our duty towards you like affectionate sisters."

Poor, simple, tender-hearted Psyche was aghast with horror at this dreadful story; and, quite bereft of her senses, lost all remembrance of her husband's admonitions and of her own promises, and hurled herself headlong into the very abyss of calamity. Trembling, therefore, with pale and livid cheeks, and with an almost lifeless voice, she faltered out these broken word: —

"Dearest sisters, you have acted towards me as you ought, and with your usual affectionate care; and, indeed, it appears to me that those who gave you this information have not invented a falsehood. For, in fact, I have never yet beheld my husband's face, nor do I know at all whence he comes. I only hear him speak in an undertone by night, and have to bear with a husband of an unknown appearance, and one that has an utter aversion to the light of day; I consequently have full reason to be of your opinion, that he may be some monster or other. Besides, he is always terrifying me from attempting to behold him, and threatens some shocking misfortune as the consequence of indulging any curiosity to view his features. Now, therefore, if you are able to give any saving aid to your sister in this perilous emergency, defer it not for a moment."

Finding the approaches thus laid open, and their sister's heart exposed all naked to their attacks, these wicked women thought the time was come to sally out from their covered approach, and attack the timorous thoughts of the simple girl with the drawn sword of deceit. Accordingly, one of them thus began: "Since the ties of blood oblige us to have no fear of peril before our eyes when your safety is to be insured, we will discover to you the only method which will lead to your preservation, and one which has been considered by us over and over again. On that side of the bed where you are accus-

tomed to lie, secretly conceal a very sharp razor, one that you have whetted to a keen edge by passing it over the palm of your hand; and hide likewise under some covering of the surrounding tapestry a lamp, well trimmed and full of oil, and shining with a bright light. Make these preparations with the utmost secrecy, and after the monster has glided into the bed as usual, when he is now stretched out at length, fast asleep, and breathing heavily, then slide out of bed, go softly along with bare feet and on tiptoe, free the lamp from its place of concealment in the dark, and borrow the aid of its light to execute your noble purpose; then at once, boldly raising your right hand, bring down the keen weapon with all your might, and cut off the head of the noxious serpent at the nape of the neck. Nor shall our assistance be wanting to you; for we will keep anxious watch, and be with you the very instant you shall have effected your own safety by his death; and then, immediately bringing you away with all these things, we will wed you, to your wish, with a human creature like yourself."

Having with such pernicious language inflamed the mind of their sister, and wrought her to a perfect pitch of determination, they deserted her, fearing exceedingly even to be in the neighborhood of such a catastrophe; and, being laid upon the rock by the wonted impulse of their winged bearer, they immediately hurried thence with impetuous haste, at once got on board their ships, and sailed away.

But Psyche, now left alone, except so far as a person who is agitated by maddening Furies is not alone, fluctuated in sorrow like a stormy sea; and though her purpose was fixed, and her heart was resolute when she first began to make preparations for the impious work, her mind now wavers, and is distracted with numerous apprehensions at her unhappy fate. She hurries, she procrastinates; now she is bold, now tremulous; now dubious, now agitated by rage; and what is the most singular thing of all, in the same being she hates the beast — loves the husband. Nevertheless, as the evening drew to a close, she hurriedly prepared the instruments of her ruthless enterprise.

The night came, and with it came her husband, and after their first dalliance was over, he fell into a deep sleep. Then Psyche to whose weak body and spirit the cruel influence of fate imparted unusual strength, uncovered the lamp, and seized the knife with masculine courage. But the instant she ad-

vanced the lamp, and the mysteries of the couch stood revealed, she beheld the very gentlest and sweetest of all wild creatures, even Cupid himself, the beautiful God of Love, there fast asleep; at sight of whom the joyous flame of the lamp shone with redoubled vigor, and the sacrilegious razor repented the keenness of its edge.

But as for Psyche, astounded at such a sight, losing the control of her senses, faint, deadly pale, and trembling all over, she fell on her knees, and made an attempt to hide the blade in her own bosom; and this no doubt she would have done had not the blade, dreading the commission of such a crime, glided out of her rash hand. And now, faint and unnerved as she was, she feels herself refreshed at heart by gazing upon the beauty of those divine features. She looks upon the genial locks of his golden head, teeming with ambrosial perfume, the orbed curls that strayed over his milk-white neck and roseate cheeks, and fell gracefully entangled, some before, some behind, causing the very light of the lamp itself to flicker by their radiant splendor. On the shoulders of the volatile god were dewy wings of brilliant whiteness; and though the pinions were at rest, yet the tender down that fringed the feathers wantoned to and fro in tremulous unceasing play. The rest of his body was smooth and beautiful, and such as Venus could not have repented of giving birth to. At the foot of the bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the auspicious weapons of the mighty God.

While with insatiable wonder and curiosity Psyche is examining and admiring her husband's weapons, she draws one of the arrows out of the quiver, and touches the point with the tip of her thumb to try its sharpness; but happening to press too hard, for her hand still trembled, she punctured the skin, so that some tiny drops of rosy blood oozed forth; and thus did Psyche, without knowing it, fall in love with LOVE. Then, burning more and more with desire for Cupid, gazing passionately on his face, and fondly kissing him again and again, her only fear was lest he should wake too soon.

But while she hung over him, bewildered with delight so extreme at heart, the lamp, whether from treachery or baneful envy, or because it longed to touch, and to kiss, as it were, such a beautiful object, spirted a drop of scalding oil from the summit of its flame upon the right shoulder of the god. O rash, audacious lamp! vile minister to love! thus to burn the

god of all fire; you whom some lover, doubtless, first invented, that he might prolong even through the night the bliss of beholding the object of his desire! The God, thus scorched, sprang from the bed, and seeing the disgraceful tokens of forfeited fidelity, without a word, was flying away from the eyes and arms of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche, the instant he arose, seized hold of his right leg with both hands, and hung on to him, a wretched appendage to his flight through the regions of the air, till at last her strength failed her, and she fell to the earth.

Her divine lover, however, not deserting her as she lay on the ground, alighted upon a neighboring cypress tree, and thus angrily addressed her from its lofty top: "O simple, simple Psyche, for you I have been unmindful of the commands of my mother Venus; for when she bade me cause you to be infatuated with passion for some base and abject man, I chose rather to fly to you myself as a lover. That in this I acted inconsiderately I know but too well. I, that redoubtable archer, have wounded myself with my own arrow, and have made you my wife, that I, forsooth, might be thought by you to be a serpent, and that you might cut off my head, which bears those very eyes which have so doated upon you. This was the danger that I told you again and again to be on your guard against, this was what I so benevolently forewarned you of. But as for those choice counselors of yours, they shall speedily feel my vengeance for giving you such pernicious advice; but you I will punish only by my flight." And so saying, he soared aloft, and flew away.

THE PSYCHE LEGEND.

By JOHN THACKRAY BUNCE.

[Continuing Apuleius' story.]

THEN poor Psyche began a long and weary journey, to try to find the husband she had lost, but she could not, for he had gone to his mother Aphrodite, to be cured of his wound; and Aphrodite, finding out that Eros had fallen in love with Psyche, determined to punish her, and to prevent her from finding Eros. First Psyche went to the god Pan, but he could not

help her; then she went to the goddess Demeter, the Earth Mother, but she warned her against the vengeance of Aphrodite, and sent her away. And the great goddess Hera did the same; and at last, abandoned by every one, Psyche went to Aphrodite herself, and the goddess, who had caused great search to be made for her, now ordered her to be beaten and tormented, and then ridiculed her sorrows, and taunted her with the loss of Eros, and set her to work at many tasks that seemed impossible to be done.

First the goddess took a great heap of seeds of wheat, barley, millet, poppy, lentils, and beans, and mixed them all together, and then bade Psyche separate them into their different kinds by nightfall. Now there were so many of them that this was impossible; but Eros, who pitied Psyche, though she had lost him, sent a great many ants, who parted the seeds from each other and arranged them in their proper heaps, so that by evening all that Aphrodite had commanded was done. Then the goddess was very angry, and fed Psyche on bread and water, and next day she set Psyche another task. This was to collect a large quantity of golden wool from the sheep of the goddess, creatures so fierce and wild that no mortal could venture near them and escape with life.

Then Psyche thought herself lost; but Pan came to her help and bade her wait until evening, when the golden sheep would be at rest, and then she might from the trees and shrubs collect all the wool she needed. So Psyche fulfilled this task also. But Aphrodite was still unsatisfied. She now demanded a crystal urn, filled with icy waters from the fountain of Oblivion. The fountain was placed on the summit of a great mountain; it issued from a fissure in a lofty rock, too steep for any one to ascend, and from thence it fell into a narrow channel, deep, winding, and rugged, and guarded on each side by terrible dragons, which never slept. And the rush of the waters, as they rolled along, resembled a human voice, always crying out to the adventurous explorer — "Beware! fly! or you perish!"

Here Psyche thought her sufferings at an end; sooner than face the dragons and climb the rugged rocks, she must die. But again Eros helped her, for he sent the eagle of Zeus, the All-Father, and the eagle took the crystal urn in his claws, flew past the dragons, settled on the rock, and drew the water of the black fountain, and gave it safely to Psyche, who carried

it back and presented it to the angry Aphrodite. But the goddess, still determined that Psyche should perish, set her another task, the hardest and most dangerous of all.

"Take this box," she said, "go with it into the infernal regions to Persephone, and ask her for a portion of her beauty, that I may adorn myself with it for the supper of the gods."

Now on hearing this, poor Psyche knew that the goddess meant to destroy her; so she went up to a lofty tower, meaning to throw herself down headlong so that she might be killed, and thus pass into the realm of Hades, never to return. But the tower was an enchanted place, and a voice from it spoke to her and bade her be of good cheer, and told her what to do. She was to go to a city of Achaia and find near it a mountain, and in the mountain she would see a gap, from which a narrow road led straight into the infernal regions.

But the voice warned her of many things which must be done on the journey, and of others which must be avoided. She was to take in each hand a piece of barley bread, soaked in honey, and in her mouth she was to put two pieces of money. On entering the dreary path she would meet an old man driving a lame ass, laden with wood, and the old man would ask her for help, but she was to pass him by in silence.

Then she would come to the bank of the black river, over which the boatman Charon ferries the souls of the dead; and from her mouth Charon must take one piece of money, she saying not a word. In crossing the river a dead hand would stretch itself up to her, and a dead face, like that of her father, would appear, and a voice would issue from the dead man's mouth, begging for the other piece of money, that he might pay for his passage, and get released from the doom of floating forever in the grim flood of Styx. But still she was to keep silence, and to let the dead man cry out in vain; for all these, the voice told her, were snares prepared by Aphrodite, to make her let go the money, and to let fall the pieces of bread. Then, at the gate of the palace of Persephone she would meet the great three-headed dog, Cerberus, who keeps watch there forever, and to him, to quiet his terrible barking, she must give one piece of the bread, and pass on, still never speaking. So Cerberus would allow her to pass; but still another danger would await her. Persephone would greet her kindly, and ask her to sit upon soft cushions, and to eat of a fine banquet. But she must refuse both offers — sitting only on the ground, and

eating only of the bread of mortals, or else she must remain forever in the gloomy regions below the earth. Psyche listened to this counsel, and obeyed it. Everything happened as the voice had foretold. She saw the old man with the overladen ass, she permitted Charon to take the piece of money from her lips, she stopped her ears against the cry of the dead man floating in the black river, she gave the honey bread to Cerberus, and she refused the soft cushions and the banquet offered to her by the queen of the infernal regions.

Then Persephone gave her the precious beauty demanded by Aphrodite, and shut it up in the box, and Psyche came safely back into the light of day, giving to Cerberus, the three-headed dog, the remaining piece of honey bread, and to Charon the remaining piece of money. But now she fell into a great danger.

The voice in the tower had warned her not to look into the box; but she was tempted by a strong desire, and so she opened it, that she might see and use for herself the beauty of the gods. But when she opened the box it was empty, save of a vapor of sleep, which seized upon Psyche, and made her as if she were dead.

In this unhappy state, brought upon her by the vengeance of Aphrodite, she would have been lost forever, but Eros, healed of the wound caused by the burning oil, came himself to her help, roused her from the deathlike sleep, and put her in a place of safety. Then Eros flew up into the abode of the gods, and besought Zeus to protect Psyche against his mother Aphrodite; and Zeus, calling an assembly of the gods, sent Hermes to bring Psyche thither, and then he declared her immortal, and she and Eros were wedded to each other; and there was a great feast in Olympus.

And the sisters of Psyche, who had striven to ruin her, were punished for their crimes, for Eros appeared to them one after the other in a dream, and promised to make each of them his wife, in place of Psyche, and bade each throw herself from the great rock whence Psyche was carried into the beautiful valley by Zephyrus; and both the sisters did as the dream told them, and they were dashed to pieces, and perished miserably.

Now this is the story of Eros and Psyche, as it is told by Apuleius, in his book of Metamorphoses written nearly two thousand years ago. But the story was told ages before Apu-

leius by people other than the Greeks, and in a language which existed long before theirs. It is the tale of Urvasî and Purûravas, which is to be found in one of the oldest of the Vedas, or Sanskrit sacred books, which contain the legends of the Aryan race before it broke up and went in great fragments southward into India, and westward into Persia and Europe. A translation of the story of Urvasî and Purûravas is given by Mr. Max Müller, who also tells what the story means, and this helps us to see the meaning of the tale of Eros and Psyche, and of many other myths which occur among all the branches of the Aryan family, — among the Teutons, the Scandinavians, and the Slavs, as well as among the Greeks. Urvasî, then, was an immortal being, a kind of fairy, who fell in love with Purûravas, a hero and a king; and she married him, and lived with him, on this condition — that she should never see him unless he was dressed in his royal robes.

Now there was a ewe, with two lambs, tied to the couch of Urvasî and Purûravas; and the fairies — or Gandharvas, as the kinsfolk of Urvasî were called, wished to get her back amongst them; and so they stole one of the lambs. Then Urvasî reproached her husband, and said, "They take away my darling, as if I lived in a land where there is no hero and no man." The fairies stole the other lamb, and Urvasî reproached her husband again, saying, "How can that be a land without heroes or men where I am?" Then Purûravas hastened to bring back the pet lamb; so eager was he that he stayed not to clothe himself, and so sprang up naked. Then the Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasî saw her husband naked as if by daylight; and then she cried out to her kinsfolk, "I come back," and she vanished. And Purûravas, made wretched by the loss of his love, sought her everywhere, and once he was permitted to see her, and when he saw her, he said he should die if she did not come back to him. But Urvasî could not return; but she gave him leave to come to her, on the last night of the year, to the golden seats; and he stayed with her for that night. And Urvasî said to him, "The Gandharvas will to-morrow grant thee a wish; choose." He said, "Choose thou for me." She replied, "Say to them, Let me be one of you." And he said this, and they taught him how to make the sacred fire, and he became one of them, and dwelt with Urvasî forever.

Now this, we see, is like the story of Eros and Psyche; and

Mr. Max Müller teaches us what it means. It is the story of the Sun and the Dawn. Urvasî is the Dawn, which must vanish or die when it beholds the risen Sun; and Purûravas is the Sun; and they are united again at sunset, when the Sun dies away into night. So, in the Greek myth, Eros is the dawning Sun, and when Psyche, the Dawn, sees him, he flies from her, and it is only at nightfall that they can be again united. In the same paper Mr. Max Müller shows how this root idea of the Aryan race is found again in another of the most beautiful of Greek myths or stories — that of Orpheus and Eurydice. In the Greek legends the Dawn has many names; one of them is Eurydice. The name of her husband, Orpheus, comes straight from the Sanskrit: it is the same as Ribhu or Arbhu, which is a name of Indra, or the Sun, or which may be used for the rays of the Sun. The old story, then, says our teacher, was this: "Eurydice (the Dawn) is bitten by a serpent (the Night); she dies, and descends into the lower regions. Orpheus follows her, and obtains from the gods that his wife shall follow him, if he promises not to look back. Orpheus promises — ascends from the dark world below; Eurydice is behind him as he rises, but, drawn by doubt or by love, he looks round; the first ray of the Sun glances at the Dawn; and the Dawn fades away."

We have now seen that the Greek myth is like a much older myth existing amongst the Aryan race before it passed westward. We have but to look to other collections of Aryan folk-lore to find that in some of its features the legend is common to all branches of the Aryan family. In our own familiar story of "Beauty and the Beast," for instance, we have the same idea. There are the three sisters, one of whom is chosen as the bride of an enchanted monster, who dwells in a beautiful palace. By the arts of her sisters she is kept away from him, and he is at the point of death through his grief. Then she returns, and he revives, and becomes changed into a handsome Prince, and they live happy ever after. One feature of these legends is that beings closely united to each other — as closely, that is, as the Sun and the Dawn — may not look upon each other without misfortune. This is illustrated in the charming Scandinavian story of "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," which is told in various forms, the best of them being in Mr. Morris' beautiful poem in "The Earthly Paradise," and in Dr. Dasent's Norse Tales. We shall abridge Dr. Dasent's version, telling the story in our own way: —

There was a poor peasant who had a large family whom he could scarcely keep; and there were several daughters amongst them. The loveliest was the youngest daughter, who was very beautiful indeed. One evening in autumn, in bad weather, the family sat round the fire; and there came three taps at the window. The father went out to see who it was, and he found only a great White Bear. And the White Bear said, "If you will give me your youngest daughter, I will make you rich." So the peasant went in and asked his daughter if she would be the wife of the White Bear; and the daughter said "No." So the White Bear went away, but said he would come back in a few days to see if the maiden had changed her mind. Now her father and mother talked to her so much about it, and seemed so anxious to be well off, that the maiden agreed to be the wife of the White Bear; and when he came again, she said "Yes," and the White Bear told her to sit upon his back, and hold by his shaggy coat, and away they went together.

After the maiden had ridden for a long way, they came to a great hill, and the White Bear gave a knock on the hill with his paw, and the hill opened, and they went in. Now inside the hill there was a palace with fine rooms, ornamented with gold and silver, and all lighted up; and there was a table ready laid; and the White Bear gave the maiden a silver bell, and told her to ring it when she wanted anything. And when the maiden had eaten and drunk, she went to bed, in a beautiful bed with silk pillows and curtains, and gold fringe to them. Then, in the dark, a man came and lay down beside her. This was the White Bear, who was an Enchanted Prince, and who was able to put off the shape of a beast at night, and to become a man again; but before daylight, he went away and turned once more into a White Bear, so that his wife could never see him in the human form.

Well, this went on for some time, and the wife of the White Bear was very happy with her kind husband, in the beautiful palace he had made for her. Then she grew dull and miserable for want of company, and she asked leave to go home for a little while to see her father and mother, and her brothers and sisters. So the White Bear took her home again, but he told her that there was one thing she must not do: she must not go into a room with her mother alone, to talk to her, or a great misfortune would happen.

When the wife of the White Bear got home, she found that

her family lived in a grand house, and they were all very glad to see her; and then her mother took her into a room by themselves, and asked about her husband. And the wife of the White Bear forgot the warning, and told her mother that every night a man came and lay down with her, and went away before daylight, and that she had never seen him, and wanted to see him very much. Then the mother said it might be a Troll she slept with, and that she ought to see what it was; and she gave her daughter a piece of candle, and said, "Light this while he is asleep, and look at him, but take care you don't drop the tallow upon him." So then the White Bear came to fetch his wife, and they went back to the palace in the hill, and that night she lit the candle, while her husband was asleep, and then she saw that he was a handsome Prince, and she felt quite in love with him, and gave him a soft kiss. But just as she kissed him she let three drops of tallow fall upon his shirt, and he woke up.

Then the White Bear was very sorrowful, and said that he was enchanted by a wicked fairy, and that if his wife had only waited for a year before looking at him, the enchantment would be broken, and he would be a man again always. But now that she had given way to curiosity, he must go to a dreary castle East of the Sun and West of the Moon, and marry a witch Princess, with a nose three ells long. And then he vanished, and so did his palace, and his poor wife found herself lying in the middle of a gloomy wood, and she was dressed in rags, and was very wretched. But she did not stop to cry about her hard fate, for she was a brave girl, and made up her mind to go at once in search of her husband.

So she walked for days, and then she met an old woman sitting on a hillside, and playing with a golden apple; and she asked the old woman the way to the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon. And the old woman listened to her story, and then she said: "I don't know where it is; but you can go on and ask my next neighbor. Ride there on my horse, and when you have done with him, give him a pat under the left ear and say, 'Go home again;' and take this golden apple with you, — it may be useful."

So she rode on for a long way, and then came to another old woman, who was playing with a golden carding comb, and she asked her the way to the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon. But this old woman couldn't tell her, and bade

her go on to another old woman, a long way off. And she gave her the golden carding comb, and lent her a horse just like the first one.

And the third old woman was playing with a golden spinning wheel; and she gave this to the wife of the White Bear, and lent her another horse, and told her to ride on to the East Wind, and ask him the way to the enchanted land. Now after a weary journey she got to the home of the East Wind, and he said he had heard of the Enchanted Prince, and of the country East of the Sun and West of the Moon, but he did not know where it was, for he had never been so far.

But he said, "Get on my back, and we will go to my brother the West Wind; perhaps he knows." So they sailed off to the West Wind, and told him the story, and he took it quite kindly, but said he didn't know the way. But perhaps his brother the South Wind might know; and they would go to him. So the White Bear's wife got on the back of the West Wind, and he blew straight away to the dwelling place of the South Wind, and asked him where to find the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

But the South Wind said that although he had blown pretty nearly everywhere, he had never blown there; but he would take her to his brother the North Wind, the oldest, and strongest, and wisest Wind of all; and he would be sure to know. Now the North Wind was very cross at being disturbed, and he used bad language, and was quite rude and unpleasant. But he was a kind Wind after all, and when his brother the West Wind told him the story, he became quite fatherly, and said he would do what he could, for he knew the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon very well.

But he said, "It is a long way off; so far off that once in my life I blew an aspen leaf there, and was so tired with it that I couldn't blow or puff for ever so many days after." So they rested that night, and next morning the North Wind puffed himself out, and got stout, and big, and strong, ready for the journey; and the maiden got upon his back, and away they went to the country East of the Sun and West of the Moon. It was a terrible journey, high up in the air, in a great storm, and over the mountains and the sea, and before they got to the end of it the North Wind grew very tired, and drooped, and nearly fell into the sea, and got so low down that the crests of the waves washed over him. But he blew as hard as he could,

and at last he put the maiden down on the shore, just in front of the Enchanted Castle that stood in the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon; and there he had to stop and rest many days before he became strong enough to blow home again.

Now the wife of the White Bear sat down before the castle, and began to play with the golden apple. And then the wicked Princess with the nose three ells long opened a window, and asked if she would sell the apple. But she said "No"; she would give the golden apple for leave to spend the night in the bedchamber of the Prince who lived there. So the Princess with the long nose said "Yes," and the wife of the White Bear was allowed to pass the night in her husband's chamber. But a sleeping draught had been given to the Prince, and she could not wake him, though she wept greatly, and spent the whole night in crying out to him; and in the morning before he woke she was driven away by the wicked Princess.

Well, next day she sat and played with the golden carding comb, and the Princess wanted that too; and the same bargain was made; but again a sleeping draught was given to the Prince, and he slept all night, and nothing could waken him; and at the first peep of daylight the wicked Princess drove the poor wife out again. Now it was the third day, and the wife of the White Bear had only the golden spinning wheel left. So she sat and played with it, and the Princess bought it on the same terms as before. But some kind folk who slept in the next room to the Prince told him that for two nights a woman had been in his chamber, weeping bitterly, and crying out to him to wake and see her. So, being warned, the Prince only pretended to drink the sleeping draught, and so when his wife came into the room that night he was wide awake, and was rejoiced to see her; and they spent the whole night in loving talk.

Now the next day was to be the Prince's wedding day; but now that his lost wife had found him, he hit upon a plan to escape marrying the Princess with the long nose. So when morning came, he said he should like to see what his bride was fit for. "Certainly," said the Witch Mother and the Princess, both together. Then the Prince said he had a fine shirt, with three drops of tallow upon it; and he would marry only the woman who could wash them out, for no other would be worth having. So they laughed at this, for they thought it would

be easily done. And the Princess began, but the more she rubbed, the worse the tallow stuck to the shirt. And the old Witch Mother tried; but it got deeper and blacker than ever. And all the Trolls in the enchanted castle tried; but none of them could wash the shirt clean. Then said the Prince, "Call in the lassie who sits outside, and let her try." And she came in, and took the shirt, and washed it quite clean and white, all in a minute. Then the old Witch Mother put herself into such a rage that she burst into pieces, and so did the Princess with the long nose, and so did all the Trolls in the castle; and the Prince took his wife away with him, and all the silver and gold, and a number of Christian people who had been enchanted by the witch; and away they went forever from the dreary Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

In the story of "The Soaring Lark," in the collection of German popular tales made by the brothers Grimm, we have another version of the same idea; and here, as in Eros and Psyche, and in the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, it is the woman to whose fault the misfortunes are laid, and upon whom falls the long and weary task of search. The story, told in brief, is this. A merchant went on a journey, and promised to bring back for his three daughters whatever they wished. The eldest asked for diamonds, the second for pearls, and the youngest, who was her father's favorite, for a singing, soaring lark. As the merchant came home, he passed through a great forest, and on the top bough of a tall tree he found a lark, and tried to take it. Then a Lion sprang from behind the tree, and said the lark was his, and that he would eat up the merchant for trying to steal it. The merchant told the Lion why he wanted the bird, and then the Lion said that he would give him the lark, and let him go, on one condition, namely, that he should give to the Lion the first thing or person that met him on his return. Now the first person who met the merchant when he got home was his youngest daughter, and the poor merchant told her the story, and wept very much, and said that she should not go into the forest.

But the daughter said, "What you have promised you must do;" and so she went into the forest, to find the Lion. The Lion was an Enchanted Prince, and all his servants were also turned into lions; and so they remained all day, but at night they all changed back again into men. Now when the Lion Prince saw the merchant's daughter, he fell in love with her,

and took her to a fine castle, and at night, when he became a man, they were married, and lived very happily, and in great splendor. One day the Prince said to his wife, —

"To-morrow your eldest sister is to be married; if you would like to be there, my lions shall go with you." So she went, and the lions with her, and there were great rejoicings in her father's house, because they were afraid that she had been torn to pieces in the forest; and after staying some time, she went back to her husband.

After a while, the Prince said to his wife, "To-morrow your second sister is going to be married," and she replied, "This time I will not go alone, for you shall go with me." Then he told her how dangerous that would be, for if a single ray from a burning light fell upon him, he would be changed into a Dove, and in that form would have to fly about for seven years.

But the Princess very much wanted him to go, and in order to protect him from the light, she had a room built with thick walls, so that no light could get through, and there he was to sit while the bridal candles were burning. But by some accident, the door of the room was made of new wood, which split, and made a little chink, and through this chink one ray of light from the torches of the bridal procession fell like a hair upon the Prince, and he was instantly changed in form; and when his wife came to tell him that all danger was over, she found only a White Dove, who said very sadly to her, —

"For seven years I must fly about in the world, but at every seventh mile I will let fall a white feather and a drop of red blood, which will show you the way, and if you follow it, you may save me."

Then the White Dove flew out of the door, and the Princess followed it, and at every seventh mile the Dove let fall a white feather and a drop of red blood; and so, guided by the feathers and the drops of blood, she followed the Dove, until the seven years had almost passed, and she began to hope that the Prince's enchantment would be at an end. But one day there was no white feather to be seen, nor any drop of red blood, and the Dove had flown quite away. Then the poor Princess thought, "No man can help me now;" and so she mounted up to the Sun, and said, "Thou shinest into every chasm and over every peak; hast thou seen a White Dove on the wing?"

"No," answered the Sun, "I have not seen one; but take this casket, and open it when you are in need of help."

She took the casket, and thanked the Sun. When evening came, she asked the Moon, —

"Hast thou seen a White Dove? for thou shinest all night long over every field and through every wood."

"No," said the Moon, "I have not seen a White Dove; but here is an egg — break it when you are in great trouble."

She thanked the Moon, and took the egg; and then the North Wind came by; and she said to the North Wind, —

"Hast thou not seen a White Dove? for thou passest through all the boughs, and shakest every leaf under heaven."

"No," said the North Wind, "I have not seen one; but I will ask my brothers, the East Wind, and the West Wind, and the South Wind."

So he asked them all three; and the East Wind and the West Wind said, "No, they had not seen the White Dove;" but the South Wind said, —

"I have seen the White Dove; he has flown to the Red Sea, and has again been changed into a Lion, for the seven years are up; and the Lion stands there in combat with an Enchanted Princess, who is in the form of a great Caterpillar."

Then the North Wind knew what to do; and he said to the Princess, —

"Go to the Red Sea; on the right-hand shore there are great reeds, count them, and cut off the eleventh reed, and beat the Caterpillar with it. Then the Caterpillar and the Lion will take their human forms. Then look for the Griffin which sits on the Red Sea, and leap upon its back with the Prince, and the Griffin will carry you safely home. Here is a nut; let it fall when you are in the midst of the sea, and a large nut tree will grow out of the water, and the Griffin will rest upon it."

So the Princess went to the Red Sea, and counted the reeds, and cut off the eleventh reed, and beat the Caterpillar with it, and then the Lion conquered in the fight, and both of them took their human forms again. But the Enchanted Princess was too quick for the poor wife, for she instantly seized the Prince and sprang upon the back of the Griffin, and away they flew, quite out of sight. Now the poor deserted wife sat down on the desolate shore, and cried bitterly; and then she said, "So far as the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, will I search for my husband, till I find him;" and so she trav-

eled on and on, until one day she came to the palace whither the Enchanted Princess had carried the Prince; and there was great feasting going on, and they told her that the Prince and Princess were about to be married. Then she remembered what the Sun had said, and took out the casket and opened it, and there was the most beautiful dress in all the world; as brilliant as the Sun himself. So she put it on, and went into the palace, and everybody admired the dress, and the Enchanted Princess asked if she would sell it.

"Not for gold or silver," she said, "but for flesh and blood."

"What do you mean?" the Princess asked.

"Let me sleep for one night in the bridegroom's chamber," the wife said.

So the Enchanted Princess agreed, but she gave the Prince a sleeping draught, so that he could not hear his wife's cries; and in the morning she was driven out, without a word from him, for he slept so soundly that all she said seemed to him only like the rushing of the wind through the fir trees.

Then the poor wife sat down and wept again, until she thought of the egg the Moon had given her; and when she took the egg and broke it, there came out of it a hen with twelve chickens, all of gold, and the chickens pecked quite prettily, and then ran under the wings of the hen for shelter. Presently the Enchanted Princess looked out of the window, and saw the hen and the chickens, and asked if they were for sale. "Not for gold or silver, but for flesh and blood," was the answer she got; and then the wife made the same bargain as before — that she should spend the night in the bridegroom's chamber. Now this night the Prince was warned by his servant, and so he poured away the sleeping draught instead of drinking it; and when his wife came, and told her sorrowful story, he knew her, and said, "Now I am saved;" and then they both went as quickly as possible, and set themselves upon the Griffin, who carried them over the Red Sea; and when they got to the middle of the sea, the Princess let fall the nut which the North Wind had given to her, and a great nut tree grew up at once, on which the Griffin rested; and then it went straight to their home, where they lived happy ever after.

One more story of the same kind must be told, for three reasons: because it is very good reading, because it brings together various legends, and because it shows that these were

common to Celtic as well as to Hindu, Greek, Teutonic, and Scandinavian peoples. It is called "The Battle of the Birds," and is given at full length, and in several different versions, in Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." To bring it within our space we must tell it in our own way.

Once upon a time every bird and other creature gathered to battle. The son of the King of Tethertoun went to see the battle, but it was over before he got there, all but one fight, between a great Raven and a Snake; and the Snake was getting the victory. The King's son helped the Raven, and cut off the Snake's head. The Raven thanked him for his kindness and said, "Now I will give thee a sight; come up on my wings;" and then the Raven flew with him over seven mountains, and seven glens, and seven moors, and that night the King's son lodged in the house of the Raven's sisters, and promised to meet the Raven next morning in the same place. This went on for three nights and days, and on the third morning, instead of a raven, there met him a handsome lad, who gave him a bundle, and told him not to look into it, until he was in the place where he would most wish to dwell. But the King's son did look into the bundle, and then he found himself in a great castle with fine grounds about it, and he was very sorry, because he wished the castle had been near his father's house, but he could not put it back into the bundle again. Then a great Giant met him, and offered to put the castle back into a bundle for a reward, and this was to be the Prince's son, when the son was seven years old. So the Prince promised, and the Giant put everything back into the bundle, and the Prince went home with it to his father's house. When he got there he opened the bundle, and out came the castle and all the rest, just as before, and at the castle door stood a beautiful maiden who asked him to marry her, and they were married, and had a son. When the seven years were up, the Giant came to ask for the boy, and then the King's son (who had now become a king himself) told his wife about his promise. "Leave that to me and the Giant," said the Queen. So she dressed the cook's son (who was the right age) in fine clothes, and gave him to the Giant; but the Giant gave the boy a rod, and asked him, "If thy father had that rod, what would he do with it?" "He would beat the dogs if they went near the King's meat," said the boy. Then said the Giant, "Thou art the cook's son," and he killed him. Then the Giant went back, very angry, and

the Queen gave him the butler's son; and the Giant gave him the rod, and asked him the same question. "My father would beat the dogs if they came near the King's glasses," said the boy. "Thou art the butler's son," said the Giant; and he killed him. Now the Giant went back the third time, and made a dreadful noise. "Out here *thy* son," he said, "or the stone that is highest in thy dwelling shall be the lowest." So they gave him the King's son, and the Giant took him to his own house, and he stayed there a long while. One day the youth heard sweet music at the top of the Giant's house, and he saw a sweet face. It was the Giant's youngest daughter; and she said to him: "My father wants you to marry one of my sisters, and he wants me to marry the King of the Green City, but I will not. So when he asks, say thou wilt take me." Next day the Giant gave the King's son choice of his two eldest daughters; but the Prince said, "Give me this pretty little one," and then the Giant was angry, and said that before he had her he must do three things. The first of these was to clean out a byre or cattle place, where there was the dung of a hundred cattle, and it had not been cleaned for seven years. He tried to do it, and worked till noon, but the filth was as bad as ever.

Then the Giant's youngest daughter came, and bade him sleep, and she cleaned out the stable, so that a golden apple would run from end to end of it. Next day the Giant set him to thatch the byre with birds' down, and he had to go out on the moors to catch the birds; but at midday, he had caught only two blackbirds, and then the Giant's youngest daughter came again, and bade him sleep, and then she caught the birds, and thatched the byre with the feathers before sundown. The third day the Giant set him another task. In the forest there was a fir tree, and at the top was a magpie's nest, and in the nest were five eggs, and he was to bring these five eggs to the Giant without breaking one of them. Now the tree was very tall; from the ground to the first branch it was five hundred feet, so that the King's son could not climb up it. Then the Giant's youngest daughter came again, and she put her fingers one after the other into the tree, and made a ladder for the King's son to climb up by. When he was at the nest at the very top, she said, "Make haste now with the eggs, for my father's breath is burning my back;" and she was in such a hurry that she left her little finger sticking in the top of the

tree. Then she told the King's son that the Giant would make all his daughters look alike, and dress them alike, and that when the choosing time came he was to look at their hands, and take the one that had not a little finger on one hand. So it happened, and the King's son chose the youngest daughter, because she put out her hand to guide him.

Then they were married, and there was a great feast, and they went to their chamber. The Giant's daughter said to her husband, "Sleep not, or thou diest; we must fly quick, or my father will kill thee." So first she cut an apple into nine pieces, and put two pieces at the head of the bed, and two at the foot, and two at the door of the kitchen, and two at the great door, and one outside the house. And then she and her husband went to the stable, and mounted the fine gray filly, and rode off as fast as they could. Presently the Giant called out, "Are you asleep yet?" and the apple at the head of the bed said, "We are not asleep." Then he called again, and the apple at the foot of the bed said the same thing; and then he asked again and again, until the apple outside the house door answered; and then he knew that a trick had been played on him, and ran to the bedroom and found it empty. And then he pursued the runaways as fast as possible. Now at daybreak — "at the mouth of day," the story-teller says — the Giant's daughter said to her husband, "My father's breath is burning my back; put thy hand into the ear of the gray filly, and whatever thou findest, throw it behind thee." "There is a twig of sloe tree," he said. "Throw it behind thee," said she; and he did so, and twenty miles of black-thorn wood grew out of it, so thick that a weasel could not get through. But the Giant cut through it with his big ax and his wood knife, and went after them again.

At the heat of day the Giant's daughter said again, "My father's breath is burning my back;" and then her husband put his finger in the filly's ear, and took out a piece of gray stone, and threw it behind him, and there grew up directly a great rock twenty miles broad and twenty miles high. Then the Giant got his mattock and his lever, and made a way through the rocks, and came after them again. Now it was near sunset, and once more the Giant's daughter felt her father's breath burning her back. So, for the third time, her husband put his hand into the filly's ear, and took out a bladder of water, and he threw it behind him, and there was a

fresh-water loch, twenty miles long and twenty miles broad; and the Giant came on so fast that he ran into the middle of the loch and was drowned.

Here is clearly a Sun myth, which is like those of ancient Hindu and Greek legend: the blue-gray Filly is the Dawn, on which the new day, the maiden and her lover, speed away. The great Giant, whose breath burns the maiden's back, is the morning Sun, whose progress is stopped by the thick shade of the trees. Then he rises higher, and at midday he breaks through the forest, and soars above the rocky mountains. At evening, still powerful in speed and heat, he comes to the great lake, plunges into it, and sets, and those whom he pursues escape. This ending is repeated in one of the oldest Hindu mythical stories, that of Bheki, the Frog Princess, who lives with her husband on condition that he never shows her a drop of water. One day he forgets, and she disappears: that is, the sun sets or dies on the water — a fanciful idea which takes us straight as an arrow to Aryan myths.

Now, however, we must complete the Gaelic story, which here becomes like the Soaring Lark, and the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, and other Teutonic and Scandinavian tales.

After the Giant's daughter and her husband had got free from the Giant, she bade him go to his father's house, and tell them about her; but he was not to suffer anything to kiss him, or he would forget her altogether. So he told everybody they were not to kiss him, but an old greyhound leaped up at him, and touched his mouth, and then he forgot all about the Giant's daughter, just as if she had never lived. Now when the King's son left her, the poor forgotten wife sat beside a well, and when night came she climbed into an oak tree, and slept amongst the branches. There was a shoemaker who lived near the well, and next day he sent his wife to fetch water, and as she drew it she saw what she fancied to be her own reflection in the water, but it was really the likeness of the maiden in the tree above it. The shoemaker's wife, however, thinking it was her own, imagined herself to be very handsome, and so she went back and told the shoemaker that she was too beautiful to be his thrall, or slave, any longer, and so she went off. The same thing happened to the shoemaker's daughter; and she went off too. Then the man himself went to the well, and saw the maiden in the tree, and understood it all, and asked her to come down and stay at

his house, and to be his daughter. So she went with him. After a while there came three gentlemen from the King's Court, and each of them wanted to marry her; and she agreed with each of them privately, on condition that each should give a sum of money for a wedding gift. Well, they agreed to this, each unknown to the other; and she married one of them, but when he came and had paid the money, she gave him a cup of water to hold, and there he had to stand, all night long, unable to move or to let go the cup of water; and in the morning he went away ashamed, but said nothing to his friends. Next night it was the turn of the second; and she told him to see that the door latch was fastened; and when he touched the latch he could not let it go, and had to stand there all night holding it; and so he went away, and said nothing. The next night the third came, and when he stepped upon the floor, one foot stuck so fast that he could not draw it out until morning; and then he did the same as the others — went off quite cast down. And then the maiden gave all the money to the shoemaker for his kindness to her. This is like the story of "The Master Maid," in Dr. Dasent's collection of "Tales from the Norse." But there is the end of it to come. The shoemaker had to finish some shoes because the young King was going to be married; and the maiden said she should like to see the King before he married. So the shoemaker took her to the King's castle; and then she went into the wedding room, and because of her beauty they filled a vessel of wine for her. When she was going to drink it, there came a flame out of the glass, and out of the flame there came a silver pigeon and a golden pigeon; and just then three grains of barley fell upon the floor, and the silver pigeon ate them up. Then the golden one said, "If thou hadst mind when I cleaned the byre, thou wouldst not eat that without giving me a share." Then three more grains fell, and the silver pigeon ate them also. Then said the golden pigeon, "If thou hadst mind when I thatched the byre, thou wouldst not eat that without giving me a share." Then three other grains fell, and the silver pigeon ate them up. And the golden pigeon said: "If thou hadst mind when I harried the magpie's nest, thou wouldst not eat that without giving me my share. I lost my little finger bringing it down, and I want it still." Then, suddenly, the King's son remembered, and knew who it was, and sprang to her and kissed her from hand to mouth; and the priest came, and they were married.

WONDERS OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.

By ÆLIAN.

[Claudius Ælianus was born at Præneste in Italy, probably in the latter part of the first century A.D., and taught rhetoric in Rome, seemingly under Hadrian. He preferred Greek to Latin, was a great reader of and fluent writer in the former language, and wrote two books of scrappy but entertaining gossip, "Varia Historia" and "De Natura Animalium," from both of which these selections are taken. A third work, attributed to him in early editions, "Epistolæ Rusticæ," is dubious.]

(Translated for this work.)

Cure for a Sick Lion.

Only one thing will help a sick lion; but eating a monkey is a cure for his disease.

Mice Abandon a Decaying House.

Of all animals, mice have certainly the greatest gifts of prophecy. For when a house has grown old and is about to fall, they perceive it first; and abandoning their holes and former ways of life, scamper off as fast as possible and change their domicile.

Patriotic Origin of Cock-Fights.

After the victory over the Persians, the Athenians passed a law that cocks should have a contest in the public theater one day of each year. Whence the law took its rise, I will explain. When Themistocles led the city forces against the barbarians, he saw two cocks fighting; but he did not look idly on, but halted his troops and said to them: "Now these cocks are not enduring hardships for their country, nor for their country's gods, nor for the tombs of their ancestors, nor for honor, nor for freedom, nor for their children; but in order not to be worsted by another, and neither will yield to the other." With which words he heartened up the Athenians. And so, because this event was to them at that time a token of bravery, it was decreed to preserve its memory by like performances.

Serpents Generated from Marrow.

They say the putrefying marrow from the spine of a human corpse turns into a serpent, and the reptile issues forth and crawls off alive, the most savage of beings from the tamest. But the rest of a good and noble man remains unchanged, and has peace for its reward; also the spirits of such men are praised and sung by the wise. The spines of bad men, however, breed like things after death. Now all this is a fable; or if it can fairly be credited, the recompense to a bad man, it seems to me, would be having his corpse become the father of a serpent.

Fire-Born Birds.

That human beings should be generated on mountains or in the air or the sea is no great wonder; for their substance and nurture and nature is the cause. But that there should be feathered creatures, called therefore the Fire-Born, generated from fire and living in it, and that they should thrive and fly about here and there — that is astonishing. This too is marvelous, that when they pass out of the fire which is their home, and exchange it for the cold air, then they perish. But what is the cause of their being generated by fire, and that the air gently dissolves them, others may tell.

Concerning Dragons.

The land of Ethiopia has a good neighbor which it is to be envied, in that bathing-place of the gods which Homer sings of as Ocean. Now that land is the mother of the size of the largest dragons; for they have grown there to over three hundred feet. And they have no name by which they are called from birth, but style themselves elephant-slayers; and these dragons fight up to extreme old age. These accounts the Ethiopians have brought to me from thence. And the Phrygian accounts say that dragons are also produced in Phrygia, and grow to over a hundred feet; and that every day in midsummer, at time of full market, they creep out of their holes; and along the river called Rhyndacus they fix their coils on the ground, the rest of the body all erected, motionless, and their throats stretched out a little, but with their mouths agape; then these winged creatures draw breath as if luring victims by a magic

bird-wheel. By this breathing, an inspiration rushes into their stomachs, prolonged by their wings; and this performance is carried on by each separately till sunset. Then the dragons, hiding themselves, lie in ambush for the herds, and seize them going from the pasture to the stables, not only inflicting vast damage, but often destroying the herdsmen as well; and so they have a meal of ungrudging plenty.

The Song of the Dying Swan.

The poets, and many independent accounts in verse, say that the swan is the minister of Apollo. What other gifts it has in music or song poetry, I do not know enough to say; but it is believed by the elders that, having sung its swan-song (as it is called), it then dies. If so, nature honors it above good and noble men: and naturally, since others bestow praise and lamentation upon men; but the swans, if they wish either the one or the other, must pay it to themselves.

Vultures.

The vulture is hostile to a corpse, and assailing it, eats it as if it were an enemy; and it watches the dying; and not only do the vultures follow the national armies, but it is a sure prophecy when they advance, because battle always makes corpses, and they know it. And they say vultures are never born male, but all female; which the birds understanding, and fearing lack of children, act thus to secure the birth of offspring. They fly in the teeth of the south wind; and if the south wind is not blowing, they gape to the southeast wind, and the breath, rushing in, fills them, and they are in gestation three years. They say vultures do not build nests, however; but the lammergeiers, which are intermediate between vultures and eagles, are not only males, but born black, and of them I hear that they construct nests. And vultures do not lay eggs, I believe, but travail with young; and I have heard that they are able to fly from birth.

The Weasel's Protection against Serpents.

The weasel is a dangerous animal, and the serpent is also dangerous. Now whenever a weasel is to fight with a serpent, having first eaten some rue, and then animated itself for the fray, it stands up to it as if fortified and in armor. The reason is, that rue is most hateful to serpents.

Of the Loves and Hates of Animals.

It seems to me most shameful, fellow-beings, that animals have friendships for each other [and men have not], — not merely those who herd together, nor those of the same species, but those who belong to no common race. At any rate, sheep are friendly to goats, and pigeons to turtledoves; ringdoves and partridges have friendly dispositions to each other; we know of old that the kingfisher and the *kerulos* long for each other; the carrion crow and the heron bear friendship, and the cormorant and the jackdaw, and the falcon to the kite. On the other hand, there is implacable bird-war, so to speak, waged between carrion crows and owls; kite and crow are also hostile; and turtledove to pigeon; and brant to sea-mew; again, the yellowbird to the turtledove; vultures and eagles, swans and dragons, and lions to bulls and antelopes. But the elephant and the dragon are most hateful to each other; and the ichneumon to the serpent; and the titmouse to the ass, for when the ass brays it breaks the eggs of the titmouse, and the young come forth prematurely, and to succor the offspring, it attacks the asses on their sore spots and gnaws them. The fox hates the falcon, the bull the crow, and the yellow wagtail the horse. An educated man who listens to nothing idly must know that the dolphin is the enemy of the whale, the sea bass of the mullet, lampreys to congers, and still others to others.

The Hyæna.

The hyæna, so Aristotle says, has a soporific power in its right paw, and creates a stupor by its touch alone. Anyway, it often enters stables when the attendant happens to be asleep, approaches stealthily, and puts its soporific paw, so to speak, to his nose; so that he can be dragged about and suffocated more and more, and seems to be insensible. And it roots up the ground with its head so as to make a hole large enough for him, and his throat appears supine and naked; then the hyæna grasps him, and strangles him, and drags him to its hole. And it puts an end to dogs in the same way. And whenever the moon is full, after it catches the radiance, it throws its shadow on the dogs, and silences them at once; and having thrown a spell on them as if by poison [magic], it drags them away silenced, and does whatever it pleases with them.

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